NT AND

THE WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, ESQ.

VOLUME THE TWELFTH,

CONTAINING

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.
KING AND NO KING.
THIERRY AND THEODORET.
THE ELDER BROTHER.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.



THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.

THIS is one of the plays which were undoubtedly the joint production of Beaumont and Fletcher. In what year it was first brought on the stage cannot now be ascertained with accuracy; but Mr Malone has given us a clue which seems to ascertain the date with great probability. He observes[1] that it was probably subsequent to Philaster, which is conjectured to have been written about 1608 or 1609,[2] and that it was certainly written before 1611, as the Second Maid's Tragedy, attributed to Chapman, and extant among the Lansdown manuscripts, was licensed on the 31st of October in that year. Mr Malone, for that reason, proposes to fix the date of the present tragedy in 1610. It was first printed in the year 1619, and so great was the public demand for it, that the second edition appeared in 1622; the third in 1630; the fourth in 1638; the fifth in 1641; the sixth in 1650; and another, which is also called the sixth, in 1661. All these editions, excepting the two last, have a cut on the title-page representing Amintor killing Aspatia. The popularity of the play on the stage appears to have been fully as great, and continued longer, than was the case with the greater part of our authors' performances.[3] Shortly before the

[1] Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written, *apud* Reed's Shakspeare, III. 352.

[2] See the Introduction to that play.

[3] In Waller's prologue we have the following proofs of this extreme popularity:—

> "Scarce should we have the boldness to pretend
> So long renowned a tragedy to mend,
> Had not already some deserved your praise
> With like attempt. Of all our elder plays
> *This and Philaster have the loudest fame:*
> Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame,
> In both our English genius is express'd
> Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd."

Restoration, it was one of the plays acted by the Red Bull company. The celebrated Waller wrote a fifth act, in which the catastrophe is rendered fortunate: His supplemental act, in imitation of the ridiculous affectation of the times, is in rhyme; and this is a strong instance of his want of judgment, the four preceding acts being left in their original state. Thus the prologue says,—

> In this old play, what's new we have express'd
> In rhyming verse distinguished from the rest.

Waller's fifth act is altogether unworthy of his fame. It opens with a soliloquy by Evadne, who declares her determination to embark for Asia, and there sell her beauty to the monarchs of the East, and in this manner she is got rid of, having signified her resolve to Melantius and the king by two letters. Lucippus having sworn secrecy to Melantius, challenges him to combat; the king overhears their conversation, and orders Diphilus to be detained, with whom he proceeds to the place of combat, and orders him to second his brother, while he assists Lucippus. The two brothers fall at the feet of the king, who readily pardons them. Then Aspatia appears with a branch of poisonous berries, but fortunately Amintor arrives and snatches it from her. The despair of the lovers is interrupted by the king, who shews them Evanthe's letter, upon which Amintor exclaims,—

> Evanthe fled! Aspatia, now
> You'll have no more occasion for your bough!

All is cleared up, and the tragi-comedy closes. The king and Lucippus are evidently intended for Charles II. and his brother James, as Fenton remarks. The adulteries of the former are thus palliated by Lucippus:—

> Long may he reign that is so far above
> All vice, all passion but excess of love.

Two epilogues are added, the second of which was "designed upon the first alteration of the play, when the king only was left alive!"

Langbaine asserts that Charles II. forbade the acting of this tragedy in the original state, and ordered Waller to render it more palatable to his majesty, and that the alteration was brought on the stage, and acted with as great applause as ever; but all these assertions are rendered more than doubtful by Fenton, in his notes on Waller, informing us, that Southerne had assured him that he

had seen the play acted in the latter end of Charles the Second's reign, at the Theatre-Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher, but never with Waller's alterations. The part of Melantius was the last that was acted by the celebrated Betterton, three days before his death, which happened the 28th of April, 1710. Before the middle of the eighteenth century, it still continued to be performed with great applause, as appears from Theobald's notes, who began his labours for an edition of our authors in 1742. How long it retained possession of the stage after that period I am unable to say; but it had been laid aside in 1764, when Baker's Biographia Dramatica appeared, for some years.

Fletcher's share in the composition of this play I suspect to have been very inconsiderable, as the characteristic and strongly-marked peculiarities of his versification are discoverable in few places, except in the first scene of the fourth act, and in the third of the last. In the remainder, the lines, with few exceptions, consist of ten syllables regularly.

The Maid's Tragedy has always been considered as one of the masterpieces of our authors, and it certainly deserves such a distinction in every point of view. Dryden[4] ranks it with the Alchymist and Epicoene, as one of the plays in which "the parts are managed so regularly, that the beauty of the whole is kept entire, and that the variety becomes not a confused and perplexed mass of accidents." Indeed, there are few old plays in which two perfectly distinct tales are so skilfully combined. There is a continual bearing of one plot upon the other, and a reciprocal progress towards the catastrophe, which is of itself sufficient to refute those virulent and prejudiced outcries which have been raised against the superfluity of action in the old English drama by Rhymer, and other advocates for unity of design, and for cramping a poet by the rules of Aristotle. The principal characters are in general as variously excellent as the incidents. Amintor and Aspatia[5] are highly finished counterparts to Melantius and Evadne: the two

[4] Essay on Dramatic Poesy.

[5] The following remarks on the character of Aspatia I have taken the liberty to extract from Mr Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets. With a strong tincture of metaphysical enthusiasm, and certainly some degree of prejudice against our poets, they exhibit a genuine feeling for the excellence of our elder dramatists;—

"One characteristic of the excellent old poets is their being able to bestow grace upon subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances: Zelmane, in the Arcadia of Sidney, and Helena in the All's Well that Ends Well of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off for a woman among women, and that too for a long space of time? Yet Sir Philip has pre-

latter full of fire and indignant spirit; the former, though honourable, gentle; and violent only in their affection for each other. The ridiculous humour of Calianax is combined very judiciously with his strong affection for his daughter, and the deep sympathy excited by her misfortunes. The character of the king is not marked by any thing but the extreme of baseness and lust; the delineation of villains seems to have been peculiarly out of the province of our confederated poets. With regard to the general beauty of the poetry, the exquisite tenderness of some scenes, and the superior elevation of others, prove the high powers of Beaumont, whose fame is not diminished by the discovery that he had

served such a matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrocles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelmane, nor is the respect due to the princesses at all diminished when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly-constituted mind of Sir Philip Sidney, it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena, in Shakspeare, is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed; the habitual feelings are violated. Yet with such exquisite address this dangerous subject is handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation.

"Aspatia, in this tragedy, is a character equally difficult with Helena of being managed with grace. She, too, is a slighted woman, refused by the man who had once engaged to marry her. Yet it is artfully contrived, that while we pity her we respect her, and she descend without degradation. So much true poetry and passion can do to confer dignity upon subjects which do not seem capable of it. But Aspatia must not be compared at all points with Helena; she does not so absolutely predominate over her situation, but she suffers some diminution, some abatement of the full lustre of the female character, which Helena never does: Her character has many degrees of sweetness, some of delicacy, but it has weakness, which, if we do not despise, we are sorry for. After all, Beaumont and Fletcher were but an inferior sort of Shakspeares and Sidneys."

The superiority of Shakspeare to our poets, as to all others, will not easily be disputed; but in placing the character of Helena so decidedly above that of Aspatia, Mr Lamb will not meet with the same unqualified support. Aspatia does not lose, but gain interest by her truly feminine weakness; and the predominance of her love over any irritating feelings against Amintor is the very strongest mark of her character, and it is surely unjust to ground a charge of censure against our poets for not making her a servile copy of another character placed in a situation somewhat similar. Nor is the supereminent excellence of Helena, if we judge by the interest she excites, at all made out; and it may be asserted, without fear of partiality for Aspatia, that the latter excites a greater degree of compassion than the former. With regard to the superiority of Sir Philip Sidney over our authors, Mr Lamb will, I believe, find few of the most ardent admirers of the Arcadia to join with him.

a share but in a small number of these dramas. The quarrelling scene between Melantius and Amintor has received its due share of praise from Theobald. To the parallel contention between Brutus and Cassius it must, no doubt, yield the palm; but it is great praise to approach Shakspeare so nearly as Beaumont has done in this instance. The melancholy pathos of the scenes in which Aspatia dwells on her misfortunes, is touched by the hand of a true master, and classical allusions have never been more happily introduced than in the scene where she criticises the needle-work of Antiphila. One of the most difficult parts of the plot to manage is the conversion of Evadne, and here the consummate skill of Beaumont is very apparent. The scene in which this is brought about by the threats and powerful persuasions of Melantius, is only exceeded by that which follows, in which Evadne asks and obtains the pardon of Amintor, which I have ventured to ascribe to Fletcher. The catastrophe of the king cannot fail to excite a proper exultation at the due infliction of poetical justice: upon that of Amintor and Aspatia we cannot bestow the same degree of praise, for the disguise of the latter savours a little of stage-trick. Upon the whole, however, the complete neglect of this admirable tragedy is another instance of the declension of dramatic taste in our age.

THE STATIONER'S CENSURE.[4]

Good wine requires no bush, they say,
And I, no prologue such a play:
The makers therefore did forbear
To have that grace prefixed here.
But cease here, Censure, lest the buyer
Hold thee in this a vain supplyer.
My office is to set it forth
Where[5] Fame applauds its real worth.

[4] These lines occur in the quartos of 1638, 1641, 1650, and 1661.

[5] *Where.*] *i. e.* Whereas.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King.
Lysippus, *brother to the king.*
Amintor, *a noble gentleman.*[1]
Melantius, } *brothers to Evadne.*
Diphilus, }
Calianax, *an old humorous lord, and father to Aspatia.*
Cleon, } *gentlemen.*
Strato, }
Diagoras, *a servant to Calianax.*

Evadne, *sister to Melantius.*
Aspatia, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
Antiphila, } *waiting-gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
Olympias, }
Dula, *waiting-woman to Evadne,*
Ladies.

Night, }
Cynthia, }
Neptune, } *masquers.*
Æolus, }
Sea-gods, }

SCENE—The City of Rhodes.

[1] We are told in Wright's Historia Histrionica, 1699, that shortly before the civil wars, Amintor was played by Stephen Hammerton, and Melantius by Lowin. After the Restoration, those celebrated performers, Hart, Major Mohun, and Mrs Marshall, acted the parts of Amintor, Melantius, and Evanthe, with very great applause.

THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CLEON, STRATO, LYSIPPUS, *and* DIPHILUS.

Cleon. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry:
What think'st thou of the masque?[1] will it be well?
Strat. As well as masque can be.

[1] *What think'st thou of* a *masque?*] It should be, *the* masque. It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask whether it will be well to have one; but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew.—*Seward.*

6

Lys. As masque can be?
Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god. They are tied to rules
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,
Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.
Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here.
He will be too kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes. But the time doth give thee
A welcome above his, or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: Where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou camest not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse

Is my king's strict command; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.

Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.

Diph. Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes. I have given cause to those that envy
My deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:
I have no other business here at Rhodes.

Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill, and all confused,
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.*

* The extreme beauty of this speech was pointed out by Seward in his preface.—See vol. I.

Enter ASPATIA.

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!

Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. [*Exit.*

Mel. How's this?

Lys. You are mistaken,
For she is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but——

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then?

Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light about her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye:[3] the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.

[3] *A lady, sir,*
That bears the light above *her, and strikes dead*
With flashes of her eye.] Mason proposes to read,—"That bears the *lightning's power,*" which he calls a slight alteration, and which, he says, is highly poetical. The latter affords no reason for variation, and to the former assertion I cannot subscribe. I have preferred reading *about*, with the quarto of 1662, which affords better sense than *above*. *Light* evidently stands for *lightning*.

Lys. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?

Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course,[4] that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping, one by one, away.

[4] *Tell mirthful tales* in course.] *In course* means in their turn, one after the other. The same expression occurs in act II. sc. I., where Aspatia says—

"Let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by *course*
The truth of maids and perjuries of men."—*Mason.*

Mel. She has a brother[5] under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;

[5] *She has a brother, &c.*] The critics, in all ages, upon dramatic poems, have laid it down for a rule, that an *incident* should be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreseen, so as to take off the surprise: For then the whole pleasure of the *incident* is pall'd, and has no effect upon the audience or readers. These preparatives, therefore, must seem by chance to the spectators, though they are always designedly thrown in by the poet. *In multis œconomia comicorum poetarum ità se habet, ut* casu *putet spectator venisse quod* consilio *scriptorum factum sit*, says Donatus upon Terence. This is the most artful preparation that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an *incident* which is in no kind suspected. Melantius says he has a brother of Aspatia under his command, most like her in the softness of face and feature. This brother never appears in any scene through the play, but when Aspatia comes in boy's clothes to fight with Amintor, to obtain her death from his hand, and tells him,—

"For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia,"—

This foremention of the brother here makes the *incident* the more probable and striking, as Amintor must have heard of such a brother, and could have no suspicion that he was going to draw his sword against Aspatia. The audience are equally amused with the fallacy.—*Theobald.*

All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: May she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: All the wounds I have
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage bed, and frown not, I am forced,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day.

Mel. I fear thou'rt grown too fickle;[6] for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise; but the king forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces far above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.

Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.

[6] *Fickle.*] The first quarto reads—*cruel.*

Lys. We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—[7]
[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIPHILUS.

Amin. We'll all attend you.[8]—We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.[9]
But you stand still, and here my way lies.
[*Exeunt severally*.

[7] Mr Theobald's edition says here,

Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus;

but as we find no authority for this note of direction, we have not ventured to insert it, though we believe our authors intended those persons to depart at this place.—Ed. 1778.

There is no doubt that Theobald is right. Stage-directions in old plays are very frequently omitted.

[8] *We'll all attend you. We shall, &c.*] An explanation of this and Melantius's speech seems requisite. News being brought that the masquers wait, Lysippus is calling on the company, and Amintor says, "We'll all attend you." They depart, and Amintor, turning to Melantius, continues, "We shall trouble you with our solemnities." "No," replies Melantius; "though you may laugh at my being so uncourtly, you must excuse me: But I have a mistress to bring to your diversions." He then enters into a digression about this mistress; till, recollecting that it was necessary for Amintor to attend the exhibition, and for him to fetch the lady, he interrupts himself with,—"But I detain you, and neglect my own engagement."—Ed. 1778.

[9] *There is no place that I can challenge*, gentlemen.] Thus the quarto of 1619. The second ends the line with *challenge*. Theobald wishes to read, rather ludicrously,—

There's no place I can challenge gentle in't.

SCENE II.

A large Hall in the same, with a Gallery full of Spectators.

Enter CALIANAX, *with* DIAGORAS *at the Door.*

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame; you let in all the world, and anon the king will rail at me—why, very well said—by Jove, the king will have the show i' th' court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? You know, he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may wear out his heart with swearing,[a] and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—look to't who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out.—Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

The text is from the quartos of 1638, 1641, 1650, and 1661, and from the folio.

[a] One may *swear* his heart out with swearing.] So some of the old and the modern copies.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off; I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her among them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! Codes, Codes![a] [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*Within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*Within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

[*Opens the door. Persons endeavour to rush in.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a Lady.*

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above. save those that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel I thank you, sir.—When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

[*Exit with the Lady into the gallery.*

Diag. Stand back there!—Room for my Lord Melantius!—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*]—So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking.*]—Again! who is't now?—

[a] *Codes, codes!*] I do not know the meaning of this ejaculation; but suppose it to be used instead of *Gods, Gods!* to avoid impiety.—*Mason.*

It is more probably a vulgar corruption, as we still say, *I'cod!*

I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.[3]—What's the news now?

Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking.*]—Again! who is't?

Mel. [*Within.*] Melantius.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I must.- -Make room there for my lord.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Is your lady placed? [*To* MELANTIUS.

[3] *He would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.*] This practice was probably not uncommon in the days of Fletcher. At the exhibition of Shirley's masque, called the Triumph of Peace, at court, in the year 1633, Lord Pembroke, who, along with the office of Calianax, had the same violence of temper, and weakness of intellect, broke his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the celebrated poet. The story is related in Strafford's Letters, and by Osborne in his Traditional Memoirs. The latter uses the very words of our poets, as he observes that Pembroke "did not refraine, whilst he was chamberlaine, to *break* many *wiser heads than his owne.*" Another allusion to these and other practices at court masques, which have been ridiculed by our authors, (see vol. VIII. p. 173, and XI., 10,) occurs in The Two Merry Milkmaids, a comedy by J. C. 1661-4: "Lords and ladies stand waiting for this officer and t'other officer, country gentlemen their *pates broke*, and citizens' wives thrust up and down in every corner, their husbands, kept out with flame and torch, glad to fetch a nap i' th' cloysters."

Mel. Yes, sir,
I thank you.—My Lord Calianax, well met.
Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried:
Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.
Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance! But be well advised.
Cal It may be so.—Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the king?
Mel. I did.
Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.
Mel. Why?
Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.
Mel. More worth than she? It misbecomes your age,
And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.
Cal. Why, 'tis well
If I stand here to place men's wenches.
Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee.
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,
He lies, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord!
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour.
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,

As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.

Amin. Good sir, forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as yourself.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.

Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter King, EVADNE, ASPATIA, *Lords and Ladies.*

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: But this is not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand.

King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home.—
Begin the masque!

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice.
You look'd with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*

Evad. O, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

NIGHT *rises in Mists.*

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.
Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face;
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter CYNTHIA.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.
Methinks, they shew* like to those eastern streaks

* *Methinks* they *shew, &c.*] Mason wishes either to read, in the preceding line, "*These beauties,*" for the sake of rendering the pas-

That warn us hence, before the morning breaks!
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.

Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: We may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the day our room.[5]

sage more grammatical, or rather transpose the four last lines of the speech, which would render the text very absurd, as it would be a poor compliment to Cynthia to compare her eyes to the *red* streaks of evening. Old authors are too frequently guilty of grammatical inaccuracy, and I have no doubt that the authors wrote exactly as the passage is exhibited in the text.

[5] To this speech of Cynthia the ten following lines are first added in the edition of 1630, fifteen years after the death of Beaumont, five after that of Fletcher. They have maintained their situation in the text ever since; but as we apprehend they contain not the least poetic fire, nor ingenious imagery, which can entitle them to a place with the other parts of this masque, or induce us to believe they came from either Beaumont or Fletcher's pen, we have ventured to remove them to this note; and apprehend, if any apology is necessary, it must be for not totally cutting off their association with the writings of such deservedly-admired poets.—*Ed.* 1778.

The editors, before they decided so very positively upon the spuriousness of these lines, should have examined all the editions. The second quarto of 1622, which appeared three years before Fletcher's death, contains the lines in question, as well as all the subsequent copies. As for their poetical merit, they are pretty

Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams; and wish the night
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light:
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend;
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the sweet flowery bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of this long night let him make a day.

Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they rage
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps; thy surges laid away,[6]

much on a par with the rest of the masque. For these reasons I have restored them into the text.

[6] *Thy surges* laid *away.*] The printed word hitherto has been *laid*, but I think it scarce sense. Neptune, in leaving the ocean, is never supposed either to bring his surges with him, or lay them aside, but barely to leave them. The word *lade*, will signify his parting the waves with his trident, to give him a free passage, which is an image quite poetical.—*Seward.*

Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

NEPTUNE *rises.*

Nept. Cynthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know
Why I ascend?
Cynth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cynth. Hie thee then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear;
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring:
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples (we are pleased to grace
This noble night,) each in their richest things
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.[7]

I cannot agree with Seward, that to convert the trident of Neptune into a ladle is an image quite poetical; besides, to *lade* does not mean to part water, or any other liquid, but to bale or throw it up. I have no doubt but we ought to adhere to the old copies, and read,—"Thy surges *laid* away," that is, thy surges being laid aside.—*Mason.*

[7] It has been suggested to us, by a gentleman whose judgment we have the greatest reason to rely on, and whose assistance we are happy to enjoy, that this passage wants explanation. We apprehend it means, "Bring on in couples your watery race, naiads, tritons, &c., adorned with the richest ornaments your waters na-

Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho! the [8]wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock.*

Æol. Great Neptune?
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas straight:
He's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do.[9]——
[*Exit* ÆOLUS *into the rock, and re-enters.*

turally produce, or which wrecked vessels can furnish them with." So afterwards, in Neptune's charge to Æolus, he says, "Tell them to put on their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone the *beaten rock breeds.*"—Ed. 1778.

[8] *Ho! the wind*
Commanding Æolus!] All the editions have mistaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known Æolus, in poetic fable, was the master and controler of the winds, which he was supposed to keep bound in a cave, and to let loose upon the ocean as he was commanded by Neptune. He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective, which must be wrote with a *hyphen*, as I have reformed the text. The editors were led into a mistake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preservation of the rhyme.—*Theobald.*

[9] In the first edition of this play we read,—

Nept. *Do,* —— *master of the flood and all below;*
Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main;*
Neptune. Nept. *Here.*

In all the others, the blank between *do* and *master* is filled up with the word *great.* Mr Seward would fill it up with *We're,* and give the speech to Neptune; thus,

Nept. *Do.*
We're *master of the flood, and all below;*

Æol. Great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full command has taken.——Ho! the Main!
Neptune!
Nept. Here.
Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
He will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the moon.
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. I am gone.
Cynth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence; do a thorough right
To this great chorus; that our music may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east break
day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main! Neptune!*—Nept. *Here.*

We have followed Mr Theobald's edition, thinking his mode, however awkward and hasty the departures and re-entrances of Æolus may be, preferable to Mr Seward's conjecture, and also to the older editions, which cannot be followed; for our authors could not mean to make Neptune call Æolus "master of the flood."—Ed. 1778.

* *The beaten rock breeds.*] The old quartos read, *beating;* the edition of 1711, *bearing;* Mr Theobald's, *beaten,* which we suppose to be the true reading.—Ed. 1778.

Theobald's reading is that of the oldest quartos; *beating,* a stupid corruption in those of 1641, 1650, and 1661.

SONG.

Cynthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[The Measure[2] by the Sea-gods.

SECOND SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done.
The day will come too soon;
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses[3] open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

[2] *The measure.*] This was the name of a "solemn, grave, and slow" dance, as Sir John Davies describes it.

[3] *Losses.*] All the quartos but the first, read,—*blushes*, which word I should have preferred, if it did not occur again in the next line but one.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all;
But help not, though she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and Heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeasure.[4]

Cynth. Speak, sea's king.

Nept. The [5]tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.
[*Measure.*

[4] *If not her measure.*] This is the reading of the old quartos. Mr Theobald, not comprehending the passage, arbitrarily expunges it. The easy alteration admitted into the text is the emendation of Mr Seward; which certainly (as he says) "by a very slight change, restores good sense to the words."—Ed. 1778.

[5] The *tunes my Amphitrite joys, &c.*] The old editions read, THY *tunes*, which is plainly an error of the press. The meaning of the passage is briefly this: Neptune tells Cynthia, that in order to add to the celebrity of the present hour, he has brought those airs, with which Amphitrite was wont to be delighted, as the prelude to a storm; and which, accordingly, he orders his tritons to play.—Ed. 1778.

Mr Mason has proposed to read the passage thus:—

The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have
When *she* will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as *she* sails, my Tritons play.
Music to lead a storm.

The reading, "*she* sails," instead of "*the* sails," as all the copies read, is certainly indispensable, and the other emendations are also very plausible; but as the text is good sense as it stands, I have contented myself with adopting only one (and that the slightest) of the three, viz. *the* tunes for *thy* tunes.

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side:
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say, a maid;
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!
Æol. The sea goes high,
Boreas hath raised a storm: Go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods, and all their power,[6]
To strike a calm.
Cynth. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare
To let the day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,

[6] Mr Theobald remarks, "As the rhymes are here interrupted, something *must* be lost; a defect which is not to be supplied by conjecture." However, in that gentleman's edition, we find this defect partly supplied; for he reads,

> *Descend with all* thy *Gods, and all their power,*
> *To strike a calm* Cynth. We thank you for this hour:
> My favour to you all. *To gratulate*
> *So great a service*, &c.

We have followed the old copies, from which we never choose to depart, as Mr Theobald often does, without any authority, without improving the poetry, or adding to the sense.—Ed. 1778.

And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
[NEPTUNE *descends, and the Sea-gods.*
Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree;
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot; speak, queen.
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set and us![7] Whip up thy team!

[7] *Between our sect and us.*] This passage is nonsense as it stands. Seward proposes to amend it, by reading, "Between our *set* and us," which is evidently right. The last editors follow the old copies, which they say only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the court transcends that of the sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendour of the day. The compliment mentioned by the editors is certainly intended, and will still remain, though Seward's amendment should be adopted: But it is impossible that the words, "between our *sect* and us," can signify "more repugnant to me and my attendants;" they will equally imply any meaning whatsoever. But though I agree with Seward in reading *set* instead of *sect*, I cannot approve of his explanation of the passage. He says that the Night and Cynthia both talk of the Morning's approach, and that they must go down till Cynthia finds out that it was only the rays of light shot from the king's court which they mistook for the day-break: but this was not the case; they were not mistaken with respect to the approach of day; for Cynthia says, "the day breaks here," pointing to the east; and, at the same time, shews old Night that there was a greater light shot from the south, which stood between them and their point of setting, and asks, which way she would go in this dilemma? to which Night replies, that she will vanish into mists; and Cynthia says, "I into day," which was then at hand.—*Mason.*

The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam[8]
Shot from the south. Say, which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cynth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there!—Ladies, get the bride to bed.—
We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Antichamber to Evadne's *Bed-Room in the Palace.*

Enter EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, *and other Ladies.*

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.

[8] *Yon same flashing stream.*] So all the quartos but the first.

Dula. *I should be merrier far, if 'twere*
With me as 'tis with you.[9]

Evad. How's that?

Dula. *That I might go to bed with him*
With the credit that you do.[1]

Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st, belike, there is no modesty
When we're alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
Dula. 'Tis against my will.
Anon you must endure more, and lie still;
You're best to practise[2]
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, 'faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.

[9] Dula. *I should be far merrier, madam, if it were with me as it is with you.*] So the quarto of 1622.

[1] Mr Theobald apprehends (we think with reason) that these and Dula's two preceding lines form a stanza of some old known ballad.—Ed. 1778.

[2] You're *best to practise.*] That is, you had better practise; *you're* is a contraction of *you were*. So in Cymbeline, Pisanio says to Imogen—

"Madam, *you're* best consider."—*Mason.*

Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, 'faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it.
She will pluck down a side;[3] she does not use it.
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. 'Would thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

[3] *She will pluck down* a side.] The modern editors read, silently and ignorantly, *aside*. The text is a very common allusion to a game at cards, and is the reverse of *setting up a side*, which meant, to become partners in a game. Dula means, that if Aspatia take her part, she will occasion the loss of the game to her, as she is unacquainted with it. So in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:

"Pray you pause a little;
If I hold your cards, I shall *pull down the side*,
I am not good at the game."

Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My night; and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could!
Then should I leave the cause.

Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's mirth.

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula That's not so good; let 'em shoot any thing
But fire, I fear 'em not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest myself.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. [*Sings.*] *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. *Lay a garland on my hearse,*
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! The words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. "I could never have the power:" Sing that, Dula.

SONG.

Dula. *I could never have the power*
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.
Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.
Asp. Madam, good-night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,

Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.—
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth.
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* EVADNE.

All. Madam, good night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refused,

Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet-unpractised way to grieve and die.
[*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good-night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all!—
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.
It was the king first moved me to't;—but he
Has not my will in keeping.—Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
"Go not to bed." My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience, too sensible,
Would make me think: I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the king that forced me.—Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so?—Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad rememberance
Of all these things.—Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I pr'ythee do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How! sworn, Evadne?
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride?
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look,
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I pr'ythee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shews as thou wert angry.

Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would, thou would'st.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.
If you have sworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years? [3]

[3] —— *A maidenhead, Amintor,*
At my years?] Mr Rhymer, (in his Tragedies of the last Age

Amin. Sure, she raves!—This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter; for the oracle

considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients,) not without justice, exclaims against the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character. But as the colouring of his critical reflections is generally so gross and glaring, I shall refer those readers, who have curiosity enough, to his book, without quoting from him on the subject.—*Theobald.*

Mr Theobald allows the justice of Mr Rhymer's exclamation at the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character; as if the poets were not as sensible of it as Mr Rhymer, and had not sufficiently punished her for it. The anger of these gentlemen at the character is the very passion designed to be raised by it; but they mistook the object of their anger, and were as much in the wrong as an audience would be who were violently angry with a good player for representing Macbeth, Iago, or Richard, as such consummate villains. The questions which a critic should ask are, whether the character is natural? and whether proper for the stage or not? As to the first, Nature, we fear, gives but too many sad examples of such effrontery in women, who, when abandoned to their vices, are observed to be sometimes more reprobate in them than the worst of men. Beside this, there is a remarkable beauty in the effrontery and haughtiness of Evadne's character: she has a family likeness to her brother; she is a female Melantius depraved by vicious love. And if there are any of her expressions which seem now too gross for the stage, it is sufficient to say they were far from being thought gross in the age they were wrote.
Seward.

Much in support of this observation may be seen in Mr Seward's preface.—Ed. 1778.

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shall know, there's not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue.—I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
Ye powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour.
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?[4]
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunn'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell

[4] —— *Why is this night so calm?*
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] The poets seem manifestly to have had in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus:—

—— *Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Ecquando sævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc serenum est?—*Theobald.*

The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate! Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms——

Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st to me!
Every ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou shew'st to me, will be revenged at full.

Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Have you your champions?

Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wished act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn,
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.

Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so.
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, it is the king.
Amin. The king!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. 'Tis not the king!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
"The king," there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please; till when, let us
Suffer, and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live

In after-ages cross'd in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a ling'ring wretch.

Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation!
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast shewn
An impudence so high, that to the world,
I fear, thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.

Amin. Nor let the king
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, though[5] my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire:[6] 'tis not his crown

[5] That *my flesh*, &c.] The sense plainly requires *though.*— "Though my nature," says Amintor, "could brook the injury, my honour would oblige me to revenge it."—Ed. 1778.

[6] *I have left one desire; ('tis not his crown*
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,
He has dishonour'd thee,) give me thy hand,
Be careful, &c.] The first quarto reads *left*, all the others *lost*, which the last editors prefer; and Theobald explains the passage thus:—"I have so totally given up the desire of consummating our nuptials, that I resolve, even the regal power should

Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,[8]
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And, pr'ythee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and as wantonly
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwined, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

not induce me to partake your bed *now*, as the king has dishonoured you." Theobald's explanation is, "I have one desire *left*; for it is not his crown should buy me to thy bed, now I *resolve*, (*i. e.* am resolved, ascertained,) that he has dishonoured thee. The desire is, to be careful of her credit, and sin close." The greater part of this comment is just, excepting the interpretation of the words, "I have *left* one desire," which means, according to the old meaning of the verb *to leave*, "I have *parted with* one desire," *viz.* that of enjoying Evanthe. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, quoted by Mason:

"It seems you loved her not to *leave* her token."

[8] *Now I* resolve.] *i. e.* Now that I am convinced. Mason brings a host of instances to prove this meaning of the word; but it is so common in old language, that it is needless to detail his arguments here.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Citadel.

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS.[9]

Asp. Away, you are not sad; force it no further.[1]
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new
married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.

Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves,
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it.[2] Make a faith

[9] Seward, in his preface, takes occasion, while bestowing appropriate praise on the poetical beauties of this scene, to propose several amendments. None of them being necessary to the sense, or illustrative of the allusions in the text, it has not been thought proper to encumber the pages by inserting and refuting them.

[1] Force *it no further.*] *Force* was frequently used for *enforce.* So in King Henry VIII.:—

> "If you will now unite in your complaints,
> And *force* them with a constancy."

[2] *The double tongue that did it.*
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? speak Olympias,
Such as speak truth and dyed in't,
And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.] The transposition in

Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as speak truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

Olym. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks,[3] and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,

these lines is prescribed (with great propriety) by Mr Theobald.—Ed. 1778.

[3] *Two* dead-cold *aspicks.*] These must not be two distinct epithets, but one compound adjective with a hyphen, *dead-cold*, *i. e.* cold as death: for if the aspicks were dead, how could the kiss of them do any hurt.—*Theobald.*

Old printers were not very prodigal of their hyphens; and Theobald might safely have made the alteration silently, reserving his notes for many other silent interpolations and omissions which he and his coadjutors have been guilty of.

When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble! 'Tis enough, my wench!
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece.—
This should be Theseus; he has a cozening face:
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back;
You have a full wind, and a false heart, Theseus!
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as ill! This false smile
Was well express'd; just such another caught me!
You shall not go [on] so,* Antiphila:
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear.
Do that Fear to the life, wench.

Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.

* *You shall not go so.*] Mr Seward here restores the verse, by introducing the particle *on.*—Ed. 1778.

Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets,
Live long, and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true but the wild island.[5]
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,[6]
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Be teachers of my story.[7] Do my face

[5] *And you shall find all true but the wild island.*] Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, it is well known, was desperately in love with Theseus. She, by the help of a clue, extricated him from the labyrinth to which he was confined, and embarked with him on his return for Athens; but he ungenerously gave her the drop on the shore of the island Naxos. Aspatia says, her case is in every particular similar, except as to the wild island.—*Theobald.*

[6] *Suppose, I stand.*] This is one of those passages where the poets, rapt into a glorious enthusiasm, soar on the rapid wings of fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very essence of poetry, since, without it, neither the happy conduct of the fable, the justness of characters or sentiments, nor the utmost harmony of metre, can altogether form the poet. It is the frequency of such noble flights as these, and their amazing rapidity, that sets the immortal Shakspeare above all other dramatic poets, and suffers none of our own nation in any degree to approach him, but Beaumont and Fletcher.
Seward.

Several of the quartos, and the folio, exhibit the line thus:

"I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think," &c.

[7] *And let all about me*
Be teares *of my story.*] Thus reads the oldest copy, from which Mr Theobald alters the passage to "*be* teachers *of my story.*" The

(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgraced.—Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?[8]

second edition, printed in Fletcher's time, and every other till Mr Theobald's, exhibit the reading we have adopted, [Tell that I am forsaken.] Mr Theobald's reading, however, coming so near that of the oldest copy, and resembling the manner of our authors, is extremely plausible.—Ed. 1778.

After all, the reading of the first quarto, as obviously amended by Theobald, is so very superior, in point of poetical merit, to the reading of the other copies, that I have not hesitated to restore it.

[8] *What, are you grown so* resty, *&c.*] The old man, in this allusion, compares these young wenches to lazy, *resty* mares, that want to be rid so many *heats.*—*Theobald.*

We shall have some of the court-boys heat you
shortly.

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are
charged.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus
In grief: she is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass?
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; he has out-braved me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.—
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Antichamber to Evadne's *Bed-room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleon, Strato, *and* Diphilus.

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds, against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them.—Good-morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet.
Your sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.

Amin. I'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better, then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.

Amin. 'Tis true.—But she, [*Aside.*
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound——

Diph. What's that?

Amin. Your sister frets
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks;

She's in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

Amin. Ha! he does not mock me? [*Aside.*]—
You had lost, indeed;
I do not use to bungle.

Cleo. You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April.—I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. Good day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.

Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?

Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange!

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.

Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds

That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and, 'tis strange
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?

Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
'Tis the prettiest sport!

Amin. Evadne!

Evad. [*Within.*] My lord!

Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Evad. They'll mock me.

Amin. 'Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;

You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.

Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Pish!

Stra. I'faith, he does.

Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.

Diph. With a truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again,
In faith, I would not marry.

Amin. Nor I, by Heaven! [*Aside.*

Diph. Sister, Dula swears
She heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk!

Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth,
You are spoil'd.[9]

Mel. Amintor!

Amin. Ha?

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.
Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

Mel. How!

Amin. Pr'ythee, let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightened with my happiness!
How dost thou, love? kiss me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us.—Gentlemen,
'Would you had all such wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! You are all sad:

[9] Diph. *Let's see you walk.*
Evad. *By my troth, you're spoil'd.*] This is the reading of all the editions, even Mr Theobald's. As it is impossible the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by giving them to her brother.—Ed. 1778.

What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so.
Amin. Well? how can I be other,
When she looks thus?—Is there no music there?
Let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aside.*
Amin. What says my love?—I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.
[*Apart to him*
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.

Enter King and LYSIPPUS.

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!—
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How liked you your night's rest?
Evad. Ill, sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert
Thou truly honest till thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews the sport unto thee?
Amin. Why, well.
King. What did you do?

Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, pr'ythee,[1] I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring

[1] *But, pr'ythee, I should think*, &c.] This king is a very vicious character throughout; first, in debauching the sister of his brave and victorious general, and then in marrying her to a young nobleman of great hopes, his general's darling friend, and forcing him to break a contract made with the daughter of his constable, or keeper of his citadel. But why is his character so monstrously overcharged, that he should, to the impeachment of common decency, question the abused husband about his wife's complexion and vigour in conjugal caresses, and then withdraw her, out of the husband's hearing, to sift whether she had not submitted to let him pay the rites of a husband? This is a piece of conduct so flagrantly impudent, that abandoned as we may be in private enormities, even our worst rakes would shew so much deference to the fair sex, as not to let it pass without a rebuke.—*Theobald.*

Mr Theobald is much mistaken in his impeachment of the king's character.—He says it is monstrously overcharged with vices; but does not history afford us a hundred instances of such royal monsters? Indeed, when a vicious king is once persuaded that he has a *divinity* about him, that protects his *vices*, and exalts him above the reach of law or justice, there is no wonder that he should abandon himself to all manner of enormities.—*Seward.*

Theobald censures our authors as having monstrously overcharged the character of the king by the flagrant impudence of his conduct in this scene; unjustly, however, in my opinion. The king is indeed very vicious; but his conduct in this scene is natural and consistent, not merely an unnecessary and wanton exertion of impudence. Evadne had sworn to him that her husband should not enjoy her; but from what had passed between him and Amintor, he suspects that she had not kept her word, and is determined to discover the truth, which he could only learn from themselves. *Mason.*

It is truly wonderful that this natural and most obvious remark had neither occurred to Theobald, Seward, nor the last editors, who call the note of the former "sensible and natural." The manner in which the jealousy of the king is delineated, although detestably coarse, nevertheless points the object of his inquisitiveness very strongly.

In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er try'd other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.
King. Well, you will trust me then, Amintor,
To chuse a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why? like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. I do not like this.—All forbear the room,
But you, Amintor, and your lady.
[*Exeunt all but the King*, Amintor, *and* Evadne.
I have some speech with you, that may concern
Your after living well.
Amin. [*Aside.*] He will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will suffer me to talk with her,
Amintor, and not have a jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom she dares
To talk, and not be jealous.
[Evadne *and the King speak apart.*
King. How do you like
Amintor?

Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How is that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They, that break word with Heaven, will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed, that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not stain!
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is
In me to punish thee.
Evad. Why, 'tis in me,
Then, not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. He lyes.

King. He does not.
Evad. By this light he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so.
I did not shun him for a night; but told him,
I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the king! But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation, and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not kill'd thee?
He could not bear it thus. He is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.[2]
Evad. 'Tis dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell! henceforth I am thy foe;

[2] *But ruin thee for ever? if he had not kill'd thee?*
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,
Or any other wrong'd man.] The pointing of this passage is regulated according to Mason's proposition, who thus explains it:—"The king tells Evadne that he could not believe she had ventured to tell her husband that she would never close with him, as she expresses it; for that if such a declaration had been made to Amintor, he would certainly have ruined her for ever, that is, maimed or defaced her, if he did not kill her. He could not suppose that Amintor could bear such an injury with so much temper, as he had the same feeling that [we] the king himself would have, or any other man that was so wronged." The last editors point thus—

He could not bear it thus—(he is as we)—
Or any other wrong'd man.

And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir!—Amintor!—You shall hear.
—Amintor!
Amin. [*Coming forward.*] What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And shouldst be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife!
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The king and me.
Amin. O, God!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be punish'd
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia, is not yet revenged;
It follows me.—I will not lose a word
To this vile woman:[3] But to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant! And not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied.
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves: What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,

[3] *To this* wild *woman.*] Thus all the editions read. We have no doubt of *vile* being the original word.—Edit. 1778.

Unless I send your limbs through all the land,[4]
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.

King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.

Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is[5]
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword

[4] *Unless I send your* lives *through all the land.*] To send people's *lives* through all the land is certainly a very odd and unprecedented expression. The poets, doubtless, must have wrote *limbs*, i. e. Unless I hew you to pieces, and send your quarters, (as is done by malefactors,) through the kingdom, to let your subjects know my injuries, and the justice of my revenge: Your bare deaths cannot satisfy me.—*Sympson.*

We must differ from Mr Sympson, even in the first observation of his we meet with. To send their *lives* through all the land, means, to send an account through the land of their vicious mode of life, and criminal connection.—Ed. 1778.

As Amintor is struggling between just revenge and loyalty, and as he has just said, that no punishment could expiate the crimes of his wife and the king but death, I have no doubt whatever that Sympson's amendment is just and indispensably requisite, and in this opinion I have the support of Mason. It was certainly but a weak revenge to publish the loose lives of the criminals throughout the land; but the best way to proclaim Amintor's just vengeance was certainly to send their limbs to different parts, as was done with the bodies of malefactors.

[5] *but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions.*] So Shakspeare said, before our poets, in his Hamlet:—

" Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure! But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you chuse out me
To make thus wretched? There were thousand fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.

Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.

Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.

King. No; for I believe thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.

Amin. All the happiness
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.

That treason can but peep to what it would;
Acts little of its will."—Theobald.

It is not improbable, from the sequel of this speech, that our poets had really Hamlet in their thoughts:—

——— "Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of *madness.*"

Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it!—Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.

King. Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;[6]
And so I leave you. [*Exit King.*

Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows.

Amin. Pr'ythee, vex me not!
Leave me: I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.

Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit* EVADNE.

Amin. I hate mine as much.—
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.
[*Exit.*

[6] *Well, I am* resolute *you lay not with her.*] *Resolute*, as well as *resolved*, formerly signified, *convinced*, *satisfied*. Theobald and the last editors did not know this, which is one of the most common obsolete phrases in old authors, and therefore read,—

Well, I am resolute you *lie* not with her,

meaning, " I am *resolved* you *shall not lie* with her."

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX.

Cal. O Melantius,
My daughter will die.
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry.
'Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal I am valiant grown,
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave! Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak!
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself

Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed!
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: My head is full of thoughts,
More weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man,
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far then: The power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal. [*Aside.*] I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had, 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal I dare not stay; but I'll go home, and beat
My servants all over for this. [*Exit* CALIANAX.

Mel. This old fellow haunts me!
But the distracted carriage of my Amintor
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cause.
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our friendship of late,
For we were wont to change our souls in talk.[7]

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest
Of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you;
Not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter
You are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words
Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill disposed: You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear

[7] *For we were wont to* charge *our souls in talk.*] This is flat nonsense, by the mistake of a single letter. The slight alteration I have made, [inserting *change* for *charge*] gives us the true meaning. So in *A King and no King*:—

—— "*or for honesty to* interchange *my bosom with,*" &c.

And again,

"*And then how dare you offer to* change *words with her?*"

Mr Seward and Mr Sympson concurred with me in starting this emendation.—*Theobald.*

Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be.
What is it?

Amin. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks [8]
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. 'Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed

[8] *and on her tender cheeks*
Inevitable *colour.*] This epithet, I know, signifies, not to be *avoided*, not to be *eschewed*; but I don't remember that it takes in the idea of *not to be resisted*, which is the sense required here. The old quarto of 1619 has it, *Immutable* colour; but metre and emphasis prove that to be a corrupted reading, out of which, I dare be confident, I have extracted the genuine lection—*Inimitable* colour; *i. e.* a complexion not to be paragoned by nature, nor imitated by art. We may easily account for the depravation at press. The hand-writing in those times was almost universally what we call secretary; and their i's were wrote without tittles over them. Let us then see how minute is the difference betwixt the two words, and how liable they might be to be mistaken one for the other:—

Inimitable,
Immutable.—*Theobald.*

The reading of the quarto of 1622, and the subsequent copies, is good sense, *inevitable* bearing the Latin sense of *irresistible*, as in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite, quoted by Mason:—

"But even that glimmering served him to descry
Th' *inevitable* charms of Emily."

Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would have told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend "he lied," ere sooth'd him so.
Out of my bosom!
Amin. But there is nothing——
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell!
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.
Mel. See,[9] how you play'd with friendship! Be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say,
You have lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I have done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard-of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!

[9] Mel. *See, how you play'd with friendship.*] The quarrelling scene, which is now coming on, has been the subject of much criticism and controversy. Some have cried it up above that celebrated quarrel in Euripides's Iphigenia at Aulis, betwixt Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus; and others have decried it as egregiously faulty in the motives and progress, the working up and declination of the passions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an umpire in the case, than in pronouncing that I have always seen it received with vehement applause, and that I think it very affecting on each side.—*Theobald.*

Mel. Do not weep.
What is it? May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that——
Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. 'Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through my foes,
Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this——It is too big
To get out——Let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he 'scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister——
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, "a whore,"
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow

Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd friend!—
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They, that use to utter lies,
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more,
To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before,
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,

And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay awhile.—
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! 'Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour!—Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.

Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,

And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance, till I find thy heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so. Stay!—Mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy.—Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom: Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way
To give it back.

Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity.
Take to thy weapon!

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears
More years than thou.

Amin. I will not hear! but draw,
Or I——

Mel. Amintor!

Amin. Draw then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can inforce me be!
I cannot linger. Draw!

Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?

Amin. No; for it will be call'd

Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse; and, on the king,
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

Mel. Then join with me.

Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me; for that's a sin.—
His grief distracts him.—Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. I will be kill'd first. Though my passions
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.

Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care
Of me in what thou dost.

Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.

Mel. I'll do what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. 'Faith, I am sick, and desperately, I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come, take again your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MELANTIUS.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.

Enter DIPHILUS.

Diphilus! Thou com'st as sent.[1]
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the king;
I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and if I did believe

[1] *Thou com'st as sent.*] That is, as if you were sent on purpose. Theobald censures this expression as obscure; but the word *as* is frequently used by our authors in the sense of *as if*. So, in the Elder Brother, Miramont says,—

"Though I speak no Greek, I love the sound on't;
It goes on thundering, *as* it conjured devils."—*Mason.*

Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.

Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands to
mine,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right our-
selves.

Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!—

[*Exit* DIPHILUS.

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——But I must have it. See,

Enter CALIANAX.

Where he comes shaking by me.—Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. You are touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.
Cal. Honour? where is it?
Mel. See, what starts
You make into your hatred, to my love
And freedom to you. I come with resolution
To obtain a suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay,
But stay: I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say [*Aside.*
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king.—I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it.—I know this goes unto the king;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath, before I find the king.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Apartment of Evadne *in the Palace.*

Enter MELANTIUS, EVADNE, *and Ladies.*

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne——
Evad. Come, you will make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne:
I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me;[a] I am bashful.

[a] *You shall, if you* command *me.*] Thus all the editions: *i. e.* If you bid me blush, I shall. Evadne is very obsequious in this

Come, sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.

Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery.—Now speak.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Mel. I'll lock the door first.

Evad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.

Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.

Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the court for't: Has it learnt you nothing?

Evad. Me?

Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.

Evad. Gentle brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.

Evad. How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all

condescension: but this, I dare say, was not the poets' intentions. They meant she should say, "Nay, if you *commend* me, I am bashful, and shall blush at your praises:" And this is confirmed by what Melantius immediately subjoins to it.—*Theobald.*

My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;[3]
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,

[3] *Thy body is too little for the story,*
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though *she had twins within her.*] This is mock-reasoning, and *primâ facie* shews its absurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident I have restored the poets' genuine reading. The propriety of the reasoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation.—*Theobald.*

Mr Theobald reads,

——— *would fill another woman,*
As though *sh'ad twins within her.*

From which it is evident he has misunderstood our authors: They do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, says Melantius, is so far from being large enough to contain an account of your lusts, that, if it was wrote all over, there would still remain enough of the story to cover the body of another woman, even though she were swelled with twins. Either way, however, it must be allowed the thought and expression are rather uncouth.—Ed. 1778.

The last editors, supposing the bodies of Evadne and the other woman, who was swelled with twins, to be scribbled over with the story of the former, is an admirable travestie of the poets' meaning, and would not disgrace the pages of Cotton, Brydges, or Scarron. Theobald's comment bids fairest to be the true explanation.

Till I find truth out.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?

Mel. Where there were people,
In every place.

Evad. They, and the seconds of it, are base people:
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch! [*Seizes her.*
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wise, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

Evad. Be gone! You are my brother; that's your safety.

Mel. I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred

'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
I'll have you whipp'd! Get you to your command,
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, he had safer
Bestride a billow when the angry North
Plows up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swoll'n heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
'Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;
Here's one should thunder to 'em! will you tell me?
Thou hast no hope to 'scape: He that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch[4] meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee.[5]
Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,

[4] *Snatch.*] This, which is the text of 1622, is far better than that of the other quartos, which read *fetch*.

[5] *Thou'st death about thee:*
Has *undone thine honour.*] The latter editions read, "he has undone;" that it should be *who*, and that Melantius is still questioning Evadne about the destroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted.—Ed. 1778.

And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again, and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness? [*Draws.*
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth!
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Have vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.

Evad. I have offended: Noble sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir:
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel Stay; I must ask mine honour first.—
I have too much foolish nature in me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many.
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded.—King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!—
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameless.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods thou hadst been so blest.
Dost thou not hate this king now? pr'ythee hate him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him.
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him

To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter.
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it,
They are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful.
Mel. You are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir,
For meat and coarser clothes: Thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.
Evad. Good sir!
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou shouldst smother him.
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,[6]

[6] *Give me thy* hand.] Thus say all the editions; but the sense

And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!

Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit* Melantius.

Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how 'friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandered?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous!
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman.[7] Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!

Enter Amintor.

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,

of the following lines requires us to read *hands*, in the plural—"*both* to Heaven held up."—Ed. 1778.

[7] *Would* dare *a woman.*] *i. e.* Would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit.—*Theobald.*

Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow:[8]
Heaven knows I have too many! Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf,[9] into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Pr'ythee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set;[1] even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.

Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mis-
chiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,[2]
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,

[8] *This is no new way, &c.*] This is the reading of the majority of the copies. It is undoubtedly sense; but that which we have followed is more elegant.—Ed. 1778.

[9] Hand-*wolf.*] *Hand*-wolf means a *tamed* wolf; and the reasoning of the text runs thus: "Though I am *tame*, and bred up with my wrongs, yet, as a *hand*-wolf will break into sudden and unexpected outrage, so may I do."

[1] —— *I would buy your pardon,*
Though at the highest set.] *i. e.* At the highest stake, a phrase taken from gaming.

[2] *Would there were any* safety *in thy sex.*] *i. e.* Any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them.—*Theobald.*

And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can) or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Drest in the shames I lived in; the same monster!
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes,[3] if thou playest

[3] *To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest.*] This line halts vil-

With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and
good ones,
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing
sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolved:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance

lainously, and mars the general beauty of the versification in this scene. I suspect we should read, *ages*, which might very easily be mistaken by the compositor for *eyes*.

Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss
thee—
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to Heaven
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The Gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, here-
after,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

Banquet.—Enter King and CALIANAX.—*Haut-
boys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose—but with my sword.

King. But did he break, without all circum-
stance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'scape?

Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: You were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness?
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But, so, you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.
King. Enough.—Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO.

Strat. Sir!
King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there.— [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Col. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor,
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS.

King. Come, sirs!—Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down.—
Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, sir.—Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire them not.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them then.
King. Reach me a bowl of wine.—Melantius, thou
Art sad.[4]

[4] King. *Reach me a bowl of wine: Melantius, thou art sad.* Amin. *I should be, sir,* &c.] Theobald appropriated this last

Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,
To poison one of us in such a bowl.
Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.
Cal. Such as you are. [*Aside.*
King. I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here.—Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought
Of this, Calianax? [*Apart to him*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution?
Cal. You shall have it,—
Soundly, I warrant you.
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not 'scape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,

speech to Melantius, on the authority of the first quarto. A great deal of argument has been wasted to prove that he is right, but it is so self-evident from the king's speech, that no ingenuity is required.

He must wear all our lives upon his sword.
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.

King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man.

Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?

King. I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;
For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,
By keeping of the fort.—He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieged
Since he commanded it.

Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe
From such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.

King. You are not merry.
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still!—Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved:
He knows no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.

King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himself:

What care I what he does? This he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss: But I forgive
Freely, before this man. Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you,
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'scape.
Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers,[5] to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe.

[5] Eaters *and talkers.*] Most of the latter editions [all but the first quarto and Theobald's edition] concur in this reading, which is evidently corrupt. *Facers* and *facing* are words used by our authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery.*—Ed. 1778.

And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.

Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?

Mel. Oh, then it came from him?

Cal. From me! who should it come from, but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger.—Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lysippus, chear
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.

Amin. You have done already, sir, for me,
I thank you. [*Apart.*

King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.

Mel. 'Tis strange you should.

Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,
That never lyed in's life.

Mel. I talk not to thee!—
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong

To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my king,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm. This sword of mine hath plough'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;[6]
And you yourself have lived at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that, without swords,
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy.—What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, thou'rt a villain!

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort, [*Apart to him.*

[6] *And* they have *reapt the fruit* of it *in peace*.] Thus Mr Seward prints this line. We think the alteration judicious; but do not chuse to depart so far from the old copies.—Ed. 1778.

The old reading is the true one. Melantius means to say, not in plain prose, but in poetical language, that, had it not been for his sword, the people would neither have ploughed the ground, or have reaped the fruits of it.—*Mason*.

Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it.

Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it.—Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst.—Examine him
While he is hot; for if he cool again,
He will forswear it.

King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.

Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.

Cal. Pity? a pox upon you!

Mel. Mark his disorder'd words! And, at the masque,
Diagoras knows, he raged, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.

Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning.—If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.

King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old; have him away.

Mel. Calianax, [*Apart to him.*
The king believes you; come, you shall go home,
And rest; you have done well. You'll give it up
When I have used you thus a month, I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still.
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,

When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use me.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.—
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. And you, Evadne.—Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and for ever.—Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.

[*Exeunt all but* MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else.—How darest thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,

Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the king;
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I pr'ythee, what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the king? I would revenge o' thee.

Mel. That you must plot yourself.

Cal. I'm a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the king
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny 't again?

Mel. Try, and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing about.
Thou shalt have the fort.

Mel. Why, well:
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou should'st not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,

I do believe, the king would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the king shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly.—Diphilus,

Enter DIPHILUS.

What news with thee?

Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The king hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall perform it then.—Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.

Diph. Have you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou deny
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.

Cal. 'Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. He's finely wrought.

[*Exeunt* CALIANAX *and* DIPHILUS.

Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance?—What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king;
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heaven, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness.—Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour;
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him.
Amin. Why, come then; and still remember,
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter EVADNE *and a Gentleman.*

Evad. Sir, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure.

Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would 'twere mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the king
Will wake, and then——

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.

Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Bed-chamber. The King discovered in Bed, sleeping.

Enter EVADNE.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em;[7] and so great,

'tis so many sins,
An age cannot prevent *'em.*] Mr Theobald, we think judiciously, makes the alteration we have followed.—Ed. 1778.

The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must through
'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there.—He sleeps. Good Heavens!
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill
him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience;
And then I'll strike him dead.[8] King, by your
leave: [*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength. Your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So: If he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough.—My lord the king!
My lord!—He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more.—My lord!—Is he not dead already?—
Sir! My lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to bed.

[8] ——— *Till I waken*
His evil angel, his sick conscience;
And then I'll strike him dead.] This is another parallel to the vindictive sentiment uttered by Hamlet, which was a great favourite with the old poets. Much to the same purport, Lord Herbert of Cherbury says, in his own life—"Where with my honour I could forgive I never used revenge, as leaving it always to God, who, the less I punish my enemies, will inflict so much the more punishment on them."

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars;[9] to-bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see, and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.

King. Pr'ythee, to-bed then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this, Evadne?

Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman.
I am a tyger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,

[9] *I'll be thy* Mars.] The allusion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his Metamorphoses, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a subtle net which her husband Vulcan had bound over them, and exposed them to the view of the gods:—

—————— *Turpes jacuêre ligati*
Turpitèr, atque aliquis de Diis non tristibus optat
Sic fieri turpis.—Theobald.

I'll take thee unprepared; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double; and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will) to look those torments[1]
Prepared for such black souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible:
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not.
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your curst court and you (Hell bless you for't!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which, king,
I'm come to kill thee.

King. No!

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not!
I pr'ythee speak not these things: Thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,[2]

[1] ———— *to* look *those torments*
Prepared for such black souls.] *Look* occurs continually in old plays for *look for*; and yet Theobald says it is no English expression, and reads *seek.*

[2] ——— *which, being past my steel,*
My tongue shall teach.] 'Tis evident, from common sense, that I have retrieved the true reading here. A corruption, exactly the

My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain!
A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects;
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.

Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries: All promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*

King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou, monster.

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whor'd'st me, king;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd'st me still.

King. Evadne, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*

same, had possessed a passage in Shakspeare's Coriolanus, till I corrected it. Mr Seward likewise started this emendation here.—*Theobald.*

King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee.
[*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber.

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the king expects it, and will be angry.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.
1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see, kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.
2 *Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2 *Gent.* And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; let's look.—Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead: Treason, treason!
1 *Gent.* Run forth and call.
2 *Gent.* Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1 *Gent.* There.
Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;

The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!—

Enter Strato.

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen,
I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Citadel.

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, *and* Calianax, *on the Walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way.—Courage, Calianax.
Cal. 'Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows!
You were born to be my end. The devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter below, LYSIPPUS, DIAGORAS, CLEON, STRATO, *and Guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him.
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pull'd on, than sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cleon. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are honest.
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so—— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never required such distance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety

More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preserved: Yet you know
best.

Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that
dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely
on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother,
While he was good, I call'd him king; and served
him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied va-
lour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship.[3] I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never-cured dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man,
Wronged almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong.
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.

[3] *And* beg *his friendship.*] This is the reading of the edition of 1619: Those of 1622 and 1630 say, *buy*. The subsequent quartos, and the folio,—*by*.

If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.

Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.

Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.

[*Throws him a paper.*

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.

Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall.—
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you king,
And give you up the fort.

Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antichamber to EVADNE'S *Apartments in the Palace.*

Enter ASPATIA *in Man's Apparel.*

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant.

God save you, sir!
Ser. And you, sir. What's your business?
Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.
Ser. What, would you serve him?
Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.
Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth
Delay you any longer: You cannot.
Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.
Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular
I have in charge, about no weighty matters.[1]
Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-proof?
There's for thee; help me to him.
Ser. Pray be not angry, sir. I'll do my best.
[*Exit.*
Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,

[1] *But in particular I have in charge, about no weighty matters.*] These words, which shew an impertinence so common in all servants, and a desire of sifting into every body's business, are only to be found in the first quarto in 1619.—*Theobald.*

More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think, all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his Man.*

Amin. Where is he?
Ser. There, my lord.
Amin. What would you, sir?
Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.
Amin. Leave us. [*Exit Servant.*
Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it! [*Aside.*
Amin. Now your will, sir.
Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.
Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,
That did it. 'Would he could not![4] Gentle youth,

[4] *Would he could not!*] The meaning of this exclamation, though unnoticed by any commentator, is very obscure; and indeed any

Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing.[5] She used few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change: for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,

meaning which it can possibly bear must be forcibly extracted from the words. They may possibly refer to the request Amintor is just going to make to the disguised Aspatia to leave him, as being unwilling to be absent from one whose presence brought such pleasing recollections to his mind, and yet seeing the danger of their remaining together. I am by no means satisfied with this interpretation, but it is the only one which has occurred.

5 ——— *But they that are above,*
Have ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what advantage, has Shakspeare express'd this sentiment in his Hamlet!—

———"And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—*Theobald.*

(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and begone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight
Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urged.
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. [*She strikes him.*

Amin. I pr'ythee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then!

2

I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
[*Draws.*
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.——
[*They fight,* Aspatia *is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee.
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, *her Hands bloody, with a Knife.*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost.
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast raised up Mischief to his height,
And found out one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.[6]

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more; pursue me not.

Evad. Forgive me then,
And take me to thy bed. We may not part.
[*Kneels.*

6 ——— *an unknown* wilderness.] This is a word here appropriated by the poets to signify *wildness*, from the verb *bewilder*. Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*; b. ix. v. 245.

"The paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from *wilderness* with ease."—*Theobald.*

Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.

Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, "I loved thee once." I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*

Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,

That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold!
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou? Speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto her?

Amin. 'Tis true; and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats, I brought with me, sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss![7]
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have loved me, then?
Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.
Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wond'rous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh! I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swoons! Aspatia!—Help! for Heaven's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.—
Aspatia, speak!—What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me!—Aspatia, speak!—
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow

[7] *The world wants* lines *to* excuse *thy loss.*] This line was readily amended by Theobald, and the corruption very easily accounted for, as the *v* was anciently written with a *u*, and every one knows that this letter and *n* are not easily distinguishable in old MSS. The meaning of this hyperbolical line is plainly—"The world has not lives sufficient to excuse or compensate thy loss." —But Seward, ever averse to lines which cannot be scanned upon the ten fingers, substitutes *expiate* for *excuse*, which conveys a very different sense, and Mason wishes to restore his meaning. Theobald also offers his helping hand, and proposes to read *limits* for *lines*.

The body thus, and it will shew itself.[8]
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few years
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again.—Aspatia!—
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Stabs himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering.—Oh, God! Help, help!

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALLIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, *and* STRATO.

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Serv. Oh, there, there.[9]
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?

[8] *I have heard, if there be any life, but bow*
The body *thus, and it will show itself.*] These lines form the best comment upon the common direction in old plays, to bend the body of a dying or dead person.

[9] Stra. *Oh, there, there.*] We cannot believe our poets intended these words to be spoken by Strato. Strato is following Lysippus into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before him. The speech appears to us to belong to the Servant, to whom therefore we have assigned it.—Ed. 1778.

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows.—Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh!
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue!
Speak, speak!

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;
All that I had!—Speak once again: What youth
Lies slain there by thee?

Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*

Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now:
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*

Diph. Hold, brother.

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you;

Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,[1]

[1] ——— *For on lustful kings.*] Mr Rhymer has very justly remarked in his Criticisms on Tragedy, that, as the moral is a lesson on the dangers attending incontinence, the play ought to take its name from the king: Whereas the whole distress of the story lying on Aspatia being abandoned, and the gross injury done to Amintor, the moral that we have is in no kind to the purpose. Amintor is every where, indeed, condemning himself for his perfidy to his betrothed mistress; and inculcating that the Heavens are strict in punishing him for that crime; and so we have another moral in the body of the fable.—*Theobald.*

Mr Rhymer and Mr Theobald concur again in blaming our authors for making the title of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia, and the moral at the close only to the ill consequences of vice in kings. But these gentlemen did not remember that good writers have frequently avoided giving their plays a name which might forestall the event, and open too much of the main plot: Thus, Venice Preserved, or the Plot Discovered, has been blamed for discovering the plot too soon; whereas many of Shakspeare's and our authors' plays take their names from some character or incident that gives not the least insight into the main design.—*Seward.*

We cannot help owning, that, in our opinion, there is more justice in the remark of Rhymer and Theobald than in that of Mr Seward.—Ed. 1778.

Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from Heaven are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument. [*Exeunt.*

Nothing can be more frivolous and hypercritical, and nothing shews the weak foundation upon which Rhymer built his invectives in a clearer light, than this cavilling at the name of a drama, as if this were of the least importance. There are many more serious faults in this tragedy, for which the poets are far more chargeable than the mere misnomer so very fastidiously attacked by Rhymer, who has given a fair warning to all his progeny of virulent critical inquisitors, not to venture to subject themselves to the retort-valiant, by his cold and wretched tragedy of Edgar, which was sacrificed by the audience to the fame and memory of Othello, the Maid's Tragedy, and King and No King.

A

KING AND NO KING.

BY

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

A KING AND NO KING.

This celebrated Tragi-comedy is undoubtedly the production of Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly. The date of its first representation is proved by a memorandum of Sir Henry Herbert's, printed by Mr Malone in his Historical Account of the English Stage, where this play is said to have been allowed in 1611, by Sir George Buck, Sir Henry's predecessor in the office of master of the revels. The respective parts executed by each of the associates cannot be determined with any degree of certainty; but, if we can put any faith in commendatory verses, we might suppose that the plot was the work of Fletcher, and that the inimitable character of Bessus was produced by his younger friend, Beaumont. Robert Herrick, himself a poet of great elegance, in his verses "upon Mr Fletcher's incomparable playes," speaks of

> "that high designe
> Of King and No King, and *the rare plot thine.*"

And Bishop Earle, in the verses he wrote in commendation of Beaumont, immediately after the death of that poet, says,—

> "Where's such a humour as *thy Bessus*? pray
> Let them put all their Thrasoes in one play,
> He shall outbid them."

To judge from the versification, however, which is certainly far better authority than the verses of Herrick, we should be led to suppose that the greater part of the scenes written in verse were produced by Beaumont, as they bear no resemblance to the marked features of Fletcher's versification.

The first quarto edition, which is by far the best, bears this title: "A King and No King. Acted at the Globe, by his Majesties Ser-

vants. Written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. [Then follows a cut representing Arbaces, with a crown a little above his head, and an arm coming out of a cloud, holding it in a slanting position over him.] At London, Printed for Thomas Walkley, and are to bee sold at his Shoppe at the Eagle and Childe, in Brittain's Bursse, [*i. e.* the Royal Exchange] 1619." The play is thus dedicated by the bookseller:

" To the Right Worshipful and Worthy Knight,
SIR HENRY NEVILL.

" *Worthy Sir,*

" I present, or rather return unto your view, that which formerly hath been received from you, hereby effecting what you did desire: To commend the work in my unlearned method, were rather to detract from it, than to give it any lustre. It sufficeth it hath your worship's approbation and patronage, to the commendation of the authors, and encouragement of their further labours: and thus wholly committing myself and it to your worship's dispose, I rest ever ready to do you service, not only in the like, but in what I may.

" THOMAS WALKLEY."

Other quartos appeared in 1628, 1631, 1639, 1655, and 1661. Oldys, in his MS. notes, speaks of a quarto of 1625; but as that of 1639 is called the fourth impression, I suppose he accidentally wrote 1625 for 1628.

The popularity of this play was very extensive, both before and after the Restoration, and it is enumerated as one of the stock plays of the Red Bull actors, immediately before that event. But for more than fifty years it has been, I believe, entirely laid aside, and no alterations of it have been attempted. Tate is supposed to have intended his farce of " Duke and No Duke" as a parody upon the present play; and Dryden appears to have partly taken from it the plot of his last and unsuccessful comedy, " Love Triumphant."

The supreme excellencies with which this drama abounds, have been frequently the theme of applause; but the undeniable defects of the plot have been as often animadverted upon. It is one of the three plays of our authors which Rhymer has censured in his most virulent and impotent attack. But they had their full share of revenge in the ill success and absolute worthlessness of that critic's tragedy of Edgar, and in finding such a vindicator as Dryden. And, indeed, the circumstance of their being assailed conjointly with the inimitable Othello, was sufficient to prove the impotence of the attack. No doubt, some of his strictures respecting the want of skill in the construction of the plot cannot be denied, and

it may also be granted, without hesitation, that the character of Arbaces is not purely tragical. To the former objection the poets must plead guilty, in this, as in too many other instances. But they certainly never intended the character of Arbaces to be purely tragical. It is no other than a personified humour, such as Ben Jonson delighted in delineating. And it has been well observed in some late observations on English Tragedy,[1] that this play "illustrates that peculiar kind of composition called dramatic humour, which was commonly applied to comic purposes, but was also capable, as in this instance, of being illustrated by tragic examples." Dryden, in his answer to Rhymer, justly observes, that, "the faults in the character of the King and No King are not, as he [Rhymer] makes them, such as render him detestable; but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and for the most part are excused by the violence of his love; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him." And in "the Grounds of Criticism on Tragedy," prefixed to the alteration of Troilus and Cressida, he thus expatiates upon the beauty of this play, at the same time fully acknowledging its defects:

"How defective Shakspeare and Fletcher have been in all their plots, Mr Rhymer has discovered in his Criticisms: Neither can we who follow them be excused from the same or greater errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, because we want their beauties to countervail our faults. The best of their designs, the most approaching to antiquity, and the most conducing to move pity, is the King and No King, which, if the farce of Bessus were thrown away,[2] is of that inferior sort of tragedies which end with a prosperous event. It is probably derived from the story of Œdipus, with the character of Alexander the Great in his extravagancies given to Arbaces. The taking of this play, amongst many others, I cannot wholly ascribe to the excellence of the action, for I find it moving when read: It is true the faults of the plot are so evidently proved, that they can no longer be denied. The beauties of it must therefore lie in the lively touches of the passions; or we must conclude, as I think we may, that, even in imperfect plots, there are less degress of nature, by which some faint emotions of pity and terror are raised in us. As a less engine will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as one of Archimedes's making; for nothing can move our nature, but by some natural

[1] Prefixed to the British Drama, Ed. 1811, vol. I. p. iii.

[2] Dryden certainly extends his praise too far, when he calls this the "best of Fletcher's or Shakspeare's designs," while he, on the contrary, in proposing to throw away "the farce of Bessus," wishes to expunge one of the chief excellencies of the play.

reason which works upon the passions. And since we acknowledge the effect, there must be something in the cause."

Seward has gone out of his usual way, in offering the following observations upon this drama:—

"Mr Rymer flings the most virulent of all his invectives against Othello and Arbaces, falsely deeming all the faults of those characters to be so many charges against the poets; whereas their intent was not to paint perfection, but human nature, to blend the virtues and vices together, so that both may spring from the same temper, and, like handsome and ill-favoured children, both still bear a resemblance to their sire. To do this well is one of the highest efforts of poetry. Arbaces, like his great pattern, Achilles, has virtues and vices in the extreme. His violence makes us expect some dreadful effect, and it therefore soon hurries him into an attempt to commit incest. He is to raise terror and anger, not pity and love; and Mr Rymer having the same choler in his temper, ridiculously took fire, and furiously attacked his own shadow."

Upon these strictures, Mr Colman, in the last edition, judiciously observes, "The savage jealousy of the Moor is so finely delineated, that the tragedy of Othello, notwithstanding some slight defects in the construction of the fable, must for ever excite the admiration of all true lovers of dramatic poetry. The spleen of Rymer is almost as ineffectually vented on this tragedy of our authors: Yet candour and justice oblige us to confess, that the sudden transition of passions in the character of Arbaces sometimes borders on the ridiculous. The picture is, however, in the main, faithfully copied from nature, with many touches of peculiar excellence, particularly the agitations of Arbaces, during his conflict with a supposed incestuous passion. His reverential fear of Mardonius, and his contempt of Bessus, while he is severally soliciting them, are finely imagined, and as finely executed. The Arbaces of our authors is evidently the model on which Lee formed his Alexander, as well as his Clytus on Mardonius. It would, perhaps, require a nice hand to make this play thoroughly relished by a modern audience; yet it certainly abounds with the highest dramatic excellencies, and deserves an eminent rank in the list of theatrical productions."

In the preface to Seward's edition of these authors, that commentator dwells particularly upon the excellence with which the character of Bessus is painted, for which the reader is referred to the first volume. And there is no doubt that a coward has never been delineated with equal humour, excepting Falstaff and Bobadil; to the former he certainly must yield superior rank, but with the latter he may boldly challenge comparison, at the same time that he is perfectly distinct from both. The ludicrous re-

lation which Bessus gives of the battle, and his serious consultation about honour with his two swordsmen, are the extreme of humour. The same unqualified praise cannot be conceded to the construction of the plot. The catastrophe is by no means skilfully contrived; and the manner in which Gobrias brings it about, by inciting his son to a passion which he supposes incestuous, can never be relished by a modern audience; nor can one of the finest scenes in any author (the last of the fourth act) which is founded on that supposition, atone for that impropriety. But, notwithstanding these defects, the play is one of the noblest productions of our two dramatic allies, and every other poet, ancient or modern, even Shakspeare himself, might have boasted of having written it.[3]

[3] As a specimen of bookseller's poetry, the following verses from the title-page of the quarto of 1655, printed for William Leak, may be inserted, entitled, "The Stationer to Dramatophilus:"

> "A play and no play; who this book shall read
> Will judge and weep as if 'twere done indeed."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Arbaces, *king of Iberia.*
Tigranes, *king of Armenia.*
Gobrias, *lord-protector, and father of Arbaces.*
Bacurius, *a lord.*
Mardonius, } *two captains.*
Bessus, }
Lygones, *father of Spaconia.*
Three Gentlemen.
Two Sword-men.
Three Men.
Philip, *a servant.*
A Messenger.
A Servant to Bacurius.
A Boy.

Arane, *the queen-mother.*[1]
Panthea, *her daughter.*
Spaconia, *a lady, daughter of Ligones.*
Mandane, *a waiting-woman; and other attendants.*
Two citizens' wives, and another woman.

SCENE,—During the first Act, on the Frontiers of Armenia; afterwards in the Metropolis of Iberia.

[1] *Arane, the* queen's mother.] The trifling alteration we have here made is not only necessary, but warranted by different passages in the play. In the beginning of the third act we find, '*And the* queen-mother *and the princess wait.*'—Ed. 1778.

A KING AND NO KING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Camp of Arbaces, *on the Frontiers of Armenia.*

Enter Mardonius *and* Bessus.[1]

Mar. Bessus, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

[1] The character of Bessus, I think, must be allowed, in general, a fine copy from Shakspeare's inimitable Falstaff. He is a coward, yet would fain set up for a hero; ostentatious, without any grain of merit to support his vain-glory; a liar throughout, to exalt his assumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an umbrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence must certainly be adjudged to Falstaff, the great original.—*Theobald.*

To these remarks on the character of Bessus, it may not be im-

Bes. We, that are commanders, shall do well enough.

Mar. 'Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue*[2] for a pudding i' th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou would'st kill any man that stopp'd thee, an thou couldst.[3]

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they strake.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

proper to add, that it has a strong Bobadilian tincture, and that, in all probability, the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, and *Thraso* of Terence, furnished both Jonson and our authors with hints for the respective characters. Falstaff is more an original.—*Colman.*

[2] *Perdue.*] A word derived from the French *enfans perdus*, equivalent to the forlorn hope of the present day.

[3] And *thou couldst.*] So the first quarto reads. *An*, an old word for *if*, was continually corrupted into *and*. The other editions substitute the modern *if*.—A few lines lower down, *strake*, anciently the imperfect tense of to *strike*, has been unnecessarily changed into *struck*. But the wanton variations from the first and best quarto are so numerous, (at least ten on this and the next page) that to notice every one of them would swell the number of notes to an alarming degree.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat!

Mar. See how thy blood cruddles[4] at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, good Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think it is a braver piece of service than that I'm so famed for.

Mar. Why, art thou famed for any valour?

Bes. I famed? Ay, I warrant you.

Mar. I am very heartily glad on't: I have been with thee ever since thou cam'st to the wars,[5] and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Pr'ythee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em; in my conscience, thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting a trencher;[6] but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

[4] *Cruddles.*] This is still a usual way of pronouncing *curdles* in the provinces. Sherwood interprets, "to crud, curd, or *cruddle*," *cailler*; and Dr Johnson still has the word, "*Crud*, commonly written *curd*." Other editions substitute the more modern—*curdles*.

[5] *Ath' wars.*] So the first quarto; perhaps for—at the wars.

[6] —— *in shifting a* trencher.] Our ancestors at the time this play was produced contented themselves with using wooden trenchers. A passage apposite to the text occurs in Sir John Harrington's

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption.

Mar. At Bessus' Desperate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Pr'ythee, who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldier.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily[7] disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gavest; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon

orders for his household servants, (Nugæ Antiquæ,) "That no man waite at the table without a *trencher* in his hand, except it be upon good cause, on paine of 1d."—Mr Reed observes that trenchers are still used at Lincoln's Inn.

[7] *Meerely.*] So the first quarto reads.

the enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou com'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremities, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend, for this; for if I cared who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with the prey in his foot.

Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, *two Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: Am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that placed me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? You are as free as I.
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man, I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be used servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady, that the neighbour princes send

Blanks to fetch home.[8] I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is it the course of
Iberia to use her prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd; for in Armenia,[9]
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper
Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.

Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering: Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,

[8] *A lady, that the neighbour princes send*
Blanks *to fetch home.*] That is, she is of such supreme beauty, that neighbour princes, in order to obtain her for a wife, send blank bonds to Arbaces to be filled up with whatever conditions he shall please to insert.

[9] *I should not thus have talk'd,* sir: In *Armenia.*] So the folio and the modern editions. The reading in the text is from the first quarto, and is infinitely better than the alteration.

By this sole arm, propp'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I, that have the power
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?

Mar. Indeed, this is none! [*Aside.*

Arb. Tigranes, no; did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you do. [*Aside.*

Arb. But he shall wrong his and my modesty,
That thinks me apt to boast: After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

Mar. 'Tis pity, that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*

Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer,
I do insult: A lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.

Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spoke before, it strikes not me;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.

Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn!
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death

At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name yet. Were she odious,[1]
Her birth deserves the empire of the world:
Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her to take,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me: But you will think I brag.

Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions severed, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate:[2] 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*

Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want she had; so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;[3]

[1] *That wants a name* yet. *Were she odious, &c.*] This pointing is restored from the oldest quarto, and is much better than that of the folio, adopted by the modern editors, who read—

That wants a name. Yet, were she odious, &c.

It is surely much more poetical for Arbaces to say that the terms of fair and beautiful are inadequate to express her looks, which are so excellent, that no epithet in the language is worthy to be applied to them. Seven lines lower down, the word *take,* (i. e. accept) has been restored from the oldest quarto, having been corrupted to *taste.*

[2] *Passionate.*] That is, carried away by the passions. Hence the title of a play in this collection,—Nice Valour, or the *Passionate* Madman.

[3] *Could find a want,* had she *so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning souls.] Thus say the

I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be moved, and she on me;
I am not fickle.

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you tried,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.

copies prior to Mr Theobald, who (without noticing it) alters the passage thus;

Could find a want; Were she *so tempting fair, &c.*

The deficiency of sense in the old copies, we apprehend, was occasioned by one of those which the press is most subject to, a transposition.—Ed. 1778.

This passage is so obscure in the expression, that, I believe, it will want a short comment to the generality of readers. The authors mean, ' Were she so temptingly fair, that she could wish to be less beauteous, *for fear* of damning souls, in their coveting to enjoy her charms, &c." So Shakspeare in his Othello:

A fellow almost damn'd *in a fair wife,*

i. e. grown so uxorious through the attractions of her beauty, as to neglect all his duty towards Heaven, and consequently incur the danger of damnation. This sentiment is explained in another passage of that immortal author, in his Merchant of Venice:

-" *it is very meet*
The lord Bassanio live an upright life.
For, having such a blessing *in his lady,*
He finds the joys *of* Heaven *here on earth;*
And if on earth he do not merit *it,*
In reason he should never come to Heav'n."—*Theobald.*

The quarto of 1619 exhibits the passage in the following corrupt state:

So perfect, that no *owne* of her owne sex
Would find a want, *had shee* so tempting faire,
That she could wish it off *her* damning soules, &c.

You shall see, if you have the power to stand
The force of her swift looks. If you dislike,
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must.

Tigr. Sir, I have learn'd a prisoner's sufferance,
And will obey. But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.

Arb. Some do await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
Till he be free from me.

[*Exit* TIGRANES, *with Attendants.*

This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.

Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.

Arb. And yet I conquer'd him, and could have done,
Hadst thou join'd with him, though thy name in arms
Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely; did I not?

Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first—

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bes. That you would not have spied your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.

Mar. Like a tailor at a wake.

Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to re-

member, at one time——by my troth, I wished myself wi' you.

Mar. By my troth thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o' th' lists.

Arb. What to do?

Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: you lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipp'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run about his head.

Mar. What country fence-school didst thou learn that at?

Arb. Puff! did not I take him nobly?

Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.

Arb. Talk enough!
Will you confine my words? By Heav'n and earth,
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant,
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I bragg'd.—
Bessus, he said, I bragg'd.

Bes. Ha, ha, ha!

Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me to a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said I boasted: Speak, Mardonius,
Did I?—He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart

Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will
none
Vouchsafe to give me audience?[4] Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some one of you,
Or else, by Heaven——
1 *Gent.* So please your——
Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please——
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown
To balk! But I desire let another speak.[5]

[4] *Audience.*] The folio and the octavo editions unnecessarily change this to *answer.*

[5] *But I am grown*
To balk, *but I desire let another speak.*] Thus the first quarto reads, though the modern commentators say the elder editions read (as the second folio certainly does)—" But I defy." This corruption has given them ample scope for most ingenious suppositions and puzzling comments. Theobald looked upon it as one of the *loci desperati* of our authors, and transferred the task to Seward, informing him that, " it stood so through *all the editions.*" That reverend annotator set about the task with the most undeniable industry, and, after having supposed and conjectured for a long time, at last found out what he conceived unquestionably the original text:—

——— But I am grown
To talk but idly; let another speak.

Then he continues, " As it may be some entertainment to the curious reader, to see an humble critic poring in the dark, if he by that means has at last opened the door to day-light, I will give the

2 Gent. I hope your majesty——

Arb. Thou draw'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: Throw your words away
Quick, and to purpose; I have told you this.

Bes. An't please your majesty——

Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rude-ness
As yet you never shew'd me: And I want
Power to command ye;[6] else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.

Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, propp'd by divinity:

process of this emendation." But I refer the curious reader, if he wishes for such entertainment, to the editions of 1750 and 1778. The editors of the latter reject Seward's reading, (which Mason wishes to restore) and properly observe, that it but ill accords with the temper of Arbaces. They read,

——— But I am grown
To *talk!* But I defy—Let another speak.

The text of the old folio is however very good sense, and preferable to any since proposed. Arbaces may well say—I am grown to balk! that is, to hinder or interrupt what he had desired his courtiers to say; and this interpretation is completely in the style of the sudden transitions of his temper. The remainder of the line, as it is now restored from the oldest and best edition, needs no defence, as it not only restores the sense, but also the metre; *desire* being here, according to the common practice of the times, pronounced as a trisyllable.

[6] *To command* mee.] This is the reading of the first quarto, which in other editions is altered to—To command *too*. The slight variation in the text is better sense, and more likely to have been accidentally corrupted to—*mee*.

Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventured lives?
Arb. Oh, that thy name
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my wealth
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, with my sword
Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of: There, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The king rages extremely: shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.
2 *Gent.* Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Moved you like wheels; it moved you as it pleased.
Whither slip you now? What,[7] are you too good

[7] *Are you too good, &c.*] In the old editions this passage stands *literally* as follows:

—— are you too good
To wait on me? (*Puffe,*) I had need have temper, &c.

But Mr Theobald makes the word *puffe* a part of the text, and reads, *also literally*, thus:

—— are you too good
To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have the temper, &c.

From the old mode of printing this word, we are inclined to suppose that it was meant as a direction to the performer of the character of Arbaces, to shew signs of strong agitation from passion and pride: And though it may be urged, that directions to performers are not common in old plays, yet as, whenever they were inserted, it was in *italics*; and as, besides, we find the word be-

To wait on me? I had need have temper,
That rule such people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private:
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our curse
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like death:
My words move nothing.

1 *Gent.* Must we go?

Bes. I know not.

Arb. I pray you, leave me, sirs. I'm proud of this,
That you will be intreated from my sight.

[*Exeunt all but* ARBACES *and* MARDONIUS.

Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!

Mar. Sir.

Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Methinks,
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and wait.

Mar. Sir, shall I speak?

Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.

Mar. But will you hear me out?

Arb. With me you article, to talk thus: Well,
I will hear you out.

tween *parentheses*, and after the point of *interrogation*, we cannot help adhering to that opinion. A gentleman of acknowledged abilities has doubted whether Arbaces might not mean to call Bessus *Puffe*; but, as the king is not in a merry mood, and the *gentlemen* as well as *Bessus* are *slipping away*, we have left the word in the same situation we found it; thinking it improper to *advance* it into the text, and there (like the *easy* Mr Theobald, without submitting it to the reader's election) leave it *unnoticed*.—Ed. 1778.

As the word does *not* occur in the *oldest* editions, it has been omitted in the text, having, no doubt, been subsequently inserted as a direction for the performer. As such stage directions are curious in as far as they throw some light upon the regulations of old theatres, the note of the last editors has been retained.

Mar. [*Kneels.*] Sir, that I have ever loved you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men I should have chose you out, to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I should have doted,[8] because I would have loved the most deserving man; for so you are.

Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not kneel:
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no difference in men's worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast loved me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe
It shall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out.

Arb. And so I will: Speak freely, for from thee
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.

Arb. Eclipse my virtues?

Mar. Yes; your passions; which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; when I speak your faults,[9] you make a start, and fly the hearing:[1] But——

[8] *Doted.*] That is, doted upon you. This reading of the first quarto was subsequently changed injudiciously to—done it.

[9] But *when I speak your faults.*] The first word is not to be found in the quarto of 1619; and not being necessary to the sense, I have rejected it, having been introduced unwarrantably.

[1] *And fly the hearing:* but.] Thus the first edition exhibits these words, and indubitably Arbaces here, as in many other instances, interrupts Mardonius. Sympson reads—fly the hearing *out;* and Theobald, anxious for his reputation, informs us that he had

Arb. When you commend me? Oh, that I should
live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter
Words in my praise, that thou thought'st impudence,
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you
praise,
I hug you? 'Tis so false, that, wert thou worthy,
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me! But thou shalt understand thy lyes;
For shouldst thou praise me into Heaven, and there
Leave me inthroned, I would despise thee though[2]
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.

Mar. However you will use me after, yet, for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!

Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worths,[3] but darken 'em, then you will shine indeed.

thus "corrected the passage long ago." Mr M. Mason, who consulted no old edition but the second folio, reads—fly the hearing on't.

[2] *I would despise thee* though.] This is the text of the oldest quarto, and means,—I would despise thee notwithstanding. The modern editors read—I would despise thee *then*.

[3] *Which I do not say take from you all your* worth, *but darken* 'em.] *Worth* being a substantive of the singular number, we must certainly read *it*, instead of *'em*.—Sympson.

Or, perhaps, the poets wrote *worths*, and the final *s* has been lost at the press.—Ed. 1778.

The latter is no doubt the true reading. Sympson might certainly have been expected to know that *worths* was used in the plu-

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.

Arb. Why, now you flatter.

Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these wild moods,[4] should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I would find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

Arb. Is not material? more then ten such lives
As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly said;
Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth
As might offend another. I have been
Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see
A swift amendment. But I want those parts
You praise me for: I fight for all the world!
Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far
Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years;
I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me
That I should use so rough a phrase to thee:
Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I
Should differ thus!

ral as well as the singular by old writers. One instance from Johnson's Dictionary shall suffice—

"How can you him unworthy then decree
In whose chief part your *worths* implanted be?"—*Sidney.*

[4] *These* wild *moods.*] The second of these words is now restored from the first quarto.

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, sir.
Arb. 'Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever take
All things I do thus patiently; for which
I never can requite thee, but with love;
And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I
Have not been merry lately: Pr'ythee tell me,
Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine ear?
Mar. Why, at the taking of a town.
Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius,
Gave thee that jewel.
Mar. Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.
Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon thee?
Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.
Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?
Mar. Yes, 'faith.
Arb. And do they improve themselves?
Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.
Arb. How canst live on't?
Mar. Why, I think, I must petition to you.
Arb. Thou shalt take 'em up at my price.

Enter two Gentlemen and BESSUS.

Mar. Your price?
Arb. Ay, at the king's price.
Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.
2 *Gent.* Is he not merry now?
1 *Gent.* I think not.
Bes. He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.
Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia

by this; I bade you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your majesty, I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the Lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodgings as 'tis thither; will't not?

Bes. I know not that;[5] but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. 'Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this sword, sir? [*Draws.*

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty! [*Delivers a letter.*

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, Sir.

[5] *I know not that.*] Other editions subsequent to the first quarto introduce—*Sir*, after these words, without necessity.

Arb. How does he? is he well?
Mes. In perfect health.
Arb. Take that for thy good news.
[*Gives money.*
A trustier servant to his prince there lives not,
Than is good Gobrias. [*Reads.*
1 *Gent.* The king starts back.
Mar. His blood goes back as fast.
2 *Gent.* And now it comes again.
Mar. He alters strangely.
Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it far
From me to struggle! If my secret sins
Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears
Enow to wash me white, that I may feel
A child-like innocence within my breast!
Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to
stand
As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes
Set here unmoved, regardless of the world,
Though thousand miseries encompass me!
Mar. This is strange!—Sir, how do you?
Arb. Mardonius! my mother——
Mar. Is she dead?
Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost know
How she hath labour'd, since my father died,
To take by treason hence this loathed life,
That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,
And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit
To practise new sins, not repent the old.
She now had hired a slave to come from thence,
And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,
Took, and condemn'd, and executed there.
The careful'st servant! Heaven, let me but live
To pay that man! Nature is poor to me,
That will not let me have as many deaths
As are the times that he hath saved my life,
That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me laden, when my life
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles prayers,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.—
If I have lost the duty of a son;
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you[7] direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your power to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my dangers off with mother's blood.

Mar. I ne'er saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] ——— *Do you direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.*] Sympson calls this a bold ellypsis, because the Gods are neither invoked nor mentioned; and thereby gives us another instance of his entire incapacity for the task he undertook.—No mention of his note would have been made, if it were not to take the opportunity of noticing the extreme beauty of this speech, which is sufficient alone to counterbalance all the objections which have been started against the play, were they even founded in justice.

SCENE II.

Another part of the same.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me fly, Spaconia?[8]
What should I do?
Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that ever loves me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That placed their loves unfortunately too high,[9]
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia?
Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the man
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

[8] *Why wilt thou have me* die, *Spaconia?*] So all the editions read; but the following speech of Tigranes evidently proves the propriety of the alteration introduced into the text, which I find Mr Mason had already proposed in his Comments.

[9] *Too* light.] So the first quarto reads. Other editions properly correct the last of these words, but omit the first without necessity.

Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his: His will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.
Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?
Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!
Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our love;
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he would place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offered me;
Thither shall you, and, being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.
Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?
Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.
Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!
Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?
Tigr. There is the lady, captain.
Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship[1] for your fair sake.
Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.
Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have received new letters from the king, that require more haste than I expected; he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.
Tigr. He shall not do so long.
Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my charge hereafter?
Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, sir: You shall call me what you please.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Courtship.*] This word often signified, as in the present instance, courtly breeding, the behaviour of a courtier.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital of Iberia. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter GOBRIAS, BACURIUS, ARANE, PANTHEA, *and* MANDANE, *Waiting-women and Attendants.*

Gob. My Lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape.
Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoner,
From you committed: Yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her arm
Against her king; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think[a] the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,

[a] *To think.*] That is, to intend, to determine, an unusual sense of the word.

Whose tears paid down his sins.[3] Mark, how she
weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think, how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.[4]

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know, I know
You speak not what you think.

Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urged
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about her![5] Should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me: If I seek to save
That life so loved, I lose another life,
That gave me being; I should lose a mother;
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the
will
Of Heaven be done, and if one needs must fall,

[3] *Whose tears* paid down *his sins.*] That is, paid the forfeit of his sins, were sufficient to balance them. The reading of the old quarto, now restored, was subsequently changed thus:

Whose tears *weigh'd* down his sins.

[4] This passage is quaint; but the two lines together evidently signify, 'Think how disgraceful it is to you not to grieve, and you will grieve that you cannot grieve."—Ed. 1778.

[5] *About* her.] The last word is very improperly omitted in the folio and the modern editions. In the next line the first quarto reads corruptedly—I should *let* light a life.

Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!

Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know, this fault
Is not in me as in another woman.[6]

[*They walk apart.*

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your help?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, think you 'twould be believed?

Ara. I know, it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I join with you,
Should we not both be torn,[7] and yet both die
Uncredited?

Ara. I think we should.

Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,

[6] *Another* woman.] So the first quarto. After editions read, with a disagreeable jingle—another *mother*.

[7] *Nay, should I join with you, should we* not *both be* torn, *and yet both die uncredited?*] Sympson reads, with Theobald's approbation,

——— *should we both be sworn,*
Yet should not we both die uncredited.

But Colman, or one of his colleagues, properly observes, that "Gobrias means, 'though we should be racked, *torn* even to death, we should die uncredited.' There is a weakness of expression, a poverty of imagination, in the passage when thus altered [by Sympson,] which, we think, our authors never betray.—Had the editors of 1750 adhered to the rule which they often mention, of making the poetry a test for the words, they would not have altered nor transposed a syllable. But, by some strange mishap, though the elder copies of this play give us well-divided metre, this part of the scene, in their edition, is most strangely confused, part of it being printed as prose, and part ranged in such lines as we believe never before appeared under the name of poetry."

I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.

Ara. The king!

Gob. I bade you rest
With patience, and a time would come for me
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my power.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done,
I must preserve mine own;[8] but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

Bac. My lord-protector, they say, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Received you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laughed, and so did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter BESSUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector! From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

Gob. How does his majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and

[8] *I must preserve* mine own.] *i. e.* Must protect my son, Arbaces, against your endeavours to destroy him.—Ed. 1778.

his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know
My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt?

Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a knock.

Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace? Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross arrow, and yet am well again.

Pan. I do not care how thou do'st: Is he well?

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady distressed.[9]

Pan. Why, I will care: I'm glad that thou art well;
I pr'ythee, is he so?

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-morrow.

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. [*Reads.*

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your charge.—
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this,
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely.
Your own will is your law; be where you please.

Ara. I thank him.

[9] *Such a lady distressed.*] Quarto 1619. Subsequent copies read tamely, and without necessity—Such a lady *as you* distressed.

Gob. You will be ready
To wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad
I have lost this office. [*Exit* ARANE.

Gob. Good captain Bessus, tell us the discourse[1]
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how
We got the victory.

Pan. I pr'ythee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell truth,[2] and thus it was: They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought, we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt
Be much material to this business,
We'll hear't some other time.

Pan. I pr'ythee, leave it, and go on with my brother.

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.[3]

[1] *Discourse.*] This was one of the numerous words derived from the Latin, which were used with a great latitude of meaning by our ancestors. Here it signifies, as Mr Mason observes, "transaction, not conversation."

[2] *Tell* the *truth.*] So the latter editions. The text is from the oldest.

[3] *To the lists they came, and single sword and* gauntlet *was their fight.*] Sympson, who, like other editors of his own time, never

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: And 'twas my chance to stand next a captain of the enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smiled, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I——

Pan. All this is of thyself: I pr'ythee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which for my own part, by my troth,[4] I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow's abused with a good report.

condescended to refer to contemporary writers for what he could not understand himself, but, going roundly to work, had always some variation at hand, changes *gauntlet* to target. But his ignorance was properly exposed by Mr Reed in the following note:

"As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, so the reason for which it is made will hardly be deemed a sufficient one, when it is understood that every combatant was provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled, "Honour Military and Civill, contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar," *fo.* 1602, *p.* 130, is the following passage: "He that loseth his gauntlet in fight, is more to be blamed than he who is disarmed of his poulderon. For the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed; and therefore that part of the armor is commonly sent in signe of defiance."

[4] *Which, for my own part, by my troth,* I confess] The two last words not being in the original quarto, and not necessary to the sense, have been omitted.

Bes. Ay, but I——

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cried, "Give the word;" when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much, with us martialists, as, "I will fight with you:" I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He slips over all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me; "Cosroes," said I——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. "Captain," said I; so 'twas.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the lady
My brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she.—Charge, will you come near the princess?

Pan. You are welcome from your country; and this land
Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris.

Pan. You're very welcome: You have got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine enemy here; then much more you,
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but

I dare give my word for her, and for honesty: she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector.—I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit* Bessus.

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit* Bacurius.

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to you?

Pan. Oh, my lord,
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just

As hearty nature speaks 'em.
Gob. And to me
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.
Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now,
In hope to see him.
Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: He writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in your choice.
Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant you;
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.
Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I chose him.
Pan. But I am not built
On such wild humours; if I find him worthy,
He is not less because he's offered.
Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would seem less! [*Apart.*
Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse men's virtues so with his.
Spa. I know a lady may, and, more I fear,
Another lady will. [*Apart.*
Pan. 'Would I might see him!
Gob. Why so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you, madam.

Pan. I thank you, good my lord.
Gob. You will be ready, madam?
Pan. Yes. [*Exit* GOBRIAS.
Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt Women.*
Spa. I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing [*Kneels.*
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should entreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.
Pan. That were a strange request.
Spa. As ill is mine.
Pan. Then do not utter it.
Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am ashamed to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it.[5] I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,

[5] *but where life*
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman
That will not take *something unreasonably,*
To hazard saving of it.] But what was the woman to *take* in this case? I think I may venture to say, I have restored the original word of the poets: My emendation is confirmed by what she says three lines above:

Alas! 'Tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd.—*Theobald.*

Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.

Pan. What's the meaning of it?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet: for 'tis not in the power
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Pr'ythee, speak it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must die,
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.

Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire so, that you would not love him.

Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: If he shall woo me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.

Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear, it will not be: therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,

Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I shall walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: For as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.

Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him, (if I knew it sin
To love him,) without passion.[6] Dry your eyes;
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive,
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, Thalestris,
If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.

Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded:
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,*
I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin
To love him, without passion:] *i. e.* If she knew it a sin to fall in love with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could avoid it. The confidence with which she speaks this is extremely natural, to shew how little we know our own weakness: For she soon after falls in love with one whom she took for her own brother.—*Seward.*

SCENE II.

An open Place before the City.—A great Crowd.

Enter three Men and a Woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We shall out-go her.

3 *Man.* One were better be hang'd than carry women out fiddling to these shows.

Wom. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is!

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man.* The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our shops are well look'd to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter PHILIP *with two Citizens' Wives.*

1 *Cit. W.* Lord, how fine the fields be! What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit. W.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there?

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em once.

1 *Cit. W.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit. W.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit. W.* Wilt thou go with me down this summer, when I am brought to-bed?

2 *Cit. W.* Alas, 'tis no place for us.

1 *Cit. W.* Why, pr'ythee?

2 *Cit. W.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit. W.* No?

2 *Cit. W.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit. W.* Nor milk, how do they?

2 *Cit. W.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit. W.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit. W.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit. W.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit. W.* By your leave, good people, a little.

1 *Man.* What's the matter

Phil. I pray you, my friends, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may hap to go home [7] with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Cit. W.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip.—Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit. W.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit. W.* As God save me, la, thou art as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou art at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit. W.* Well, stripling,[8] I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit. W.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit. W.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

[7] *She may,* haps, *go home.*] So the latter editions. The text is from the first. In the preceding speech they read—I pray, *you,* my friend. These alterations are not always mentioned in these notes, but only where they might be imputed to the carelessness of the present editoror the compositor.

[8] *Stripling.*] Later editions read—*Slip-string.*

Flourish. Enter ARBACES, TIGRANES, MARDONIUS, *and Soldiers.*

All. God preserve your majesty!
Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at full,
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expences to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: You will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our bloods:[9]
'Tis peace!
All. God preserve your majesty!
Arb. Now you may live securely in your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrows. For yourselves, you may
Safely forget there are such things as tears;
And you may all, whose good thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!
All. God bless your majesty!
Arb. See, all good people, I have brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

[9] But with your *bloods.*] This is a subsequent corruption. The text is from the first quarto.

1 *Cit. W.* Out upon him!
2 *Cit. W.* How he looks!
3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!
Mar. These are sweet people.
Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.
Arb. It was far from me[1]
To mean it so. If I have aught deserved,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Wherever there is sun: And yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too.
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbelieved a height, to fall
Beneath mine. This, inspired with all your loves,
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.
All. The Lord bless your majesty!
Tig. So, he has made me
Amends now with a speech in commendation
Of himself; I would not be so vain-glorious.
Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: And it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy
Would be to spend my days amongst you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.
Heaven prosper you, that you may know old years,
And live to see your children's children

[1] *It was so far from me.*] So the first quarto reads.

Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!

[*Flourish. Exeunt Kings and their Train.*

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake: I have not made a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit. W.* Away, you halter-sack,[2] you!

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's face.

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

[*Exeunt the three Men and Woman.*

1 *Cit. W.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come, Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?[3]

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit. W.* They're the first I heard on this year, by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit. W.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Halter-sack.*] A similar phrase to our expression—gallows-bird. The word occurs again in Four Plays in One, and The Knight of the Burning Pestle.

[3] *Did not his majesty say, he had brought us home* peas *for all our money.*] This ridiculous blunder, from the ignorance of the citizen in mistaking *peace* for *peas*, might have an effect, perhaps, (at least of laughter) on the gross audiences of those times; though I question whether it would not meet with a rebuke from the nicer tastes in ours.—*Theobald.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Iberia. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *and* GOBRIAS.

Arb. My sister take it ill?
Gob. Not very ill:
Something unkindly she does take it, sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.
Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?
Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like
Where you will have her. But, when you behold her,
You will be loth to part with such a jewel.
Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister.
Gob. Sir, I know she is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another
Arb. Pish! Will she have him?
Gob. I do hope she will not.—— [*Aside.*
I think she will, sir.
Arb. Were she my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forced to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.

Gob. Heaven, bring my purpose luckily to pass! [*Aside.*
You know 'tis just.—She will not need constraint,
She loves you so.
Arb. How does she love me? Speak.
Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.
Arb. She is not like her mother, then.
Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little scratch,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not eat,
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you [4] your health.
Arb. Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be ruled.
I know not how I shall requite her well.
I long to see her: Have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter 1 *Gentleman and* Tigranes.

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.
Arb. He's welcome.
1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the princess wait
Without.
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.—— [*Exit* Gobrias.
Tigranes, you will think you are arrived

[4] *You.*] This word, which is not in the oldest quarto, was properly supplied in the folio of 1679.

In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?
Tig. Too safe I am, sir.

Enter GOBRIAS, ARANE, PANTHEA, SPACONIA, BACURIUS, MARDONIUS, BESSUS, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ara. [*Kneels.*] As low as this I bow to you;[5] and would
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be ashamed
To see observance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother. Rise!
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to shew my duty and acknowledge

[5] *As low as this I bow to you, &c.*] Mr Theobald compares this speech and Arbaces' reply to the following passage in Coriolanus, on a similar occasion, "to which," says he, "our authors might possibly have an eye:"

Vol. *Oh, stand up bless'd!*
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.
Cor. *What is this?*
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murth'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work.—Ed. 1778.

See the Beggar's Bush, act v. sc. ii. (vol. III. p. 210).

My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively
Upon my shame. That power, that kept you safe
From me, preserve you still!

Arb. Your own desires
Shall be your guide. [*Exit* ARANE.

Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me. I have ne'er another wish
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the princess.

Pan. Alas, sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.

Arb. Ha?

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you. [*Kneels.*

Tigr. Will you speak, sir?

Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry there!
Up, and begone; if thou be'st love, be gone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill,
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother in thy blood,[6]

[6] *Thy laughing mother.*] The old poets, both Greek and Latin, as Mr Seward observes, apply this epithet to Venus.—Ed. 1778.

That you are powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolved,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away!

Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so slow? [*Apart.*
There can no falsehood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be loved and served beyond my faith.
I would, he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger that it may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the earth:
Why do you let her kneel so long?—Alas!
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?
It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?
I bade, she should be brought.

Mar. What, is he mad?

Arb. Gobrias, where is she?

Gob. Sir!

Arb. Where is she, man?

Gob. Who, sir?

Arb. Who? hast thou forgot my sister?

Gob. Your sister, sir?

Arb. Your sister, sir! Some one that hath a wit,
Answer, where is she?

Gob. Do you not see her there?

Arb. Where?

Gob. There.

Arb. There? where?

Mar. 'Slight, there! are you blind?

Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?

Gob. No, sir.

Arb. No, sir? Why, do you mock me? I can see
No other here, but that petitioning lady.

Gob. That's she.

Arb Away!

Gob. Sir, it is she.

Arb 'Tis false.

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As Hell! By Heaven, as false as Hell!
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see, you all are mute and stand amazed,
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off every life,
For which to mourn is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is.
I know, she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die,
And she hath taught us how.

Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.

Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, dost thou mean?

Gob. That lady, sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister

That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.

Arb. It cannot be.

Tigr. Pish! this is tedious: [*Apart.*
I cannot hold; I must present myself.
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder clap
Does one that is about to sin.

Arb. Away!
No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor,
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lye,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheathe it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My power
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?

Mar. Oh, this is fine!

Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your majesty,
I never thought she was; she's nothing like you.

Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.

Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd. [*To* BESSUS.

Pan. Sir, I will speak but once: By the same power
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family,

By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will hear no more.—
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this;[7] and 'tis damnation
For me to do so.—You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is blessed
That is so near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease:
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me.—No man here
Offer to speak for her; for I consider
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were past speaking.

Gob. Fear not, madam;

[7] *and 'tis damnation
For me to do so.*] To make sense and true reasoning, the conjunction *and* must be changed into the discretive particle *yet*. The king means, all the world, besides himself, may take delight in the music of her tongue; but it would be damnation in him to do so. *Theobald.*

We have followed the old reading, which we think easy and familiar. *And* often stands for *and yet*, and clearly conveys that sense in the passage before us.—Ed. 1778.

The king will alter: 'Tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray Heaven it do!

Tigr. [*Aside.*] Though she to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.—
[*Comes forward.*
Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner, begs
To be bid welcome.

Pan. You are welcome, sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: We know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.

Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope!

Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so fast,
And utter things that mis-become your looks?
Can you want owning?

Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so.

Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.

Arb. How now?

Tigr. And then
See if you want an owner.

Arb. They are talking!

Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.

Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?

Tigr. I am.

Arb. And who is this?

Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it? Why, you brought me hither, sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps, I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Blest be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner
For theft. My tongue be temper'd! I must speak,
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me.
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already; methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison!—Now, sir, see
If my frown be regardless.—Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius!—You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!

Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forced.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off.—This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,[8]
Or that famed tyrant's bed.[9] Thou might'st as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starved people, to bring home with thee
To shew 'em fire and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exit* TIGRANES, *led off by* BACURIUS *and Gentlemen.*

[8] ——— *This is tyranny,*
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's.] The allusion here is to the tyranny of Phalaris, who inclosed the wretches that had offended him in a bull of brass, and burned them alive; being delighted to hear their groans express the bellowing of a bull. One Perillus, we are told, made this savage present to Phalaris; and the tyrant made the first experiment upon him of his own cruel ingenuity: Upon which Ovid has very properly observed,

——— *Nec lex est justior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.—Theobald.

[9] *Or that famed tyrant's bed.*] The poets allude to the bed of the inhuman Procrustes, an infamous robber of Attica, who compelled all his prisoners to lie in it; and, if they were too short, he by racks stretched out their limbs to the extent of it; if they were of too tall a stature, he lopped off their feet, and reduced them to a length suitable to his bed.—*Theobald.*

The text was properly regulated by that commentator from the quarto of 1628. The others read absurdly—*Titan's* bed.

Spa. I ne'er rejoiced at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: What shall become
Of me forsaken?

Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, sir?

Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself,
That is not in me.—You did kneel to me,
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a God incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. [*Kneels.*] Behold, I kneel to you:
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last,
Forgive me.

Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did: You mock me now.

Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the worst
Can happen to me.

Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.

Arb. Rise you then too:[1] Here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!

Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frowned; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave

[1] *Rise you then to hear; I acknowledge thee*, &c.] The alteration, which is Mr Theobald's, we doubt not will appear proper to every reader who considers the preceding speeches.—Ed. 1778.

To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!

Arb. Then thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin, [*Aside.*
And foolishly entice myself along!—
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!

Pan. Alas! sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the answer. Do it!

Gob Good sir!

Arb. No more! Do it, I say!

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet, hear me speak.

Arb. I will not hear you speak.—
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature; for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor!

Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well;
The king is pleased with it.

Arb. Bessus, go you along too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long. But I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!

[*Exeunt* GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, BESSUS, *and* SPACONIA.

Why should You, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleased,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you

To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest[a] is in me
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence.—Where art, Mardonius?
Mar. Here, sir.
Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?
Mar. As you were.
Arb. No heavier?
Mar. No, sir.
Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.
Mar. And so I shall again.
Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past.
Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself.
Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk of me,
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?
Mar. Yes, I will.
Arb. I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never see
Me so again. [*Exeunt.*

Incest is in me
Dwelling already, and it must be holy
That pulls it thence.] The obscurity of this passage puzzled me a great while: but, by pondering often over it, I think, I have traced the intention of the poets. The king would say, that incest has already taken up its residence in him; and is a sin of so horrid a die, that nothing but the assistance of the *holy* powers can expel it.—*Theobald.*

As *it* stands so frequently for *that which*, it is surprising Mr Theobald should have been puzzled about this passage.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Bessus.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still:" Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hasle-sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd somebody with me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whipp'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again!

After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company: and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgell'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter the third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.
Bes. Good-morrow, sir.
3 *Gent.* I come to speak with you——
Bes. You're very welcome.
3 *Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.
Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all!
3 *Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides. [*Gives him a letter.*

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

3 *Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. [*Reads.*] Um, um, um,—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forced to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction.*—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must wait an answer this thirteen weeks.

3 *Gent.* Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off this stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

3 *Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a spent body, too much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

3 *Gent.* I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but

the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction."— Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

Bac. Now, Captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements—

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bac. I pr'ythee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shall fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into spunge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

[*Gives him his sword, with a knife in the scabbard.*[3]

[3] Hitherto no stage-direction has been given in this place, and

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives him back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit* BACURIUS.

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit* BESSUS.

consequently the passage must have been obscure to any one who happened not to have been acquainted with the custom, which once prevailed, of wearing a dagger or a knife in a sheath, attached to the scábbard of the sword.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. I'll move the king;[4] he is most strangely alter'd: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge,

[4] *I'll move the king*, &c.] This, and all the subsequent scene, betwixt the king and Mardonius, has all along been printed as prose; but it came from the poets strictly in metre. To such I have reduced it with no small difficulty, and with the great assistance of the ingenious Mr Seward: not without the necessity of throwing out, here and there, some few trifling monosyllables, which were foisted in, as I presume, by the players, to support a cadence more to their minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the versification.—*Theobald.*

We have hitherto forborne to notice the unpardonable disregard to veracity discovered by the editors of 1750, who have certainly made as large sacrifices to vanity, as ever coquet did to the graces. —We now mean just to inform our readers of the falsehood contained in the above note; after which, we shall (unless constrained to the contrary) consign their similar assertions to the contemptuous oblivion they merit.

Mr Theobald says, "*All* the subsequent scene between the king and Mardonius has *all along* been printed as prose." This is so very untrue, that *all the editions* (even that of 1655, the worst, we believe, ever printed) exhibit *every* speech of Arbaces in verse; and even those of Mardonius are not *all* printed in prose. We have, as nearly as possible, (that is, allowing for typographical errors) followed the old editions in metre and lection; and are firmly persuaded that our poets intended Mardonius to talk plain prose, except in two or three passages, which his indignation raises to the sublime.—It is scarcely possible for a good writer, even when he

no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter ARBACES.

See, here he is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: his very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i' their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why should I keep
A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the light.
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear.

intends the simplest prose, to avoid having some poetical passages: but are we therefore to count off his other words upon our fingers (for the ear, in the present case, must have been out of the question) and range them like heroics?—If this is too great a liberty to take, how then shall we venture (with the critics of 1750) to interpolate or discard whatever we think proper; especially if the consequence should be, that we produce matter infinitely inferior to the original text?—It is rather a matter of surprise, that, when these gentlemen were about it, they did not arrange the whole of the conversations between Bessus, the Sword-men, Mardonius, &c. in the same manner; for which they undoubtedly had as much reason and equal authority.—Ed. 1778.

These observations of the last editors are remarkably judicious, and give a faithful picture of the bold and unwarrantable proceedings of the editors of 1750.

Arb. I hope, thou art; for, to be plain with thee,
Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure:
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service: I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you.

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Gobrias,
And bade him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes, sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. Oh, say not so; you had an answer of this before: Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly.

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do beseech thee,
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all.

Mar. That's strange! Shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way

To make her understand by signs.

Mar. But what shall I make her understand?

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true! [*Gives him a ring.*
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That is all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been delivered with such a caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope you do not, sir.

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down before her,
And never rise again, till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does.

Arb. But, better than she does; another way;
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me! Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as 'tis; I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?
Arb. Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do it?
Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: But if all
My hairs were lives, I would not be engaged
In such a cause to save my last life.
Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou!
This man, that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down with sin,
Could not resist him.—Hear, Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.
Mar. Heaven grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince: but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more: For you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender, for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em The gods preserve you, and mend——
Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for, though
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepared
For every wicked act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed fate may turn about,

And I have use for honest men again?
I hope, I may; I pr'ythee leave me not.

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. Where is the king?
Mar. There.
Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the knife.
Arb. What knife?
Bes. The sword is eaten.
Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.
Bes. Vanities! I'm no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?
Arb. No, no; 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well. I'm glad on't.
Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.
Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?
Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you!
Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius; let him stay;
I have occasion with him very weighty,
And I can spare you now.
Mar. Sir?
Arb. Why, I can spare you now.
Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-affairs.
Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.
Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: Wilt thou do't?
Bes. Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.
Arb. Do not swear.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing whatsoever.

Arb. But I shall name the thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing.

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister for me,—
Thou understand'st me,—in a wicked manner.

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith.

Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more on't?

Bes. More? No. Why, is there any thing else?
If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a sin?
Thou art too wicked for my company,
Though I have hell within me, and may'st yet
Corrupt me further! Pr'ythee, answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born.

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy grant,
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do dart
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My mother?—Heaven forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspired with horror.—Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise

In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away! [*Beats him.*

Bes. What do you mean, sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the desarts; where 'mongst all the monsters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself,
Thou shalt be held as innocent!

Bes. Good sir——

Arb. If there were no such instruments as thou,[5]
We kings could never act such wicked deeds!
Seek out a man that mocks divinity,
That breaks each precept both of God and man,
And nature too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good,
And live with him; for him thou can'st not spoil.
Away, I say!— [*Exit* BESSUS.
I will not do this sin.
I'll press it here, till it do break my breast:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in. [*Exit.*

[5] *If there were no such instruments as thou, &c.*] The following passage, in Shakspeare's King John, conveys the same sentiment, and is similar to this before us:—

"It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect."—Ed. 1778.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Apartment of the Princess in the Palace.

Enter GOBRIAS, PANTHEA, *and* SPACONIA.

Gob. Have you written, madam?
Pan. Yes, good Gobrias.
Gob. And with a kindness and such winning words
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness?
Pan. I have sent words enough, if words may win him
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,
As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they are many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em to speak for me,
That if he be but gracious and receive 'em——
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience)
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,

What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair branches
High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to understand it.

Pan. I believe it;
But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly;
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heaven be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entombed here.

Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand to your brother.

Pan. Peace go with you!
You are a good man.— [*Exit* Gobrias.
My Spaconia,
Why are you ever sad thus?

Spa. Oh, dear lady!

Pan. Pr'ythee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cured.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service?

Spa. Noblest lady,

You make me more a slave still to your goodness,
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you.

Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet a virtue,
No ill demand has issue.

Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your will
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes;
With whom I am equal prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good-manners
As to deny your gentle visitation,
Though you came only with your own command.

Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little famed,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority:[6] But in you, sweet lady,
All these are natural; beside, a power
Derived immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom.

Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you shall carry,
For fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me, lady,
It joys me I shall do a good to you,

[6] *So utter empty of those excellencies*
That tame authority.] The oldest quarto in 1619 reads, that *have*, &c. but the quartos in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in giving us the word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true reading. She means, she is utterly void of those talents that can have any controul over people in office and power.—*Theobald.*

Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!

Spa. And sweet peace to your grace!

Pan. Pray Heaven, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Prison.

TIGRANES *is discovered.*

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, till I have broke it,
And now too late I mourn for't. Oh, Spaconia!
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus! why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment;
Thou hast deserved it. Couldst thou find no lady,
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,

But she that loved thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much loved thee, that, in honesty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgot the greatness of her grief
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild in women![7] she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me equal, heavens,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, justice, till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and strange ones.
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

Enter BACURIUS *and* SPACONIA.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it.
[*Exit* BACURIUS.

[7] *And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild as women?*] Why must Tigranes, whilst he is speaking in praise of one woman, abuse all women in general? Besides, had he a mind to abuse 'em, and apply the epithet *wild* to them, he could with no propriety add the other, *endless*. I hope I have restored the true particle, which gives a very different and a very good sense to the whole sentence, *i. e.* when women, so weak to defend themselves, have such strong passions as to fly their friends, and follow a prisoner into an enemy's country, they must run the hazard of *endless* and *wild* miseries. Or if the epithets *endless* and *wild* be applied to passions, the sense will be much the same, and the emendation as necessary.—*Seward.*

Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
'Would I were buried, or so far removed
Light might not find me out! I dare not see her.
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! Or, were you hid
Where earth hides all her riches, near her centre,
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you:
I must speak ere I die. Were all your greatness
Doubled upon you, you're a perjured man,
And only mighty in your wickedness
Of wronging women! Thou art false, false, prince!
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives
To tell thee thou art false; and then no more!
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant
Than all ill women ever were together.
Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boy's gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and broken.
The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh!
Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed out
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,

I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it!—Sir,
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it.—He's ashamed![8]
Alas, I have been too rugged.—Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good sir, be pleased
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.
I do and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.

Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous woman!

Spa. No more; the king, sir.

Enter ARBACES, BACURIUS, *and* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner?
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, sir.

Arb. 'Tis well.—Royal Tigranes, health!

Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.

Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: Your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not out-last two days.

Tigr. I thank you.

[8] He's *ashamed.*] I have adopted the reading of Theobald's copy. The old editions, and that of 1778, read—*'tis* ashamed.

My usage here has been the same it was,
Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.

Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?

Bac. One of the princess' women, sir.

Arb. I fear'd it.
Why comes she hither?

Bac. To speak with the prince Tigranes.

Arb. From whom, Bacurius?

Bac. From the princess, sir.

Arb. I knew I had seen her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now again.
'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cured of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting[9] prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't.

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him:
Besides, the princess sent her ring, sir, for my warrant.

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sir, tell truth.

Bac. I do not use to lie, sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by; and I think
This is no token, sir.

[9] *Pelting.*] A very usual expression of contempt in old authors, meaning despicable, and used more than once by Shakspeare. For instance, in Midsummer Night's Dream:

> "Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
> Have every *pelting* river made so proud,
> That they have overborne their continents."

Mar. This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, till he have a horseman's staff yoked through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, sir, I dare speak it;
And, durst a worse man tell me, though my better—

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.

Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear, sir, to lose nobly.

Arb. I say, sir, once again——

Bac. You may say what you please, sir:
'Would I might do so.

Arb. I will, sir; and say openly,
This woman carries letters: By my life,
I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries
letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chambermaids, and post-boys. I thank Heaven, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn, sir?

Arb. Ay, sir, it shall not serve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters

back to your love Panthea; by Heaven she shall not; I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like Termagant.[1]

Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions.

Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would choose.

[*Exeunt* TIGRANES, SPACONIA, BACURIUS.

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters, sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's,
To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, sir.
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish fol-

[1] *And a soldier like* Termagant.] *Termagant* was an old swearing, swaggering character, well known for some centuries past. It is mentioned by Shakspeare in his Hamlet; by Spenser in his Fairy-Queen; by Chaucer in his Tale of Sir Topas, and in several old plays.—*Theobald.*

Termagant was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities.—*Percy.*

lies, when I am dead? who shall put-to his power to draw those virtues out of a flood of humours, when they are drown'd, and make 'em shine again? No, cut my head off: Then you may talk, and be believed, and grow worse, and have your too self-glorious temper rock'd into a dead sleep,[a] and the kingdom with you; till foreign swords be in your throats; and slaughter be every where about you, like your flatterers. Do, kill me!

Arb. Pr'ythee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me!
Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate; you may live to have need of such a virtue: Rage is not still in fashion.

Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias.

Gob. My service, and this letter, to your grace.

Arb. From whom?

Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and beauty,
Your mournful sister.

Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?

Gob. [*Kneels.*] She is, sir, till your pleasure do
enlarge her,

[a] *And have your too self-glorious temper rot
Into a deep sleep.*] Besides the impropriety of *rotting* into *sleep*, the expression is too coarse for the character of Mardonius, who, though bold and honest, is not abusive. I hope I have restored the original word.—*Seward.*

This emendation is finely imagined; and is sufficiently confirmed by the three verses that follow.—*Theobald.*

I prefer reading, with some of the old quartos—*dead* sleep; which prevents the disagreeable jingle—*deep* sleep.

Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers,
And wilder people, that have known no manners,
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As Nature and Obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties.

Arb. Pray thee, stand up: 'Tis true, she is too fair,
And all these commendations but her own:
'Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er lived to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou wouldst, in pity of her, be a liar.
Thy ignorance has drawn me, wretched man,
Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell. Oh, my
fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, Gobrias?

Gob. I do beseech your grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false!
Good sir, read [illegible] letter. [Arbaces *reads.*

Mar. This [illegible], or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starved, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He, that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a tailor may beat him with one hand tied behind him.

Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty;
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny it;
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly

Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it,
And me, though she were closer: She would, Gobrias;
Good man, indeed, she would.

Gob. Then, good sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reason, make her know
Why she must live thus from you.

Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Bessus.

Enter BESSUS, *two Sword-men,*[3] *and a Boy.*

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Be gone, child!

[3] *Two Sword-men.*] The following speech from Davenport's New Trick to cheat the Devil, will serve to give some idea of the qualifications requisite to form one of these roaring swordmen:

> "Pox upon you! we shall have you turn puritan,
> Leave big-mouthed oaths, to swear by yea and nay:
> Thou'rt not for me; give me a man can roar,
> Shew hacks upon his sword, bristle, look big,
> Knows all the postures of a true duello,
> Give and retort the lie in his full nature,
> Can weigh and drink by measure all, or half,
> To a rundle or the circuit of a hair,
> Can weigh his drink as well as measure it,
> And, without frowns or grumbling, still attend
> On my free humours."

I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I understand you wise and valiant persons.

1 *Sw.* We understand ourselves, sir.

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' the sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, sir, for your honour.
But to your cause.

Bes. Be wise, and speak truth.
My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, sir: Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?

Bes. Gentlemen o'th'sword, my prince has beaten me.

2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case?

1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear.

2 *Sw.* If he have beaten him, I grant the case.
But how? we cannot be too subtle in this business.
I say, but how?

Bes. Even with his royal hand.

1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love, or indignation?

Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;
Besides two blows o' th' face.

2 *Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man,
I must confess, as the sword-men say, had turn'd
The business: Mark me, brother, by a worse man:
But, being by his prince, had they been ten,
And those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard
Of his nose for ever, all this had been but favours.

This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it;
For had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle,
Or broke a rib or two with tossing of you,
Yet you had lost no honour. This is strange,
You may imagine, but this is truth now, captain.

Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentlemen.
But how far may he strike me?

1 *Sw.* There's another;
A new cause rising from the time and distance,
In which I will deliver my opinion.
He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten;
For these are natural to man:
Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth
As his dominion reaches; that's for the distance;
The time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day;
His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—

1 *Sw.* Be subject to it: You are wise and virtuous.

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use on't,
To which I dedicate my beaten body.
I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o'
th' sword.

2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, sir, if we may
Profit your understanding: We are bound,
By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinion
Shortly, and discretely.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been kick'd.

2 *Sw.* How far, sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:[4]

[4] *Not to flatter myself in it, all over; my sword* forced, *but not lost;*] This is as absurd and ridiculous a transposition (made through the error of the copyists, or at press) as we shall meet with in haste. Though Bessus was by nature and habit a liar, yet here he meant to represent the state of his case seriously to the Sword-men, to have their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding

My sword lost, but not forced; for discretely
I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1 *Sw.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty cause; pray ponder on't:
Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 *Sw.* He has so, brother.

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he set down here,
Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,
And his kicks nullities.
He should have kick'd him after the delivering,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it you mistake the question;
For, say, that I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* I must not say so;
Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of man.
You kick'd, dear brother! You are merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Let them put it,

scene that, upon Bacurius discovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his sword. Bessus obeys, and does it with a gasconade, saying, *it is a pretty hilt, and if his lordship takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll present it to him for a new year's-gift.* How then was his sword *forced* from him? It was not, for he immediately subjoins here to the Sword-men; *for I discretely* render'd *it to save that imputation.* All the editions concur in the blunder; and I imagine the most accurate readers may have slipped over this absurdity. Let the two words *forced* and *lost* change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly stated.—*Theobald.*

That are things weary of their lives, and know
Not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1 *Sw.* I do not say I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head
Without a case, his soul in a skin-coat.
You kick'd, dear brother!

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we shall do,
Truly and honestly. Good sirs, to the question.

1 *Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2 *Sw.* The boy, may be supposed, is liable.
But, kick my brother!

1 *Sw.* A foolish forward zeal, sir, in my friend.
But to the boy: Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1 *Sw.* Has your boy a sword?

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword too.

1 *Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be supposed still;
The word "grant" makes not for us.

1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.[5]

2 *Sw.* This *must* be granted, brother?

1 *Sw.* Ay, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Still, this *must*?

[5] 1 Sw. *I say, this* must *be granted.*
2 Sw. *This* must *be granted, brother?*
1 Sw. *Ay, this* must *be granted.*
2 Sw. *Still this* must.] The poets here are flirting (I was almost going to say invidiously) at a passage in Shakspeare's Coriolanus:

> ——————"*It is a mind*
> *That* shall *remain a poison where it is,*
> *Not poison any further.*
>
> Cor. Shall *remain?*
> *Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you*
> *His absolute* shall?

1 *Sw.* I say, this *must* be granted.

2 *Sw.* Ay! give me the *must* again! Brother, you palter.

1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.[6]

2 *Sw.* Brother,
I say you palter; the *must* three times together!
I wear as sharp steel as another man,
And my fox bites as deep.[7] *Musted*, my dear brother!
But to the cause again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.

1 *Sw.* A tall man,[8] but intemperate; 'tis great pity.

Com. *'Twas from the Canon.*
Cor. Shall?

——— Have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory shall———
———*They choose their magistrate!*
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall," *&c.*—Theobald.

[6] 1 Sw. *I will not hear you,* wasp.] Here again is a sneer upon that celebrated quarrelling scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, in Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar:—

——————"*Must I budge?*
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy *humour? By the gods,*
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.—Theobald.

The editor's opinion, with respect to these supposed *sneers* upon Shakspeare, which our authors have been so often and so wantonly charged with, has been already delivered.

[7] *My* fox *bites as deep,* &c.] Our authors use the word *fox* to signify a *sword* in Philaster as well as here. It is also to be found, in the same sense, in Shakspeare.—*Reed.*

[8] *A* tall *man.*] *Tall,* besides its present signification, had that of stout, bold. For instance in Barry's Ram Alley:

Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Forward.

1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed.

1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Bes. It lies i' th' beating, sir: I found it four days since.

2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore indeed, sir.

1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that did it.

2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch: Whose was the foot?

Bes. A lord's.

1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords,
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis clear.

Bes. I did laugh; but how will that help me, gentlemen?

2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, sir.

1 *Sw.* My reason now: The valiant man is known
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough:
For that brave sufferance you speak of, brother,
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgell'd body, from eighteen
To eight and thirty; in a head rebuked
With pots of all size,[9] daggers, stools, and bed-staves:

" *Oliver.* A ruffian knave he is.
William. By Heaven! as *tall* a man as e'er drew sword."

[9] ———— *in a head rebuked,* &c.] There is a pleasant

This shews a valiant man.

Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the proudest;
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money;
All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.
I think I have been cudgell'd with all nations,
And almost all religions.

2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is valiant;
I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man.

Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must request
Your hands to this.

2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be.

Bes. Boy,
Get me some wine, and pen and ink, within.—
Am I clear, gentlemen?

1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my steel,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you go along, and testify
To the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me,
How you find my cause.

2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he must be ruled;
Or there be those abroad, will rule his lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

passage in Plautus's Persian about parasites, whom he styles *hard-headed* fellows, because they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus.

Casaubon has this note upon the place. *Olim inter alia instrumenta perditi luxûs, et matulæ in triclinia inferri solitæ; quas sæpe, ubi incaluissent, in capita sibi invicem ille serunt. Hinc dicti proterea Parasiti,* duri capitones.—*Sympson.*

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES *at one door, and* GOBRIAS *wit*
PANTHEA *at another.*

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.—
[*Exit* GOBRIA
You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heaven
I could so bid you by another name.—
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour her
Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?
Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.
Pan. Be it so; I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.
Arb. No. do not go;

For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolved
To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.

Pan. Alas, sir, am I venom?

Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As Nature can make: Yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late
Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
Is all I wish to know.

Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heaven, 'tis true; believe it, if thou canst.

Pan. Children and fools are very credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fy, you come in a step; what do you mean?
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it, sir.
Heaven keep you!
Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short,
Panthea;
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but, 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I have lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.
Pan. Heaven forbid!
Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: For Heaven knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my madness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.
Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose

To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending: If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you shall know
It is a sullen fate that governs us:
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop
To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?

Pan There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

Arb. I have lived
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are

Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

Pan. But 'tis not in the power of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.

Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?

Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.

Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious[1] rules, when every beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he liked,
Because they had one dam?

Pan. Sir, I disturb you
And myself too; 'twere better I were gone.

Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so shall we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. 'Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?

Pan. No, by Heaven.

Arb. Why, yet
You sent unto Tigranes, sister.

[1] *Curious.*] That is, scrupulous, in which sense the word is continually used in old authors.

Pan. True,
But for another: For the truth——

Arb. No more.
I'll credit thee; I know thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter, I fear, than yours.

Arb. That is impossible; what should we do?

Pan. Fly, sir, for Heaven's sake.

Arb. So we must; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Palace.

Enter MARDONIUS *and* LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.

Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?

Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am ashamed! It is a business——

Mar. You serve a worthy person; and a stranger, I am sure you are: You may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.

Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.

Mar. I may have need of you, and then this courtesy,
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd.
But may I civilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lyg. Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.

Mar. Stay there, sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,

Though she were yours, and noble.

Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched fellow
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus;
And, now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!
For that must be an end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, sir?

Lyg. No; 'would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do something.

Mar. I would fain counsel you; but to what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, sir, and tell you truth; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man; has been so beaten,
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave,

At least three hundred daggers set in's head,
As little boys do new knives in hot meat.
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry beating;
And now his sides look like two wicker targets,
Every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows in his forehead.
He is of so base a sense,
I cannot in a week imagine what
Shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin
That this base fellow should be made my rod.
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not: If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you pleasure, sir, he has it for you; and I'll help you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a leg broken, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience, his head will break it: We use him i' th' wars like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here comes the very person of him; do as you shall find your temper; I must leave you: But if you do not break him like a biscuit, you're much to blame, sir. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.

Enter BESSUS *and the Sword-men.*

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?

Bes. Men call me Captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then, Captain Bessus, you are a rank rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen slave! and, with the favour of your friends here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, sir; you seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. [*Beats him.*] Thus, Captain Bessus, thus! Thus twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon you.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, sir, quickly.

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that first.

Bes. I take it so.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is mistaken.

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and more beating:
You have stolen away a lady, Captain Coward,
And such a one—— [*Beats him.*

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, sir;
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. I know you dare lye.

Bes. With none but summer-whores, upon my life, sir:
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock.

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is this lady?
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains out,
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bes. There was a lady, sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I used her
She may herself report; she's with the prince now.
I did but wait upon her like a groom,
Which she will testify, I am sure: If not,
My brains are at your service, when you please, sir,
And glad I have 'em for you.

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask your pardon, and am sorry I was so intemperate.

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You would think it strange now, to have me beat you at first sight.

Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your goodness can forget twenty beatings: You must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a whore! [*Aside.*
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself from being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die.—
Farewell, captain.

Bes. Farewell, sir, farewell! Commend me to the gentlewoman, I pray. [*Exit* LYGONES.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o' th' sword, your hands once more; I have been kick'd again; but the foolish fellow is penitent, has ask'd me mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow had better have kick'd his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let him come, and say he was not sorry, and he sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old man, let him go, let him go; these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Prison.

Enter LYGONES *and* BACURIUS.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Lyg. There he is,
Indeed, and with him my disloyal child.
Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that yet,
Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty!
Tigr. What, good Lygones! welcome!
What business brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several businesses: [*Gives a paper.*
My public business will appear by this;
I have a message to deliver, which,
If it pleases you so to authorize, is
An embassage from the Armenian state,
Unto Arbaces for your liberty.
The offer's there set down; please you to read it.
Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since
I came thence?

Lyg. None, sir; all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well? [*Reads.*
Lyg. All very well.
Spa. Though I have done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my father: It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good sir, forgive me.
Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin to you, am I?
Spa. Should it be measured by my mean deserts,
Indeed you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate unhappily,
Ere thou couldst go; 'would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?
Spa. What do you mean?
Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had lived to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted
When thou wert first resolved to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole consort of musicians,[a]

[a] *And a whole* consort *of musicians.*] The modern editions read *concert*. "But," says Mason, "the old and true reading is *consort;* which does not mean a musical performance, but a band of musicians." So in Wit at Several Weapons, Ruinous says,—"We are a *consort* of ourselves." And Oldcraft afterwards says—"I have seen a crown has made a *consort* laugh heartily."

In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

Spa. Sir, I was never whore.

Lyg. If thou couldst not say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

Tigr Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;
You shall deliver it.

Lyg. Well, sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.

Tigr. Speak; what is't?

Lyg. How has my age deserved so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets i' the land,
But out of my breed?

Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones?

Lyg Yes; and I wish to have you know, I scorn
To get a whore for any prince alive:
And yet scorn will not help! Methinks, my daughter
Might have been spared; there were enow besides.

Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,
For all the world.

Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,
I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.

Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou see'st thy queen there.

Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand: I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen: But if I should speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore.

Tigr. Get you about your business to Arbaces;

Now you talk idly.
Lyg. Yes, sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? She had more wit
Than her old father, when she ran away.
Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis fine!
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not, sir?
Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou.
Lyg. I'll make these wither'd kexes[3] bear my body
Two hours together above ground.
Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.
Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent king.
Spa. Farewell, good father.
Lyg. Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in my life,
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lyed that said so.
[*Exit* LYGONES.
Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more:
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: Let that suffice. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *These withered* kexes.] Cotgrave interprets *canon de suls*, "a *kex*, or elderstick; also a potgun made thereof." This sufficiently explains the allusion in the text.

SCENE III.

The House of Bacurius.

Enter BACURIUS *and a Servant.*

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Bac. Let them come in.

Enter BESSUS *with the two Sword-men.*

Serv. They are enter'd, sir, already.
Bac. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?
Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen,
My friends o' th' sword, along with me.
Bac. I am
Afraid you'll fight, then.
Bes. My good lord, I will not;
Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.
Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.
Bes. I ask no more in honour.—Gentlemen,
You hear my lord is sorry.
Bac. Not that I have beaten you,
But beaten one that will be beaten;
One whose dull body will require a lamming,[4]

[4] *One whose dull body will require a* laming.] I have no doubt

As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall.
Now, to your sword-men:
What come they for, good captain Stockfish?
Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.
Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are
Things fitter, I must confess, for any thing
Than my remembrance, or any honest man's:
What shall these billets do? be piled up in my wood-yard?
Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still, heaven continue it!
But, for these gentlemen, they come——
Bac. To swear you are a coward? Spare your book;
I do believe it.
Bes. Your lordship still draws wide;
They come to vouch, under their valiant hands,
I am no coward.
Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirs,
Be wise and take money for this motion,[5] travel with't;
And where the name of Bessus has been known,
Or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield morè than
A tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you,
If you be thrifty, than your captainship,
And more natural. Men of most valiant hands,
Is this true?

that we must read *lamming*, a phrase still usual for a *beating*, which has occurred in the Honest Man's Fortune, (vol. xi. p. 228.)—

————" If I had been acquainted
With *lamming* in my youth as you have been
With whipping," &c.

[5] *This* motion.] *Motion* means a puppet show, or any other strange sight which people carry about and shew for money. The phrase frequently occurs in all the old dramatic writers.—*Mason*,

2 Sw. It is so, most renowned.
Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.
1 Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true.
We have examined, from your lordship's foot there
To this man's head, the nature of the beatings;
And we do find his honour is come off
Clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.
Bac. You are much bound to your *bilbo*-men;
I am glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good
You would think some way how to gratify them;
They have undergone a labour for you, Bessus,
Would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.
2 Sw. Your lordship must understand we are no men
Of the law, that take pay for our opinions;
It is sufficient we have cleared our friend.
Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd
In conscience, will discharge.—Captain, I'll pay
This rent for you.
Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord;
My brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.
Bac. That's but a cold discharge, sir, for the pains.
2 Sw. Oh, lord! my good lord!
Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something.
Bes. They shall dine with your lordship; that's sufficient.
Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires,
Do you come hither, with your bottled valour,
Your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?
[*Kicks them.*
1 Sw. I do beseech your lordship.

2 *Sw.* Oh, good lord!

Bac. 'Sfoot, what a bevy[7] of beaten slaves are here!—
Get me a cudgel, sirrah, and a tough one.
[*Exit Servant.*

2 *Sw.* More of your foot, I do beseech your lordship.

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1 *Sw.* O' this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords;
For if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead,
You rascals.

1 *Sw.* Mine's off, my lord.
[*They take off their swords.*

2 *Sw.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's
Tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends;
You long for a little too?

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your lordship.

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel?
Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with't quickly.

2 *Sw.* [*Takes out a pistol.*] Here 'tis, sir; a small piece of artillery,
That a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's,
Sent me with, to get it mended, sir; for, if you mark,
The nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal?
I was never wearier of doing nothing,
Than kicking these two foot-balls.

[6] *Bevy.*] This word, which Dr Johnson supposed Milton to have copied from Shakspeare, was used by many poets before and after his time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a good cudgel, sir.
Bac. It comes too late; I am weary; pr'ythee,
Do thou beat them.
2 *Sw.* My lord, this is foul play,
I'faith, to put a fresh man upon us:
Men are but men, sir.
Bac. That jest shall save your bones.—Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and begone.—I had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, till they cried, 'ho!' Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit.—Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [*Exit.*
2 *Sw.* He has a devilish hard foot; I never felt the like.
1 *Sw.* Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have felt a hundred.
2 *Sw.* If he kick thus i' the dog-days, he will be dry-foundred.
What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?
Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go?
2 *Sw.* Yes, Heaven be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache;
Sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone.
1 *Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.
Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter;
Butter and parsley is a sovereign matter:
Probatum est.
2 *Sw.* Captain, we must request
Your hand now to our honours.
Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye;
And then let all the world come, we are valiant

To ourselves, and there's an end.
1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!
2 *Sw.* Oh, my small guts!
A plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARBACES, *with his sword drawn.*

Arb. It is resolved: I bore it whilst I could;
I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine; I must begin
With murder of my friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter MARDONIUS.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cried 'dead' to something.
Arb. Mardonius,

Have you bid Gobrias come?
Mar. How do you, sir?
Arb. Well. Is he coming?
Mar. Why, sir, are you thus?
Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself?
Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with another:
Is Gobrias coming?
Mar. Sir, he is.
Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions then. Begone!
Mar. Sir, I have mark'd——
Arb. Mark less! it troubles you and me.
Mar. You are more variable than you were.
Arb. It may be so.
Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.
Arb. And what of this?
Mar. And now you take new rage into your eyes,
As you would look us all out of the land.
Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I pr'ythee, get thee gone.
Mar. Sir, I will speak.
Arb. Will ye?
Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.
Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: kill myself! by Heaven,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;

It grows up by degrees:[7] I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do; and I shall come to't at last,
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I am sorry 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorry, then:
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.[8]

Mar. I pray you let me see your sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then.

Arb. [*Puts up.*] Why, so.
What folly is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are toys
For children to be pleased with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the book
Of Fate were here; my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new,
For other fortunes; mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?

[7] *There is a method in man's wickedness,*
It grows up by degrees.] This thought is plainly borrow'd from Juvenal's Satires; (as I had mark'd in the margin of my book, and as Mr Sympson likewise hinted to me)—

Nemo repentè *fuit* turpissimus.—*Theobald.*

[8] *Be sorry then; true sorrow is* alone;
Grieve by thyself.] This reflection is as evidently shadow'd out from one of Martial's Epigrams.

Ille dolet verè *qui* sine teste *dolet.*

This, if I remember right, was thus rendered by our facetious Tom Brown.

That man grieves with a witness *who grieves* without one.
Theobald.

Mar. Heaven put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit* MARDONIUS.

Arb. Go; thou art honest.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

Enter GOBRIAS.

Gob. There is the king;
Now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man,[9]
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, sir, do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart.

[9] *Draw near, thou guilty man.*] The subsequent scenes, to the end of the play, have been, through the whole course of the impressions, delivered down to us as prose; but I have restored them to their strict metre and versification: And through my whole edition (where the interpolations, or castrations, by the stage do not obstruct me in it,) I shall endeavour to do our authors the same justice.—*Theobald.*

This is only a continuation of the daring falsehood mentioned in p. 203; for, in the old copies, we find the lines run exactly the same as in Mr Theobald's edition, except in two or three very trifling instances. It is remarkable, too, that that gentleman has introduced fewer of his arbitrary variations in this scene than in almost any other part of the work.—Ed. 1778.

The second folio, and probably the octavo of 1711, which I have not by me, exhibit these scenes in prose.

Gob. How, sir! Have I preserved you, from a child,
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hardened murderers
Of infants and their mothers? Thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she loved me!
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true.
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou know'st,
Thou didst pursue it, till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbelieved affection,
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:
As I love Heaven and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;

A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.

Gob. Why, sir, to die?

Arb. Why shouldst thou live? was ever yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'st me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweetness
Left for me.

Gob. Now is the time.—Hear me but speak.

Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,
And never gavest me warning: So much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me——

Arb. I will not stay then.

Gob. Know—
You kill your father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your father.

Arb. My father? Though I know it for a lye,
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very reverence of the word comes cross me,
And ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that
Shall heighten you again; I am thy father;
I charge thee hear me.

Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit

Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions! But another truth[1]
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter ARANE.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!

Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing!
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?

Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly! [*Draws.*
If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an answer,
And have it.

Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.

Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt! though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!

Ara. I will; to what?

Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush

[1] Another *truth.*] This does not mean one truth more; for Arbaces supposes that what Gobrias had said was false. Another truth is a truth of a different nature.—*Mason.*

Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.

Ara. Why, you are his son.

Arb. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!

Ara. By all that's good, you are.

Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heaven,
Thy husband, and the land? Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me:
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee, which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed!

Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.

Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.

Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.

Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.

Arb. How's that?

Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel, [*Kneels.*
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last king, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find
How you have injured me? Let fire consume me
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now: If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind,
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father. [*Lies down.*
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our queen
Desired to bring an heir, but yet her husband,
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: If she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities,

She hardly could have been: But yet her cunning
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with-child,
And posts were sent in haste throughout the land,
And God was humbly thank'd in every church,
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceived
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her power encrease, and was resolved,
Since she believed she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.

Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No noise at all; but, pray you, to the point,
Quick as you can!

Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of,
Moved me to let her have you; and such reasons
She shewed me, as she knew well would tie
My secrecy: She swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up,
As the king's son, till you were six years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen
Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,

And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now? Is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true, say you too, madam?

Ara. Yes,
Heaven knows, it is most true.

Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister?

Gob. No.

Arb. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you will give consent,
Else who dares go about it?

Arb. Give consent?
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em.—All that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy!—Oh, you are welcome!

Enter BESSUS, *Gentlemen*, MARDONIUS, *and other Attendants.*

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.

Mar. Is that so good news?

Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.

Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.
Arb. One call the queen.
Mar. Why, she is there.
Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces.—Go, some one.
She is in Gobrias' house.— [*Exit a Gentleman.*
Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of.
Mar. So it should seem.—My lord,
What fury's this?
Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.
Mar. 'Tis very strange.
Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentlemen?
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.
Mar. We will. You are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?
Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.
Mar. Where?
Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever.—Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!—

I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister: Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good captain Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is proved No King.

Enter LYGONES.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he?—I know your business, good Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your business: You shall have
Your king again; and have him so again,
As never king was had.—Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.

Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. She is so. I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,
As never man went.

Mar. Shall he go on's head?

Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,

That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They belied this king with us,
And said he was unkind.

Arb. And then thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other.—See, the virtuous queen!—

Enter PANTHEA *and* 1 *Gentleman.*

Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you. [*Kneels.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?

Arb. Grant me one request.

Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? what I can
I will.

Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.

Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.

Arb. I'll kiss this hand in earnest.

2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it strange, at first,
To see the princess any more.

Enter TIGRANES *and* SPACONIA.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st.—Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;

And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injured thee.

Tigr. No; I forgive,
And rejoice more that you have found repentance,
Than I my liberty.

Arb. May'st thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know, that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.

Tigr. I will.

Arb. Take then your fair one with you:—And you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine!—Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am proved No King!

[*Exeunt.*

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

THIS Tragedy was probably one of the earliest amongst the plays in these volumes, as the epilogue seems to intimate that it was the first furnished by Fletcher, for the theatre in the Blackfriars.[1] The Woman-Hater probably preceded it, as, according to the title-page of that comedy, it was acted by the Children of St Paul's. That it was written by Fletcher alone, (perhaps previous to his partnership with Beaumont,) we have sufficient evidence. The epilogue speaks of "the poet" throughout, and it bears intrinsic marks of having been the original one spoken at the first representation. This evidence is not weakened by the prologue[2] speaking of both our poets, as the latter was professedly written after the death of Fletcher, at which time his name was so wedded to that of Beaumont, that their names were seldom mentioned separately. The first edition has no author's name[3] in the title-page, which runs thus: "The Tragedy of Thierry and his Brother Theodoret. Divers Times acted at the Blackfriars by his Majesty's Servants. Printed for T. Walkley. 1621." Another quarto appeared in 1648, printed for Humphrey Moseley, and in this the play is said to be "written by John Fletcher, Gent." The same copy was reproduced in

[1] Among the plays enumerated in Henslow's MS. as belonging to the stock in 1598, is *Brunhowlle* (Brunhault) no doubt on the same foundation as the present tragedy.

[2] The prologue is the same as that prefixed to the Noble Gentleman, (vol. vii.) To which play it belongs cannot be decided; perhaps to neither, as it contradicts the evidence of the epilogue to Thierry and Theodoret, and as it speaks of two authors, contrary to better authority respecting the Noble Gentleman.

[3] Dr Hyde, in the Bodleian Catalogue, assigns the play to Ben Jonson, probably on no authority but mere guess.

1619, with a new title-page, attributing it to both our poets conjointly, and adding the prologue and epilogue wanting in the former. The tragedy used to be represented frequently in former times, but has been entirely laid aside for many years.

The plot is founded on the French chronicles of Clotaire the Second; and from the concluding note of Seward, it will be seen that Fletcher's heroine is even less detestable than the historical personage he represents. This is, however, no excuse for the poet, if the character is atrocious and disgusting in too great a degree for the stage; and this objection may certainly be raised against Brunhalt, chiefly against her low and boundless lust. But the disgust which must be excited against her serves to set off the saint-like beauty of Ordella, who is gifted with every attribute to render her one of the most perfect female characters ever delineated. The scene in which she declares her compleat resignation to die for the welfare of France, has been called the finest ever written by Fletcher, and certainly it is not surpassed by any thing in the plays of his contemporaries, Shakspeare always excepted. Another very happily-imagined character is the honest, impetuous, and humorous De Vitry. The two royal brothers are very properly designed as far from perfect; for without their easiness of disposition, which soon yielded to the artful persuasions of others, the plot could not have been carried on with sufficient attention to probability. With regard to the beauty of the diction, and the propriety of the sentiments, Fletcher has seldom surpassed this early production of his genius.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Thierry, *king of France.*
Theodoret, *his brother, prince of Austracia.*
Martell, *their noble kinsman.*
Protaldye, *gallant to Brunhalt.*
Bawdber, *a pandar.*
Lecure, *physician to Brunhalt.*
De Vitry, *a disbanded officer.*
Revellers.
Courtiers.
Huntsmen.
A Priest.
A Post.
Soldiers.
Doctors.

Brunhalt, *mother to Thierry and Theodoret.*
Ordella, *the king of Arragon's daughter, married to Thierry.*
Memberge, *Theodoret's daughter.*
Ladies.

SCENE,—France and Austracia.

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Austracia. An Apartment in Theodoret's *Palace.*

Enter THEODORET, BRUNHALT, *and* BAWDBER.

Brun. Tax me with these hot taintures?[1]
Theod. You're too sudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour! how these
courses,
Of loose and lazy pleasures, not suspected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no
limit,

[1] *Tax me with these hot* tainters?] Theobald would read, *hot* TAINTS. The oldest quarto exhibits *tainturs;* we therefore prefer *taintures;* and though we do not remember meeting with the word, it is more expressive of the sense of *taints* (here required) than *tainters.*—Ed. 1778.

(And all your actions follow,) which loose people,
That see but through a mist of circumstance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide sores
Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.[2]
Your instruments like these may call the world,
And with a fearful clamour, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for Virtue's sake, you may be honest:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis
necessary,
Because you are yourself, and by yourself,
A self-piece from the touch of power and justice,
You should command yourself. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatness glorifies your actions;
And strong power, like a pent-house, promises
To shade you from opinion: Take heed, mother!
And let us all take heed! these most abuse us:[3]
The sins we do people behold through optics,
Which shew them ten times more than common
vices,

[2] *Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.*] Seward observes, that "the ancient English poets were certainly not sufficiently cautious of properly accenting their verses, insomuch that it may be doubted whether they thought the rule of accenting the even syllables, (*viz.* the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth) a necessary part of our measure. This line has the accent upon all the odd syllables, and, though the thought is poetry, it is not verse at all." He then proposes to read the line in question thus,—

"*To nothing opening in the end but ulcers.*"

But there are thousands of verses in these plays (and as many in those of Shakspeare, if Steevens had not been somewhat unwarrantably officious in eking out his metre) which are equally unharmonious as the one in the text, and a judicious reader or actor will easily turn these little inaccuracies into additional beauties; for what can be more languid than a long continuation of lines regularly accented on the even syllables?

[3] These *most abuse us.*] The word *these* refers to greatness and power.—*Mason.*

And often multiply them: Then what justice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourselves?
Brun. This is Martell,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whose base person,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for blessings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
Next, I tell you, sir, you, from whom obedience
Is so far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your slanders,
And break into the treasures of her credit,
Your easiness is abused, your faith freighted
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Mischief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suspicions into honest hearts: What you, or he,
Or all the world, dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am she,
And so will bear myself, whose truth and whiteness
Shall ever stand as far from these detections
As you from duty. Get you better servants,
People of honest actions, without ends,
And whip these knaves away! they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poisons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this side Nile have envied,
And happy she could cite me,[4] brought in question,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather superstition should be render'd?
And by a rush that one day's warmth
Hath shot up to this swelling? Give me justice,
Which is his life!
Theod. This is an impudence,

[4] *And happy she could* site *me.*] Corrected in 1750.

(And he must tell you, that till now, mother,
Brought you a son's obedience, and now breaks it)
Above the sufferance of a son.

Baw. Bless us! [*Aside.*
For I do now begin to feel myself
Turning into a halter,[5] and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. These truths are no man's tales, but all men's troubles;
They are, though your strange greatness would out-stare 'em:
Witness the daily libels, almost ballads,
In every place, almost in every province,[6]
And made upon your lust; tavern discourses;
Crowds cramm'd with whispers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curses. Now you would blush;

---

[5] *feel myself*
Turning into a halter, *and the ladder*
Turning from me.] *Turning into a halter* is no very natural expression. The common word of being *tuck'd in a halter* seems probably the true reading.—*Seward.*

It is very strange that Seward did not recollect the common phrase of *turning into bed*, which is here ludicrously applied to the halter.

[6] *In every place, almost* in *every province.*] *Every place* being much more minutely particular than *every province*, the *almost* seems improperly placed here. It is not very material, but rather more correct to read,

In every place almost of *every province,*

i. e. In every corner of every province of our kingdom.—*Seward.*

We apprehend the error to be merely in the punctuation, and the poet to have meant, " in *almost every* place, *in* every province at least."—Ed. 1778.

These alterations are slight, but very needless, and therefore the more reprehensible. The distinction is between every place in the metropolis and almost every distant province, though less apt to retail scandal.

But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I should fright that too.
Brun. Oh, ye gods!
Theod. Do not abuse their names! they see your actions:
And your conceal'd sins, though you work like moles,
Lie level to their justice.
Brun. Art thou a son?
Theod. The more my shame is of so bad a mother,
And more your wretchedness you let me be so.
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath left me,
Since you have left your honour) mend these ruins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your most intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within these ten days, take a monastery,
A most strict house; a house where none may whisper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——
Brun. Oh, misery!
Theod. And there to cold repentance, and starved penance,
Tie your succeeding days: Or curse me, Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, strong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not shame 'em, fed with spunges
To suck away their rankness! and yourself
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old desires!
Brun. I will not curse you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Though Heaven might grant me both; unthankful, no!

I nourish'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you suffer'd; I lamented
When sickness or sad hours held back your sweetness;
'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps;[7] I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Discoursed, discover'd, fed and fashion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded?

Theod. But that I know these tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.

Brun. In my last hours despised?

Theod. That text should tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are spent, nothing but smoke maintains you;
And those your favour and your bounty suffers,[8]
Lie not with you, they do but lay lust on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palsy;

[7] *'Twas I pay'd for your sleeps.*] To watch another while he's sleeping cannot simply be said to *pay* for his sleep; a metaphor of that nature would require a further explanation, as, I pay'd for your sleep at the price of my own watchings. As nothing of that nature appears, it is most probable that it is the mere omission of a letter, it is therefore restored, *pray'd.—Seward.*

While commenting on the plays which were edited by Sympson, we have at least some degree of relaxation from the endless and wanton variations which Seward obtrudes upon his authors. It is almost unnecessary to explain the word *payed*, which evidently means, plainly and simply, *suffered.*

[8] — *your favour and your bounty* suffers.] Seward conjectured we should read *fosters*, and Sympson, *succours*; but *suffers*, in the sense of *permits*, is intelligible.—Ed. 1778.

Your power they may love, and, like Spanish jennets,[9]
Commit with such a gust——

Baw. I would take whipping,
And pay a fine now! [*Aside. Exit.*

Theod. But were you once disgraced,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends, and servants;
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest Art
Should lose herself in act) to call back custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: Perform it!
[*Exit.*

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

[9] *Spanish* jennets.] See vol. II. p. 492.

Enter BAWDBER, PROTALDYE, *and* LECURE.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls through me!
Brun. Now, my varlets
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!
Baw. Lord, how she looks!
Brun. Hell take you all!
Baw. We shall be gelt.
Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tired curtals,
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: Who can help this?
Now you stand still, like statues! Come, Protaldye!
One kiss before I perish, kiss me strongly!
Another, and a third!
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as she holds this way.
Brun. The young courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy mistress;[*]
Must I be chaste, Protaldye?

[*] *The young* courser,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win *thy mistress.*] The allusion is evidently to a horse-race, and the simple meaning seems to be, that he will *win* her from Protaldye: or, as Mason, who saw the text in the same light as the editor, explains it, "will make you lose her, will separate you from her." So in the beginning of the third act,—

> "Strive not to *win* content from ignorance,
> Which must be lost in knowledge."

Seward, as usual, is profuse in amendments; such as *chain, confine. ginn.* The last editors, more plausibly, propose to read *wean.*

Prot. Thus, and thus, lady! [*Kisses her.*
Brun. It shall be so: Let him seek fools for vestals!
Here is my cloister.
Lec. But what safety, madam,
Find you in staying here?
Brun. Thou hast hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, son of my blessings,
And there complain me, tell my tale so subtilly,
That the cold stones shall sweat, and statues mourn;
And thou shalt weep, Protaldye, in my witness;
And these forswear.
Baw. Yes; any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
To-morrow we are capons!
Brun. Sleep shall not seize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kisses,
Ere I forsake this desart. I live honest?
He may as well bid dead men walk! I humbled,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my sleep to jelly,
Ere I forsake my sphere!
Lec. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,
Ye dross,* ye powder'd pigsbones, rhubarb glisters!
Must you know my designs? a college of you
The proverb makes but fools.
Prot. But, noble lady——
Brun. You are a saucy ass too! Off I will not,
If you but anger me, till a sow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts: Hold me, and kiss me!
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treasure,
And get me horses private; come, about it!
[*Exeunt.*

* *Ye* doss.] Not finding *doss* in any glossary, I am forced to treat it as corrupt, and suppose *dross* or *dolt* to have been the original.—*Seward.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter THEODORET, MARTELL, *and Attendants.*

Theod. Though I assure myself, Martell, your counsel
Had no other end but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous, I have pass'd the bounds
Of a son's duty: For, suppose her worse
Than your report, not by bare circumstance,
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out;[3]
Yet since all weaknesses in a kingdom are
No more to be severely punish'd, than
The faults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be revenged;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since some are of necessity to be spared,
I might, and now I wish I had not look'd
With such strict eyes into her follies.

Mar. Sir,
A duty well discharged is never follow'd
By sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
Make payment of the debt you owed her, better

[3] *Than you report, not by bare circumstance,*
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out.] The grammar seems deficient here, but it is easily cured two ways, the most probable I shall insert, but it might be,

Than you report, not that *bare circumstance.*—Seward.

Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
But that all such as are allied to them
In nearness, or dependence, by their care
Should be free from suspicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this last great act: First, in the restraint
Of her lost pleasures[4] you remove the example
From others of the like licentiousness;
Then when 'tis known that your severity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The least indulgence or connivance in
The easiest slips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the kingdom?
Theod. I must grant
Your reasons good, Martell, if, as she is
My mother, she had been my subject, or
That only here she could make challenge to
A place of being: But I know her temper,
And fear (if such a word become a king)
That, in discovering her, I have let loose
A tigress, whose rage, being shut up in darkness,
Was grievous only to herself; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provoked by her own shame, will turn on him
That foolishly presumed to let her see
The loath'd shape of her own deformity.
Mar. Beasts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,

[4] *Of her* lost *pleasures.*] That is, pleasures now lost, which she is compelled to relinquish. No amendment is required.—*Mason.*
Seward would read—*loose* pleasures.

Or any motion that may give suspicion
Of the least violence, should be chained up;
Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Pared off, and knock'd out; and, so made unable
To do ill, they would soon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your grace done,
Or would do yet, what your less-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far less danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehension
Of what may once be practised: For, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, presumes
To spend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To shun the worst they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own strength; nay, more, disarms
Himself, and lies unguarded 'gainst all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true:
And such a desperate cure I would have used,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle unguents only were
To be applied: And as physicians,
When they are sick of fevers, eat themselves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, though alike diseased;
So she, considering what she is, may challenge
Those cordials to restore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no suit must be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am silent.

Enter DE VITRY, *laughing.*

Theod. What laugh'd you at, sir?
Vitry. I have some occasion,

I should not else; and the same cause perhaps
That makes me do so, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I see, and joy to see, that sometimes poor men
(And most of such are good) stand more indebted
For means to breathe to such as are held vicious,
Than those that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
The ambitious titles of just men and virtuous.

Mart. Speak to the purpose!

Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highness' reverend mother,
Into whose house (which was an academe,
In which all principles of lust were practised)
No soldier might presume to set his foot;
At whose most blessed intercession
All offices in the state were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wrestlers,
And such physicians as knew how to kill
With safety, under the pretence of saving,
And such-like children of a monstrous peace;
That she, I say, should at the length provide
That men of war, and honest younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be esteem'd of more than moths[6] or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.

Theod. I am glad to hear it;
Pr'ythee what course takes she to do this?

Vitry. One
That cannot fail: She and her virtuous train,
With her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,

[6] *More than* mothers *or drones.*] Corrected in 1750.

The last night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than said, for 'tis confirm'd by such as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.

Theod. How!

Vitry. Nay, storm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of such a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you shall have cause to use
Such poor men as myself; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:
Pray Heaven reward the good old woman for't!

Mart. I foresaw this.

Theod. I hear a tempest coming,
That sings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haste,
And cause a troop of horse to fetch her back!—
Yet stay! why should I use means to bring in
A plague that of herself hath left me?—Muster
Our soldiers up! we'll stand upon our guard;
For we shall be attempted!—Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loss in their defeature: Something
Must be done, and done suddenly. Save your labour!
In this I'll use no counsel but mine own:
That course, though dangerous, is best. Command
Our daughter be in readiness to attend us!
Martell, your company! and, honest Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?

Vitry. Yes, any where;
To be worse than I'm here, is past my fear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter THIERRY, BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, *and* LECURE.

Thi. You are here in a sanctuary; and that viper
(Who, since he hath forgot to be a son,
I much disdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in despite of all the gods,
To have razed their temples, and spurn'd down their altars,
Than, in his impious abuse of you,
To have call'd on my just anger.

Brun. Princely son,
And in this worthy of a nearer name,
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,
Been modest, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To express my insupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
Being from what I suffer;[6] but that he,
Degenerate as he is, should be the actor

[6] —— *Nor has my grief,*
Being *from what I suffer.*] The comma at *grief* should be out, for it confounds the meaning, which is, that "her grief does not take its *being* merely from her sufferings, but," &c. It is not at first obvious that the word *being* is here used as a substantive, and the comma leads the reader further astray.—Ed. 1778.

There is no comma in the old copies. It is a corruption in Seward's edition.

Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection,[7]
Which should make but one flame.
Thi. That part of his,
As it deserves, shall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all such
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: And you, and these your servants,
Who in our favours shall find cause to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to understand
His ignorance of the prizeless jewel which
He did possess in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner,[8]
Than if the absolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand, Once more, you are welcome!
Which with all ceremony due to greatness
I would make known, but that our just revenge
Admits not of delay.—Your hand, lord-general!

Enter PROTALDYE *with Soldiers.*

Brun Your favour and his merit, I must say,
Have made him such: but I am jealous how
Your subjects will receive it.
Thi. How! my subjects?

[7] *To divide The fires of brotherly affection.*] Mr Theobald has very justly put in the margin Eteocles and Polynices. The metaphor is a noble allusion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre, dividing and flying asunder.—*Seward.*

[8] *To be the* donor.] *Owner* seemed at first sight self-evidently the true reading both to Mr Sympson and myself.—*Seward.*

What do you make of me? Oh, Heaven! my subjects?
How base should I esteem the name of prince,
If that poor dust were any thing before
The whirlwind of my absolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and rest so contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To such a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encrease it; that,
Although he hath a body may add to
The famed night-labour of strong Hercules,
Yet is the master of a continence
That so can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whose hands, though strong,
As yet have never drawn by unjust mean
Their proper wealth into my treasury!—
But I grow glorious[9]—and let them beware
That, in their least repining at my pleasures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provoked,
I dare and will be so) into a tyrant!

Brun. You see there's hope that we shall rule again, [*Apart to* LECURE *and* BAWDBER.
And your fall'n fortunes rise.

Baw. I hope your highness
Is pleased that I should still hold my place with you;
For I have been so long used to provide you
Fresh bits of flesh since mine grew stale, that surely,
If cashier'd now, I shall prove a bad caterer
In the fish-market of cold Chastity.

Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, since I first
Knew what it was to serve you, have remember'd
I had a soul, but such a one whose essence
Depended wholly on your highness' pleasure;
And therefore, madam——

[9] *Glorious.*] That is, *proud*; a Gallicism very common in old plays.

Brun. Rest assured you are
Such instruments we must not lose!
Lec. Baw. Our service!
Thi. You have view'd them then? what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace, we have prepared 'em
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot Sir, they have limbs
That promise strength sufficient, and rich armours,
The soldier's best-loved wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd;
For many of them can discharge their musquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offensive to the standers-by,
By sweating too much backwards: Nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may,
With some impulsion, no doubt be brought
To pass the *A*, *B*, *C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.
Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And see that you effect it!
Prot. I am slow
To promise much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not transcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be said
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be esteem'd a coward!
For, sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the soldier valiant. You shall see me[1]
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what seems stranger,
We'll sometimes wench together, which, once practised,

[1] *You shall* seeme.] Corrected in 1750.

And with some other care and hidden arts,[a]
They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearless resolution and such fervour,
That, though I brought them to besiege a fort
Whose walls were steeple-high, and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermined, they should fly up
Like swallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They should leap down again; and what is more,
By some directions they should have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, though he hath spoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her. [*Apart.*

Brun. And howsoever in his thankfulness,
For some few favours done him by myself,
He left Austracia; not Theodoret,
Though he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that shame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He swore with threats to effect.

Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee so glorious a plant
Transported hither: In thy conduct, we
Go on assured of conquest; our remove
Shall be with the next sun.

[a] *And with some other* care *and hidden* acts.] Mr Sympson concurred with me in reading *arts* for *acts*, but there seems another corruption in the line; *care*, 'tis true, is sense, but *rare* is so much better suited to the ridiculous brags of Protaldye, that I have but little doubt of its being the true reading.—*Seward.*

This is plausible; but the old reading being sense, should stand. —Ed. 1778.

Enter THEODORET, MEMBERGE, MARTELL, *and* DE VITRY.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.
Baw. We are again undone!
Prot. Our guilt
Hath no assurance nor defence.
Baw. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We shall be all discovered.
Brun. Be not so
In your amazement and your foolish fears!
I am prepared for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In answer of so long a journey made
Only to see you, brother?
Thi. I have stood
Silent thus long, and am yet unresolved
Whether to entertain thee on my sword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet stand bound
(Though thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What foolish hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or desperate madness rather,
(Unless thou com'st assured, I stand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyself)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw fresh blood from thy sear'd-up conscience,
To make thee sensible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, said I? thou art worse; since thou dar'st strive

In her defame to murder thine alive.[3]

Theod. That she that long since had the boldness to
Be a bad woman, (though I wish some other
Should so report her) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was resolved before;
Nor make I doubt but that she hath impoison'd
Your good opinion of me, and so far
Incensed your rage against me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.

Brun. To excuse
Thy impious scandals rather!

Prot. Rather forced with fear
To be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear!

Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Transported on my own integrity,
I neither am so odious to my subjects,
Nor yet so barren of defence, but that
By force I could have justified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: But since Innocence
Is to itself an hundred thousand guards,
And that there is no son, but though he owe
That name to an ill mother, but stands bound
Rather to take away, with his own danger,
From the number of her faults, than, for his own
Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent the expence
Of blood on both sides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war)
The account of all which, since you are the cause,
Believe it, would have been required from you;

[3] *To murder* thine *alive.*] *Thine* means thy mother.—*Mason.*

Rather I say to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a sacrifice to your anger,
Than that you should draw on your head more curses
Than yet you have deserved.

Thi. I do begin [*Apart.*
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-sail'd confidence, a shower
Of gentle rain, that, falling on the fire
Of my hot rage, hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more speak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is something whispers to me, that
I have said too much: How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a son, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am sway'd here,
And must ask of you, how 'tis possible
You can affect me,[4] that have learn'd to hate
Where you should pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I should be proud to tender,
Had she not used herself so many swords
To cut those bonds that tied me to it.

Thi. Fy,
No more of that!

Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleasure to discourse of: 'Would
It could as soon be buried to the world,
As it should die to me! nay more, I wish
(Next to my part of Heaven) that she would spend
The last part of her life so here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A most malicious slanderer, nay, text it

[4] *You can* affect *me.*] *Affect* is here used in the ancient sense—*to love.*

Upon my forehead.[5]—If you hate me, mother,
Put me to such a shame; pray you do! Believe it,
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I should receive
In that disgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-banish'd virtues, and good name,
Usher'd me to it.

Thi. See, she shews herself
An easy mother, which her tears confirm!

Theod. 'Tis a good sign; the comfortablest rain
I ever saw.

Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, rise between you!

Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-stamp'd honour on the sudden
Begin to grow sick?

Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I should think of

[5] *Nay,* texde *it*
Upon my forehead.] So quartos; folio, *texte;* and Seward, *tax.* We should surely read *text,* in the sense of *write, mark.* To *text,* as it is technically understood, is to write in that kind of hand which lawyers distinguish by the name of a *text*-hand, and which is used in those writings intended to last a long time: To *text,* therefore, means to make a deep and lasting impression.—*Reed.*

The word is common in the sense of *write, mark,* in old plays. So in Henry Shirley's Martyred Soldier, 1638:

———" Is my book clasped up?
Bellisarius. No, it lies open, where in *texed* letters read
Each pioneer that your unseasoned valour
Had thrice engaged our fortunes and our men
Beyond recovery, had not this arm redeem'd you."

Again in the same:

——— " To the volume
My sword in bloody letters shall *text* down,
No name must stand but mine."

Some honest hospital to retire to.
Baw. Sure,
Although I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: What's your opinion?
Lec. The beadle will resolve you, for I cannot:
There's something that more near concerns myself,
That calls upon me.
Mart. Note but yonder scarabs,[6]
That lived upon the dung of her base pleasures;
How from the fear that she may yet prove honest
Hang down their wicked heads!
Vitry. What's that to me?
Though they and all the polecats of the court,
Were truss'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,[7]
To help to keep me honest. [*A horn.*

Enter a Post.

Thi. How! from whence?
Post. These letters will resolve your grace.
Thi. What speak they?— [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another blessing, almost equal to it,
Is coming towards me! my contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wise Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at such a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your presence
Our long-deferr'd, but much-wish'd nuptial,
Falls out above expression! Heaven be pleased

[6] *Scarabs.*] *i. e.* beetles bred in dung.

[7] *Cardecue.*] A quarter of a dollar, *quart d'ecu*, Fr.

That I may use these blessings pour'd on me
With moderation!

Brun. Hell and furies aid me, [*Apart.*
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That press upon me!

Thi. Two days' journey, say'st thou?
We will set forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepared to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a forest
In the midway shall yield us hunting sport,
To ease our travel! I'll not have a brow
But shall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them!
We'll wash away all sorrow in glad feasts;
And the war we meant to men, we'll make on beasts.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, BAWDBER, PROTALDYE, LECURE.

Brun. Oh, that I had the magic to transform you
Into the shape of such, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! Are you so stupid?
No word of comfort? Have I fed your mouths[8]
From my excess of moisture, with such cost,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker? pandar, sponge,
Impoisoner, all grown barren?

Prot. You yourself,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourself, in giving way
To the reconcilement of your sons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be severed, we could easily
Remove all other hindrances that stop

[8] *Have I fed your* mothers.] This is the second time that *mothers* has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true word, and appeared so to all three.—*Seward.*

The passage of your pleasures.
Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Fresh delicates, hang me!
Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cause of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mock castle built upon the sand
By children, which, when I am pleased to o'erthrow,
I can with ease spurn down.
Lec. If so, from whence
Grows your affliction?
Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whose grace all my power
Must suffer shipwreck: For me now,
That hitherto have kept the first, to know
A second place, or yield the least precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my sleeps
Less enquired after, or my rising up
Saluted with less reverence, or my gates
Empty of suitors, or the king's great favours
To pass through any hand but mine, or he
Himself to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you understand me yet
No means to prevent this?
Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chastity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, though I have pleased you, to attempt her,
Were to no purpose.
Brun. Tush, some other way!
Baw. 'Faith, I know none else; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.
Lec. Give me leave!
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A speeding project.
Brun. What is't? but effect it,

And thou shalt be my Æsculapius;
Thy image shall be set up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worship it.
Lec. The lady's fair?
Brun. Exceeding fair.
Lec. And young?
Brun. Some fifteen at the most.
Lec. And loves the king
With equal ardour?
Brun. More; she dotes on him.
Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days so rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that she shall swear
She is not match'd to a man?
Prot. 'Twere rare!
Lec. And then,
If she have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at least give occasion
Of such a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all else did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent!
Baw. The physician
Helps ever at a dead lift: A fine calling,
That can both raise and take down: Out upon thee!
Brun. For this one service, I am ever thine!
Prepare't; I'll give it him myself.—For you, Protaldye,
By this kiss, and our promised sport at night,
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The opposition of Theodoret,
Or any of his followers: Whatsoever
You are, yet you appear valiant, and make good

The opinion that is had of you! For myself,
In the new queen's remove being made secure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building sure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest.—Winding of Horns.

Enter THEODORET *and* THIERRY.

Theod. This stag stood well, and cunningly.
Thi. My horse,
I am sure, has found it, for his sides are blooded
From flank to shoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter MARTELL.

Theod. Pass'd homeward,
Weary and tired as we are.—Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, sir; I have snigled him;[9] and if there be
Any desert in's blood, beside the itch,

[9] *Yes, sir, I have snigled him.*] Seward has two conjectures, the first (which is adopted by the last editors) is reading *singled*, the other, "*I'll* snigle him." He found, in Skinner, that *snigle* is a fisherman's term, which he supposed to mean *cutting-up, dissecting*. But the text is perfectly good sense, and is derived from *snigling* eels, that is, ginning them in a running-loop slipped over their heads. See WALTON's *Complete Angler*, ed. 1808, p. 260. The allusion in the text is obvious.

Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and cullises[1] have cramm'd into him,
Your lordship shall know perfect.

Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?

Theod. Yes, sir; to that end
We cast the project.

Thi. What is't?

Mart. A desire, sir,[2]
Upon the gilded flag your grace's favour
Has stuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he shall pass the test) what valour,
Staid judgment, soul, or safe discretion,
Your mother's wandering eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to assure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, shall be, must be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unspirited, unmanner'd,
Unhonest, unaffected, undone fool,[3]
And most unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to say their prayers;
One that dares only be diseased, and in debt;
Whose body mews more plaisters every month,[4]
Than women do old faces!

Thi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error: Take your time,

[1] *Cullises.*] Restorative broths, *coulis*, Fr.

[2] *A* desire, *sir.*] We all three concurred in changing this to *design.*—*Seward.*

There is no occasion for altering the text, which, in old language, meant the same as the alteration.

[3] *Unhonest,* unaffected, *undone fool.*] *Unaffected* here means insensible of affections.—*Mason.*

[4] *Whose body* mews *more plaisters.*] *Mews*, i. e. *sheds*. A term in falconry.—Ed. 1778.

And try him home, ever thus far reserved,
You tie your anger up!

Mart. I lose it else, sir.

Thi. Bring me his sword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will best declare him)——

Theod. That's the thing.

Thi. And my best horse is thine.

Mart. Your grace's servant! [*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, sir?

Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And halloo in the troop! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter two Huntsmen.

1 *Hunts.* Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; these are the angels [5]
That are the keepers' saints!

2 *Hunts.* I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowsets with discretion,
And pays us by proportion.

1 *Hunts.* 'Tis no treason
To think this good old lady has a stump yet,
That may require a coral.

2 *Hunts.* And the bells too; [6]
She has lost a friend of me else.

[5] *Angels.*] One of the numerous quibbles upon the coin so called. Its value may be inferred from the following passage in Your Five Gallants by Middleton:—

"Why, I can lend you three pound, sir.
Taylbee. Pr'ythee do't quickly then.
Fri. There 'tis in six *angels.*"

[6] ——— *This good old lady has a stump yet*
That may require a coral.
2 Hunts. *And the* bells *too.*] A coral with bells is well known

Enter PROTALDYE.

But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o' th' bell-ropes!
Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the king?
1 *Hunts.* Yes, sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take it, ridden home.
Prot. Farewell then! [*Exeunt Huntsmen.*

Enter MARTELL.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with such a man of men to side me.
Prot. How, sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.
Mart. Few words shall serve:
I am betray'd, sir; innocent and honest,
Malice and violence are both against me,
Basely and foully laid for; for my life, sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, sir.
Prot. Where, sir?
Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in storms upon me,
I have met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, sir?
For I have present business.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At least a fair design of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profession
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in such a peril.

to be used for children's teething. The allusion in the text does not deserve a comment.

There are but six, my lord.
Prot. What six?
Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, sir,
What can six do, or six score, now you're present?
Your name will blow 'em off: Say they have shot too;
Who dare present a piece? your valour's proof, sir.
Prot. No, I'll assure you, sir, nor my discretion,
Against a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wisdom, sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, sir,
Nor, as I take it, any single danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beside my person, my fair reputation,
If I thrust into crowds, and seek occasions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why Hercules
Avoided two, man: Yet, not to give example,
But only for your present danger's sake, sir,
Were there but four, sir, I cared not if I kill'd them;
They'll serve to whet my sword.
Mart. There are but four, sir;
I did mistake them: But four such as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——
Prot. Well consider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with four score: Besides, they are people
Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of justice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?

Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, sir,
Men of my place and business must not
Be question'd thus.
Mart. You cannot pass, sir,
Now they have seen me with you, without danger:
They are here, sir, within hearing. Take but two!
Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, sir—
I'll take my horse—that you may keep with safety,
If they have brought no hand-saws. Within this hour
I'll send you rescue, and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You shall not go so poorly. Stay! but one, sir!
Prot. I have been so hamper'd with these rescues,
So hew'd and tortured, that the truth is, sir,
I have mainly vow'd against 'em: Yet, for your sake,
If, as you say, there be but one, I'll stay
And see fair play o' both sides.
Mart. There is no
More, sir, and, as I doubt, a base one too.
Prot. Fy on him! Go, lug him out by th' ears!
Mart. Yes, this is he, sir; the basest in the kingdom. [*Seizes him.*
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general fool,
A knave, a coward, an upstart stallion bawd,
Beast, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The best man best knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way, sir; now draw your sword, and right you, [*Kicks him.*
Or render it to me; for one you shall do!
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I shall be glad to grace you; there it is, sir!

Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady mistress,
She has shot up a sweet mushroom! quit your place too,
And say you are counsell'd well; thou wilt be beaten else
By thine own lanceprisadoes,[7] (when they know thee)
That tuns of oil of roses will not cure thee:
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to sweat again, and eat dry mutton!
An armour like a frost will search your bones
And make you roar, you rogue! Not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off!
Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Paris. A Hall in the Palace.

Loud Musick. A Banquet set out.

Enter THIERRY, ORDELLA, BRUNHALT, THEODORET, LECURE, BAWDBER, *and Attendants.*

Thi. It is your place; and though in all things else
You may and ever shall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.
Ord. Sir, the consent

[7] *Lanceprisadoes.*] The lowest non-commissioned officers. See vol. vii. p. 125.

That made me yours, shall never teach me to
Repent I am so: Yet be you but pleased
To give me leave to say so much: the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.

Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in such a blessing
That pays to you so large a share of duty.—
But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than she, you must sit nearest
To all those graces that are in the power
Of majesty to bestow.

Brun. Which I'll provide [*Apart.*
Shall be short-lived.—Lecure!

Lec. I have it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.

Lec. You honour me.

Thi. We are dull;
No object to provoke mirth?

Theod. Martell,
If you remember, sir, will grace your feast
With something that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.

Thi. Touching Protaldye?

Theod. You have it.

Brun. What of him?—I fear his baseness,
In spite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with,[8] will make discovery
Of what is yet conceal'd. [*Aside.*

Enter MARTELL, *with* PROTALDYE'S *sword.*

Theod. Look, sir; he has it!
Nay, we shall have peace, when so great a soldier

[8] *Have cloth'd him*, which *will make discovery.*] Former editions. Mr Sympson concurred in the correction.—*Seward.*

As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His sword, rather than use it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aside.*
Thi. Pray you speak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: Had you will'd me,
I durst have undertook he should have sent you
His nose, provided that the loss of it
Might have saved the rest of his face. He is, sir,
The most unutterable coward that e'er nature
Bless'd with hard shoulders; which were only given him
To the ruin of bastinadoes.
Thi. Possible?
Theod. Observe but how she frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the shame of this disgrace
Will make the beast to live with such, and never
Presume to come more among men, I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should scourge him hither like a parish-top,
And make him dance before you.
Brun. Slave, thou liest!
Thou dar'st as well speak treason in the hearing
Of those that have the power to punish it,
As the least syllable of this before him:
But 'tis thy hate to me.
Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, though a foot
To let you understand what he is.
Brun. Villain——
Theod. You are too violent.

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. The worst that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and such virtues,
I have been long acquainted with.
Mart. Oh, strange!
Baw. Behold the man you talk of!
Brun. Give me leave!
Or free thyself—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold; I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or forswear it—
These honours which thou wear'st unworthily—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.
Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The style of king, dares question it?
Thi. This is rare!
Prot. Which of my actions, which have still
been noble,
Has render'd me suspected?
Thi. Nay, Martell,
You must not fall off.
Mart. Oh, sir, fear it not:—
Do you know this sword?
Prot. Yes.
Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?
Prot. Part with it, say you?
Mart. So.
Thi. Nay, study not an answer; confess freely.
Prot. Oh, I remember't now: At the stag's fall,
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may say
Much of your pitch) this silly wretch I spoke of,

With this petition falling at my feet,
(Which much against my will he kiss'd) desired,
That, as a special means for his preferment,
I would vouchsafe to let him use my sword,
To cut off the stag's head.

Brun. Will you hear that?

Baw. This lie bears a similitude of truth.

Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakness in me),
Granted his humble suit.

Mart. Oh, impudence!

Thi. This change is excellent.

Mart. A word with you:
Deny it not! I was that man disguised:
You know my temper, and, as you respect
A daily cudgelling for one whole year,
Without a second pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by the nose, or the most precious balm
You used of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confess before these kings with what base fear
Thou didst deliver it.

Prot. Oh, I shall burst!
And if I have not instant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, although Herculean,
And somewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!

Thi. Ha, ha! Forbear!

Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I do not,
Against all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confess it on his knees,
Cut off my head.

Prot. No, that's my office.

Baw. Fy!
You take the hangman's place?

Ord. Nay, good my lord,

Let me atone this difference! do not suffer
Our bridal night to be the centaur's feast.—
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All just suits unto ladies: For my sake,
Forget your suppos'd wrong!
Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your sake, he shall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on submission, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you must be patient.
Mart. I am yours;
And this slave shall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all!
One health, and so to bed! for I too long
Defer my choicest delicates.
Brun. Which, if poison [*Aside.*
Have any power, thou shalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taste.—Be careful!
Lec. Fear not!
Brun. Though it be rare in our sex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the son we hope
This night shall be an embrion!
Thi. You have named
A blessing that I most desired; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto so great a good.[9]
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!
Thi. Well, as you please.
Brun. Is't done?
Lec. Unto your wish, I warrant you;
For this night I durst trust him with my mother.
Thi. So, 'tis gone round: Lights!

[9] *Unto so great a* god.] Amended in 1750.

Brun. Pray you use my service.
Ord. 'Tis that which I shall ever owe you, madam,
And must have none from you: Pray you pardon me!
Thi. Good rest to all!
Theod. And to you pleasant labour!—
Martell, your company!—Madam, good night!
[*Exeunt all but* BRUNHALT, PROTALDYE, LECURE, *and* BAWDBER.
Brun. Nay, you have cause to blush; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou, that art the first to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which she is best pleased, should be so fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me lose
That blood that's dedicated to your service,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No; reserve it!
As I will study to preserve thy credit.—
You, sirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, though valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my servant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.
Baw. 'Would your highness
Were pleased to inform me better of your purpose!
Brun. Why one, sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd; [*Kicks him.*
Do you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that shall receive this from my lord.
Shall have a thousand crowns?
Prot. He shall.
Baw. Besides,
His day of bastinadoing past o'er,

He shall not lose your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That shall make way to it.
Baw. It must be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?
Prot. True, it should.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worse?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man and lord,
That for your sake will take a cudgelling:
For be assured, when it is spread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine worthies.
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exercise
For such as do affect it: Lose no time
In vain replies, but do it!—Come, my solace,
Let us to bed! and, our desires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine used to ruin us.—
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou assured
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldye, then glut me with
Those best delights of man, that are denied
To her that does expect them, being a bride!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the same.

Enter THIERRY *and* ORDELLA, *as from bed.*

Thi. Sure I have drunk the blood of elephants![1]
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural
heat,
And left no spark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miseries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my sight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece,[2] though earth!
My tears shall overwhelm you else too.

Ord. What moves my lord to this strange sadness?
If any late-discerned want in me
Give cause to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to recompense.

[1] *The blood of elephants.*] Both Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson observed that this property of elephants' blood is mentioned by Pliny.—*Seward.*

[2] *Make me all one piece,* though *earth.*] The last editors say that they cannot comprehend why Thierry's being composed of earth should prevent his being all one piece. This observation shews that they have totally mistaken the sense of the passage. Thierry complains that he has lost his natural heat in every part of him, except his eyes, which enable him to behold his miseries: he wishes, therefore, either to be entirely himself again, or to become totally insensible: to be all one piece, though that piece should be cold clay only.—*Mason.*

Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whose temperate heat[3] would make the north star reel,
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiss thou may'st confess
I have not heat enough to make a blush!

Ord. Speak nearer to my understanding, like a husband!

Thi. How should he speak the language of a husband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?

Ord. It is a phrase will part with the same ease
From you, with that you now deliver.

Thi. Bind not his ears up with so dull a charm,
Who hath no other sense left open! why should thy words
Find more restraint than thy free-speaking actions,
Thy close embraces, and thy midnight sighs,
The silent orators to slow desire?

Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance,[4]
Which must be lost in knowledge! Heaven can witness,

[3] *Whose* temperate *heat, &c.*] *Temperate* seems an oddly-chosen word in this place, when he is talking of a heat to overcome the influence of the North star.—Ed. 1778.

I believe we should read *intemperate*, as Thierry is speaking of his hot desires, which he is unable to gratify.

[4] *Strive not*, &c.] This speech is rather obscurely expressed, but signifies, "Strive not to rob my ignorance of that content which knowledge would destroy. All my wishes were to read satisfaction in your countenance. Add not, therefore," &c.—Ed. 1778.

This explanation seems itself not altogether clear; the following is perhaps more perspicuous: Ordella says,—"Do not endeavour to deprive me of that contentment, which I now feel in my ignorance of the cause of your unhappiness, by a disclosure which would deprive me of that content."

My furthest hope of good reach'd at your pleasure,
Which seeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itself is direct and easy.

Thi. Oh, thou hast drunk the juice of hemlock too:
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To shew she had not quite forget her first
Justly-praised workmanship, the first chaste couple,
Before the want of joy taught guilty sight
A way, through shame and sorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiss'd to confirm happiness,
Not to beget it?

Ord. I know no bar.

Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulse beats woman,
And says the name of *wife* did promise thee
The blest reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave so often witness of her joy
When she did boast thy likeness to her husband.

Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a second to yourself
Was only worthy of my virgin loss;
And should I prize you less unpattern'd, sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be possessor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good
More than the end in me: Who weds for lust
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I lost the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wish of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is still the same in man,
His virtue and his calm society;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to dissolve
Nor wrinkles bury.

Thi. Confine thyself to silence, lest thou take
That part of reason from me, is only left
To [illegible] persuasion to me I'm a man!
[illegible] thou hast never seen the rivers haste
[illegible]h gladsome speed, to meet the amorous sea.

Ord. We are but to praise the coolness of their streams.

Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their lustful fires,
Pursue each other through the wanton lawns,
And liked the sport.

Ord. As it made way unto their envied rest,
With weary knots binding their harmless eyes.

Thi. Nor do you know the reason why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiss'd her happy mate?

Ord. Unless it were to welcome his wish'd sight
[illegible] [illegible]ve her mo[illegible]ning voice.
[illegible] dove-like, to a single object
[illegible] me? nay, such a one
W[illegible] eyes and [illegible] flatter good,
Your [illegible] nay, myself,[5]
As [illegible] good already [illegible] own?

Ord. [illegible] plead for me: let me be mew'd up
[illegible] never eye may reach me, but your own!
And when I shall repent, but in my looks; if sigh—

Thi. [illegible] a tear that's warm?

Ord. [illegible] in your sadness.

Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Ask if it be Saint Valentine, their coupling day?

Ord. If any thing may make a thought suspected
Of knowing any happiness but you,
Divorce me, by the title of Most Falsehood!

Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,

[5] *Myself, nay.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

That might have such a friend? Posterity,
Henceforth lose the name of blessing, and leave
The earth inhabited to people Heaven![6]

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martell, *and* Protaldye.

Mart. All happiness to Thierry and Ordella!
Thi. 'Tis a desire but borrow'd from me; my happiness
Shall be the period of all good men's wishes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers shall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here;
Ordella's name shall only bear command,
Rule, title, sovereignty.
Brun. What passion sways my son?
Thi. Oh, mother, she has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made possible
To my glad being!
Prot. He should have done [*Aside.*
Little unto her, he is so light-hearted.
Thi. Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the present sense,
My joys are unbounded: Instead of question,
Let it be envy not [to] bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and masques[7]

[6] *And leave the earth* inhabited *to people Heaven.*] Seward reads *uninhabited*, and the last editors retain this needless variation, being equally ignorant that *inhabited* was anciently used in the French sense of *uninhabited*. So in Braithwaite's Survey of Histories, 1614, quoted by Mr Malone--"Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented desarts and *inhabited* provinces."

[7] *Brother, friends, if honour unto shame,*
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,

Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whose dark brow would fright pleasure from us!
our court
Be but one stage of revels, and each eye
The scene where our content moves!
Theod. There shall want
Nothing to express our shares in your delight, sir.
Mart. Till now I ne'er repented the estate
Of widower.
Thi. Music, why art thou so

My joys are *unbounded, instead of* question
Let it be envy, not bring a present
To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and masques.] In this very mangled state, with regard to measure and sense, has this passage passed through all the editions: In the first place, what is

—— *instead of* question?

In the next place

Let it be envy?———

Are banquets and masques the presents that were to be offered by his friends and courtiers? I hope the changes which have appeared necessary will be thought by the reader to have been probably the original text. I read,

My *brother, friends, if honour unto shame,*
If wealth to want enlarge the present sense,
My joy's unbounded; *'stead of* questioning,
Let it be envy not to *bring a present*
To the high offering of our mirth; banquets and masques, &c.
Seward.

I see no difficulty in this passage, the meaning being clearly this,—"If the accession of honour to a person condemned to shame; if the accession of wealth to want, enlarge their feelings, their joys are unbounded." He considers himself as relieved both from a sense of his own inability, or poverty, as he calls it, and a sense of shame also, by Ordella's temperance. *Instead of question*, means instead of questioning whether I am happy or not, let it be considered as malice not to congratulate me on it.—*Mason.*

One of Seward's interpolations is clearly necessary; those for the sake of metre only have been rejected.

Slow-voiced? it stays thy presence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a sphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I say!
Who must alone her sex's want supply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.

Mart. This passion's above utterance!

Theod. Nay, credulity.

[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.

Brun. Why, son, what mean you? are you a man?

Thi. No, mother, I'm no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?

Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?

Thi. That, being no man, I am married to no woman:
The best of men in full ability
Can only hope to satisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
And such defective poverty, that to her bed
As my first cradle brought no strength but thought,
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me,[8]

[8] —— *I in my want,*
(*And such defective poverty, that to her bed*
From *my first cradle brought no strength but thought*)
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me.] This passage is clearly defective, and requires some amendment. That which I should propose, is to strike out the parentheses, which destroy the meaning, and to read *as* for *from* in the second line. *As* my first cradle means, *as to* my first cradle, the particle *to* referring to *cradle* as well as to *bed* in the preceding line. With this amendment the passage requires no explanation. *That rocked me,* here means, that nursed me.—*Mason.*

I have adopted Mason's alteration, as it certainly affords some degree of meaning; but as the word *from* was not easily corrupted into *as*, I am inclined to suspect the loss of a whole line.

Necessity being her bar; where this
Is so much senseless of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loss by her desire.

Brun It is beyond my admiration!

Thi. Beyond your sex's faith!
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear it,
Will dream themselves to women, and convert
The example to a miracle.

Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement;
But what ill can be separate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!

Thi. What of my brother?

Brun. That to his name your barrenness adds rule:
Who, loving the effect, would not be strange
In favouring the cause: Look on the profit,
And gain will quickly point the mischief out.

Thi. The name of father, to what I possess,
Is shame and care.

Brun. Were we begot to single happiness,
I grant you; but from such a wife, such virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deserving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chastity?

Thi. You teach a deaf man language.

Brun. The cause found out, the malady may cease.
Have you heard of one Leforte?

Thi. A learn'd astronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retired?

Brun. Repair to him, with the just hour and place
Of your nativity: Fools are amazed at fate;
Griefs, but conceal'd,[1] are never desperate.

[1] *Griefs,* but *concealed.*] This means, *unless* when concealed.—*Mason.*

Thi. You have timely waken'd me; nor shall I sleep
Without the satisfaction of his art. [*Exit* THIERRY.
Brun. Wisdom prepares you to't.—

Enter LECURE.

Lecure, met happily!
Lec. The ground answers your purpose, the conveyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.*
Brun. 'Tis well:
Your trust invites you to a second charge;
You know Leforte's cell?
Lec. Who constellated your fair birth?
Brun. Enough; I see thou know'st him; where is Bawdber?
Lec. I left him careful of the project cast
To raise Protaldye's credit.
Brun. A sore that must be plaister'd; in whose wound
Others shall find their graves think themselves sound.
Your ear and quickest apprehension! [*Exit.*

Enter BAWDBER *and a Servant.*

Baw. This man of war will advance?
Lec His hour's upon the stroke.
Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears!

* —— *The* conveyance
Being secure and easy, falling just
Behind the state set for Theodoret.] The *conveyance* here refers to a private *trap door*, behind the *state*, that is, chair of state, throne.

I love no noise in my head; my brains have hitherto been employ'd in silent businesses.

Enter DE VITRY.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, sir. [*Exit.*

Baw. Give ground, whilst I drill my wits to the encounter.—De Vitry, I take it?

Vitry. All that's left of him.[3]

Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If it be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it, to make you wholly mine.

Vitry You seek too hard a pennyworth.

Baw. You do ill[4] to keep such distance; your parts have been long known to me, howsoever you please to forget acquaintance.

Vitry. I must confess, I have been subject to lewd company.

Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance! You have been a soldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.

Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that have only served to get me a stomach to my dinner.

Baw. Much good may it do you, sir.

Vitry. You should have heard me say I had dined first: I have built on an unwholesome ground, raised up a house before I knew a tenant, marched to meet weariness, fought to find want and hunger.

Baw. 'Tis time you put up your sword, and run away for meat, sir: Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now, I might have kept the fast with you: But

[3] *All that's left of him.*] A phrase from Hamlet, which had probably become proverbial. It must have been mere want of attention which prevented the last editors from setting this down as one of the numerous sneers on Shakspeare, which they have charged upon our poets.

[4] *You to ill.*] Corrected by Seward.

since the way to thrive is never late, what is the nearest course to profit, think you?

Vitry. It may be your worship will say bawdry.

Baw. True sense, bawdry.

Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I ne'er knew but one.

Baw. I'll shew you a new way of prostitution: Fall back! Further yet! Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much to Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.

Vitry. But thus much?

Baw. Give him but an affront as he comes to the presence, and in his drawing make way, like a true bawd to his valour, the sum's thy own; if ye take a scratch in the arm or so, every drop of blood weighs down a ducat.

Vitry. After that rate, I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me blush to see my want,
Whose cure is such a cheap and easy purchase:
This is male-bawdry, belike?

Enter PROTALDYE, *a Lady, and Revellers.*

Baw. See! You shall not be long earning your wages; your work's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leave it to my handling; I'll fall upon it instantly.

Baw. What opinion[5] will the managing of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention tickles with apprehension on't!

Prot. These are the joys of marriage, lady, whose sights are able to dissolve virginity. Speak freely! Do you not envy the bride's felicity?

Lady. How should I, being partner of't?

[5] *Opinion.*] i. e. *Reputation.*

Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taste
Stands from your palate: If he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave!

Vitry. Will you have a relish of wit, lady?

Baw. This is the man.

Lady. If it be not dear, sir.

Vitry. If you affect cheapness, how can you prize this sullied ware so much? Mine's fresh, my own, not retail'd.

Prot. You are saucy, sirrah!

Vitry. The fitter to be in the dish with such dry stockfish as you are. [PROTALDYE *strikes him.*] How! strike?

Baw. Remember the condition, as you look for payment!

Vitry. That box was left out o' th' bargain.
[*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Prot. Help, help, help!

Baw. Plague of the scrivener's running hand![6] what a blow's this to my reputation!

Enter THIERRY, THEODORET, BRUNHALT, ORDELLA, MEMBERGE, *and* MARTELL.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?

Vitry. Hear me, sir! This creature hired me, with fifty crowns in hand, to let Protaldye have the better of me at single rapier on a made quarrel: He, mistaking the weapon, lays me over the chaps with his club-fist, for which I was bold to teach him the art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

6 —— *Plague of*
The scrivener's running hand.] That is, "Plague on the scrivener for leaving out, in his hurry, the blow."—*Mason.*

Theod. Your general, mother, will display himself,
'Spite of our peace, I see.

Thi. Forbear these civil jars: Fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects?—Avoid our presence, sirrah!

Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more wages to earn, you see I can take pains.

Theod. There's somewhat for thy labour,
More than was promised. Ha, ha, ha!

Baw. Where could I wish myself now? in the Isle of Dogs, so I might 'scape scratching; for I see by her cat's eyes I shall be claw'd fearfully.

Thi. We'll hear no more on't; music drown all sadness! [*Soft music.*
Command the Revellers in.—At what a rate I would
Purchase my mother's absence,[7] to give my spleen
Full liberty!

Brun. Speak not a thought's delay; it names thy ruin. [*Apart to* Protaldye.

Prot. I had thought life had borne more value with you.

Brun. Thy loss carries mine with't; let that secure thee!
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls just behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unseen.

Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I am sure.

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own destruction! [Protaldye *withdraws.*

[7] *At what rate* I do
Purchase my mother's absence.] We should read,—"At what rate *I'd.*"—*Mason.*
This alteration must be adopted, though the harshness of the abbreviation should be taken away. Thierry can hardly abstain from laughter (which was supposed to arise from the spleen) and wishes his mother's absence to be enabled to indulge it.

Thi. You'll add unto her rage.
Theod. 'Sfoot, I shall burst,
Unless I vent myself: Ha, ha, ha!
Brun. Me, sir? [*To one of the Revellers.*
You never could have found a time to invite
More willingness in my dispose to pleasure.
Memb. 'Would you would please to make some other choice!
Rev. 'Tis a disgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuse.
Memb. Your reason conquers.—My grandmother's looks [*Aside.*
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they sit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.
Thi. You are too much libertine. [*They dance.*
Theod. The fortune of the fool persuades my laughter
More than his cowardice: Was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I say!
Prot. [*Rises behind the throne.*] No eye looks this way: I will wink and strike,
Lest I betray myself.
[*Stabs* THEODORET, *and disappears.*
Theod. Ha! did you not see one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look so pale, brother?
Treason, treason! [THEODORET *dies.*
Memb. Oh, my presage! Father?
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates sure! search into every angle
And corner of the court; oh, my shame!—Mother,
Your son is slain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,
Here in my arms, too weak a sanctuary

'Gainst treachery and murder!—Say, is the traitor taken?

1 *Guard.* No man hath past the chamber, on my life, sir.

Thi. Set present fire unto the place, that all unseen
May perish in this mischief! who moves slow to't
Shall add unto the flame.

Brun. What mean you? give me your piivate hearing.

Thi. Persuasion is a partner in the crime:
I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.

Brun. Eie a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.

Thi. Withdraw! But for your lights——

Memb. Oh, my too-true suspicion!

[*Exeunt all but* THIERRY *and* BRUNHALT.

Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?

Brun. Here you behold her; upon whom
Make good your causeless rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.

Thi. Whither did Nature start, when you conceived
A birth so unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not consent to make a son of him,
Reserved itself within you to his ruin?

Brun. Ha, ha! a son of mine? do not dissever
Thy father's dust, shaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would send so foul an issue.
My son? thy brother?

Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To speak and do only things monstrous?

Brun. Hear me, and thou shalt make thine own belief:
Thy still-with-sorrow-mention'd father lived
Three careful[8] years, in hope of wished heirs,
When I conceived, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home; One fatal day,
Transported with my pleasure to the chase,
I forced command, and in pursuit of game
Fell from my horse, lost both my child and hopes.
Despair, which only in his love saw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loss with thee,
But in thy wrongs preserved my misery;
Which, that I might diminish, though not end,
My sighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeathed[9] this largest part of his dominions
Of France unto thee, and only left Austracia
Unto that changeling; whose life affords
Too much of ill 'gainst me to prove my words,
And call him stranger.

Thi. Come, do not weep! I must, nay do believe you;
And, in my father's satisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loss.

Brun. You do but flatter;
There's anger yet flames in your eyes.

Thi. See, I will quench it, and confess that you
Have suffer'd double travail for me.

Brun. You will not fire the house then?

Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cause

[8] *Careful.*] That is, full of care. So in Perkin Warbeck, by Ford:

———"The paths which lead
Through various hazards to a *careful* throne."

[9] *Bequeath.*] The necessary alteration in the text is Mason's.

Of knowing such a secret; my oath and duty
Shall be assurance on't.
  Brun. Protaldye, rise,
Good faithful servant! Heaven knows how hardly
He was drawn to this attempt.

PROTALDYE *rises from the Trap-door.*

  Thi. Protaldye? He had
A gard'ner's fate, I'll swear, fell by thy hand:[1]
Sir, we do owe unto you for this service.
  Brun. Why look'st thou so dejected?
  Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing else.

Enter MARTELL.

  Mart. The fires are ready;
Please it your grace withdraw, whilst we perform
Your pleasure.
  Thi. Reserve them for the body: Since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He shall not lose the title in his funeral. [*Exit.*
  Mart. His fate to live a prince? Thou old Impiety,
Made up by lust and mischief! Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of* THEODORET.

[1] Fell *by thy hand*.] That is, he had the fate deserving of so low a person *who* fell by thy hand. The text is from the first quarto; the other old copies read—*tell*. The last editors make the words, "Fell by thy hand," erroneously, a question.

SCENE II.

A mean Hut.

Enter LECURE, *disguised as an Astrologer, and a Servant.*

Lec. Dost think Leforte's sure enough?
Serv. As bonds
Can make him: I have turn'd his eyes to th' east,
And left him gaping after the morning-star.
His head is a mere astrolabe; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being
The coachman, his five teeth have the nearest resemblance
To Charles's Wain——
Lec. Thou hast cast a figure
Which shall raise thee: Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeness to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largest hopes.
Serv. You are so far 'bove likeness, you're the same;
If you love mirth, persuade him from himself.
'Tis but an astronomer out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler use in hand: Haste to
The queen, and tell her how you left me changed!
[*Exit Servant.*
Who would not serve this virtuous active queen?
She that loves mischief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleasure; yet knows no Heaven else.

Enter THIERRY.

Thi. How well this loneness suits the art I seek,
Discovering secret and succeeding fate,
Knowledge that puts all lower happiness on,
With a remiss and careless hand!—
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The same to you you bring, sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-famed skill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character[a]
Shall e'er have issue.
Lec. A resolution falling with most ease
Of any doubt you could have named! He is a prince
Whose fortune you enquire.
Thi. He's nobly born.
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The question is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs? yes;
He shall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body? Why look'st thou pale?
Thou canst not suffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;

[a] *Who* owes *this character.*] *i. e.* Who owns, a word often mentioned before as common to all the old English writers; as in the old editions of the Bible, *The man who* oweth *this girdle.* The character is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother advised him to lay before Leforte. The word *resolution*, in Lecure's answer to this, signifies the same with *solution.*—*Seward.*

Our verb *own* seems a corruption from the participle present *owening* of the verb *owe;* though the latter has been confined to a different meaning.

I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.

Thi. Thou must! I am the man myself,
Thy sovereign; who must owe unto thy wisdom
In the concealing of my barren shame.

Lec. Your grace doth wrong your stars: If this be yours,
You may have children.

Thi. Speak it again!

Lec. You may have fruitful issue.

Thi. By whom? when? how?

Lec. It was the fatal means first struck my blood
With the cold hand of wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.

Thi. Can there be any way unsmooth, has end
So fair and good?

Lec. We that behold the sad aspécts of Heaven,[3]
Leading sense-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries.

Thi. Sorrow must lose a name,[4] where mine finds life!

[3] *We that behold the sad aspects of Heav'n,*
Leading sense blinded, men feel grief enough
To know, though not to speak their miseries] The change of a comma, and the insertion of a hyphen, are necessary to the cure of this passage. Lecure is pretending great compassion, and says that we that are learned in the sad aspects of Heaven, which lead men sense-blinded to their fate, have grief enough to know and not to declare the miseries of men.—*Seward.*

[4] *Sorrow must lose a name, where mine finds life;*
If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed.] This seems obscure, the first is a very poetic sentiment,

Sorrow must lose a name,———

i. e. lose its being where mine, *i. e.* my *name* finds life; by my gaining heirs to it. Then he answers what Lecure had before said of his grief in the foreknowledge of the means of gaining him heirs; if, says he, you cannot ease your own grief, at least ease mine. The

If not in thee, at least ease pain with speed,
Which must know no cure else.
Lec. Then thus:
The first of females which your eyes shall meet
Before the sun next rise, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being slain,
You live father of many sons. [*Exit.*
Thi. Call'st thou this sadness? can I beget a son
Deserving less, than to give recompense
Unto so poor a loss? Whate'er thou art,
Rest peaceable, bless'd creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whose grave shall be more fruitful
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;

relative *my* inserted, gives this sense, and it being common in our poets to cut off the initial or final vowel of one word, when the following or former begins or ends with another vowel, the insertion will not alter the measure, the *a* in *at* being here cut off. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

If not in thee, 't least ease my *pain*, &c.

The insertion is needless; and the elision, like many hundred others, ridiculous. The passage seems to be corrupt. The first line is, we think, ingeniously and justly interpreted; but the two next will not convey the meaning Seward has assigned to them.—Ed. 1778.

Perhaps there has been a line lost after the first of this speech; but if we may suppose that our author, by an affectation of latinizing the construction, has made an unusual transposition, the sense is clear. In answer to the reserved caution of the pretended astrologer, Thierry says—"At least ease pain with speed which must know no cure else, if not in thee." Mason gives another explanation, which, however it explains the sentiments of Thierry, cannot be forced out of the words of the text; and this induces the editor to suppose some omission to have taken place. Mason's interpretation runs thus—"If it be not in your power to point out a remedy to my calamity, put me out of pain by telling me so speedily, as you are my only resource."

I long to see my happiness: He's gone!
As I remember, he named my brother's daughter;
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Temple of Diana.

Enter THIERRY *and* MARTELL.

Mart. Your grace is early stirring.
Thi. How can he sleep,
Whose happiness is laid up in an hour,
He knows comes stealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
Is't possible the longing bride, whose wishes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day she's married,
Consume in slumbers? or his arms rust in ease,
That hears the charge, and sees the honour'd purchase[5]
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above these passions; this day France
(France, that in want of issue withers with us,

[5] *Purchase*] This meant, property acquired, generally by unlawful means, but the phrase is here applied to the object for which the soldier fights.

And, like an aged river, runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ransom,
And his fair course turn right: This day, Thierry,
The son of France, whose manly powers like prisoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death
Gives life to thousand ages; this day beauty,
The envy of the world, the pleasure, glory,
Content above the world, desire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and useful!

Mart. Happy woman,
That dies to do these things!

Thi. But ten times happier,
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and those that scorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and bless'd fathers,
That see their issues like the stars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, shall in my praises
Now teach their infants songs; and tell their ages
From such a son of mine, or such a queen,
That chaste Ordella brings me. Blessed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than bless'd Ordella,
That comes so near the sacrament itself,
The priests doubt whether purer!

Mart. Sir, you are lost!

Thi. I pr'ythee let me be so!

Mart. The day wears;
And those that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.

Thi Stand, and mark then!

Mart. Is it the first must suffer?

Thi. The first woman.

Mart. What hand shall do it, sir?

Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who less dare presume to give the gods

An incense of this offering?
Mart. 'Would I were she!
For such a way to die, and such a blessing,
Can never crown my parting. [*Two men pass over.*
Thi. What are those?
Mart. Men, men, sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They cross my hopes like hares. Who's that?
[*A priest passes over.*
Mart. A priest, sir.
Thi. 'Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not these rascals serve, sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter ORDELLA, *veiled.*

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!
Mart. I think, a fair one.
Thi. Move not, whilst I prepare her: May her peace,
(Like his whose innocence the gods are pleased with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his soul
Far purer than those fires) pull heaven upon her!
You holy powers, no human spot dwell in her!
No love of any thing, but you and goodness,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a stranger to her,
And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heaven!
Give her a spirit masculine, and noble,
Fit for yourselves to ask, and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That by his cutting off more may encrease,
So let her fall to raise me fruit!—Hail, woman;

The happiest, and the best (if thy dull will
Do not abuse thy fortune) France e'er found yet!

Ord. She's more than dull, sir, less, and worse than woman,
That may inherit such an infinite
As you propound, a greatness so near goodness,
And brings a will to rob her.

Thi. Tell me this then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unspotted memory,
For Virtue's sake, and only for itself-sake,
Has, or dare make a story?

Ord. Many dead, sir;
Living, I think, as many.

Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a blessing,
The king and kingdom, not a private safety,
A general blessing, lady?

Ord. A general curse
Light on her heart, denies it!

Thi. Full of honour!
And such examples as the former ages
Were but dim shadows of, and empty figures?

Ord. You strangely stir me, sir; and were my weakness
In any other flesh but modest woman's,
You should not ask more questions: May I do it?

Thi. You may; and, which is more, you must.

Ord. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladness! Sir, you promise
It shall be honest?

Thi. As ever Time discover'd.

Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.

Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit, makes this blessing?

Ord. Only her duty, sir.

Thi. 'Tis terrible!

Ord. 'Tis so much the more noble.

Thi. 'Tis full of fearful shadows!

Ord. So is sleep, sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods else: But those fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the shapes of clouds we form, to nothing.

Thi. Suppose it death!

Ord. I do.

Thi. And endless parting
With all we can call ours, with all our sweetness,
With youth, strength, pleasure, people, time, nay reason!
For in the silent grave, no conversation,[5]
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel, nothing's heard,[6]
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness: And dare you, woman,
Desire this place?

Ord. 'Tis of all sleeps the sweetest:
Children begin it to us, strong men seek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like spent exhalations, to this centre:
And those are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandsome pleasures, or life's profits,
Can recompence this place; and mad that stay it,
Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them dispersed to th' earth.

Thi. Then you can suffer?

[5] *For in the silent grave, no conversation*, &c.] Mr Lambe points out the source from whence this beautiful speech is derived:—"There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—*Eccles.*

[6] —— *nothing's* hard.] Amended in 1750.

Ord. As willingly as say it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!
Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?
Ord. I am, sir.
Thi. And have children?—
She sighs, and weeps!
Ord. Oh, none, sir.
Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praise you ne'er shall hear,
To part with these sweet hopes?
Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: He that reads me
When I am ashes, is my son in wishes;
And those chaste dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.
Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I must do, lady.
Ord. You are the king, sir,
And what you do I'll suffer; and that blessing
That you desire, the gods shower on the kingdom!
Thi. Thus much before I strike then; for I must kill you,
The gods have will'd it so: Thou'rt made the blessing[7]
Must make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your strength still nobly!
Ord. Fear me not.
Thi. And meet death like a measure![8]
Ord. I am steadfast.
Thi. Thou shalt be sainted, woman; and thy tomb

[7] They're *made the blessing.*] Amended in 1750.

[8] *Like a* measure.] A solemn dance. See vol. X. p. 166.

Cut out in crystal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it shall be graven, every age,[9]
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall;
Till thou liest there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'st thou behold thy happiness?

Ord. I dare, sir.

Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his sword.*

Mart. Oh, sir, you must not do it.

Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradise,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endless virtue!

Ord. Strike, sir, strike!

[9] *And on it shall be graven, every age,*
Succeeding peers of France that rise by thy fall,
Tell thou ly'st there like old and fruitful Nature.] I flatter myself that I have fully cured this passage, by making a colon instead of a comma at the end of the second line, and changing *tell* to *till*. The image is this:—"On thy tomb shall be engraved from age to age the succeeding kings of France as acknowledging their being all derived from thee, till thou ly'st there like Nature, the fruitful mother of all things." The image is full as noble as the famous simile of Virgil of the city of Rome to Berecynthia, the mother of the gods:

——— *Illa inclyta Roma*
Felix prole virûm. Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes.—Seward.

The old text (with no variation, but a stronger point, a semicolon, at the end of the first line) is much preferable: The sense then is plain and easy: "Every age shall be graven on thy tomb; and the succeeding French princes shall *tell*, having risen from thy fall, that thou liest there like fruitful Nature." The obscurity proceeds from the omission of the second *shall*.—Ed. 1778.

The alteration of Seward is such a very slight one, and so greatly preferable in poetical merit to the explanation of the last editors, that I have not hesitated to adopt it into the text, and to reject the punctuation of the last edition. *Every age* means, in every successively proceeding age.

And if in my poor death fair France may merit,[1]
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!

Thi. First, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Rise, Ordella,
The nearest to thy Maker, and the purest
That ever dull flesh shew'd us!—Oh, my heart-
strings! [*Exit.*[2]

Mart. I see you full of wonder; therefore, noblest,
And truest amongst women, I will tell you
The end of this strange accident.

Ord. Amazement

[1] *And if in my poor death fair France may* merit.] The word *merit* is here used in a very uncommon sense. It means to profit by, or gain advantage from. So in the Woman-Hater, Arrigo says to Oriana—

> "Lady, your prayers may do your soul some good;
> But sure your body cannot *merit* by them."

[2] Mr Lambe makes the following observations on the above scene, which I have taken the liberty to insert, though I can by no means allow the justice of all the remarks to their full extent: "I have always considered this to be the finest scene in Fletcher, and Ordella the most perfect idea of the female heroic character next to Calantha in the Broken Heart of Ford, that has been embodied in fiction. She is a piece of sainted nature. Yet, noble as the whole scene is, it must be confessed that the manner of it, compared with Shakspeare's finest scenes, is slow and languid. Its motion is circular, not progressive. Each line revolves on itself in a sort of separate orbit. Every step that we go we are stopped to admire some single object, like walking in beautiful scenery with a guide. Another striking difference between Fletcher and Shakspeare is the fondness of the former for unnatural and violent situations, like that in the scene before us. He seems to have thought that nothing great could be produced in an ordinary way. The chief incidents in the Wife for a Month, in Cupid's Revenge, in the Double Marriage, and in many more of his tragedies, shew this. Shakspeare had nothing of this contortion in his mind, none of that craving after romantic incidents and flights of strained and improbable virtue, which, I think, always betrays an imperfect moral sensibility."—*Specimens of Dram. Poets, p.* 403.

Has so much won upon my heart,[3] that truly
I feel myself unfit to hear: Oh, sir,
My lord has slighted me!

Mart. Oh, no, sweet lady.

Ord. Robb'd me of such a glory, by his pity
And most unprovident respect——

Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.

Ord. Else where the day is,
And hours distinguish time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been spoken!

Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.

Ord. If I have transgress'd,
Forgive me, sir!

Mart. Your noble lord was counsell'd
(Grieving the barrenness between you both,
And all the kingdom with him[4]) to seek out
A man that knew the secrets of the gods:
He went, found such an one, and had this answer;
That if he would have issue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he should kill
The first he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he should have children: The mistake
Is now too perfect, lady.

Ord. Still 'tis I, sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durst any but myself, that knew the blessing,
And felt the benefit, assume this dying?
In any other, 't had been lost and nothing,
A curse and not a blessing: I was figured;

[3] *Has so much* wove *upon my heart.*] *Wove* is a strange expression here, and much less in the manner of our poets than the word substituted.—Ed. 1778.

[4] *And all the* kingdom *with him.*] "*Kingdom,*" say the last editors, "refers to *grieving*, not to *counselled*," as Seward supposes, who makes an absurd alteration.

And shall a little fondness bar my purchase?
Mart. Where should he then seek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for issues; in those beauties
That bless a marriage-bed,[5] and make it procreant
With kisses that conceive, and fruitful pleasures:
Mine, like a grave, buries those loyal hopes,
And too a grave it covets.
Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honest! Rob not us,
And those that shall hereafter seek example,
Of such inestimable worths in woman,[6]
Your lord of such obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
A will short of your wisdom, make not error
A tombstone of your virtues, whose fair life
Deserves a constellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, must not run this hazard.
He makes a separation Nature shakes at,
The gods deny, and everlasting Justice
Shrinks back, and sheaths her sword at.
Ord. All's but talk, sir!
I find to what I am reserved, and needful:
And though my lord's compassion makes me poor
And leaves me in my best use,[7] yet a strength
Above mine own, or his dull fondness, finds me.
The gods have given it to me. [*Draws a knife.*
Mart. Self-destruction? [*Holds her.*

[5] *That bless a marriage-bed, and make it* proceed
With kisses that conceive.] The variation in the text is by Seward. The conjecture is happy, and very possibly restores the original word. We might read *breed;* but Seward's text is more elegant.—Ed. 1778.

[6] *Of such inestimable* worthies *in woman.*] Former editions. The original might have been either *worths* or *worth.*—Seward.

[7] *And leaves me in my best* use.] *i. e.* Neglects putting me to the use I am most fit for, the best use I can be employed in.—Ed. 1778.

Now all good angels bless thee! oh, sweet lady!
You are abused; this is a way to shame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;
To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?

Ord. I would be what I should be.

Mart. Live, and confirm the gods then! live, and be loaden
With more than olives bear, or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cause,
And him you would raise life to: Where or how
Got you these bloody thoughts? what devil durst
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you strike the stars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a self-blood? whither you venture,
And to what punishment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourself!
The priest was never his own sacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.

Ord. I am counsell'd.

Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know, you dare not.

Ord. I never have done yet.

Mart. Pray take my comfort!
Was this a soul to lose? two more such women
Would save their sex. See, she repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, she hath sent it.

Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!

Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour advise you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be Heaven's, or Hell's your mother!
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To search the centre of it: In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourself,

And shew the instrument; so shall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fittest;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live
Both able to engross all love, and give! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter BRUNHALT *and* PROTALDYE.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have so long gone with! Ha, here's the midwife:—
Or life, or death?

Enter LECURE.

Lec. If in the supposition
Of her death in whose life you die, you ask me,
I think you are safe.
Brun. Is she dead?
Lec. I have used
All means to make her so: I saw him waiting
At the temple door, and used such art within,
That only she, of all her sex, was first
Given up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determined his fond pity
Shall draw it on himself; for were there left

Not any man but he, to serve my pleasures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he should be
Removed, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodness that's left in me.

Lec. If you are so resolved, I have provided
A means to ship him hence: Look upon this,
But touch it sparingly; for this once used,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From closing, until Death perform that office.

Brun. Give 't me! I may have use of 't; and
on you
I'll make the first experiment, if one sigh
Or heavy look beget the least suspicion,
Childish compassion can thaw the ice
Of your so-long-congeal'd and flinty hardness.
'Slight, go on constant, or I shall——

Pro. Best lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.

Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.

Brun. Be so,
And we will stand or fall together: For
Since we have gone so far, that Death must stay
The journey, which we wish should never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we must die;
When we do so, let's know the reason why!

Enter THIERRY *and Courtiers.*

Lec. The king!

Thi. We'll be alone.

Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me safe off!
For rage, although it be allayed with sorrow,
Appears so dreadful in him, that I shake
To look upon it.

Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth.—Son! kingly
Thierry!

Thi. Is cheating grown so common among men,
And thrives so well here, that the gods endeavour
To practise it above?

Brun. Your mother!

Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences,[3]
We study satisfaction, must the cure
Be worse than the disease?

Brun. Will you not hear me?

Thi. To lose the ability to perform those duties
For which I entertain'd the name of husband,
Ask'd more than common sorrow; but to impose
For the redress of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakness as a want) requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or cursing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, such a scene of grief,
And so set down, (the world the stage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practised
Than I am, to express it! for my cause
Of passion is so strong, and my performance
So weak, that though the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deserve, men's pity.

Brun. I have given you way thus long: A king,
and, what
Is more, my son, and yet a slave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, sorrow?
For shame, look up!

[3] *Or when for* your *offences.*] Former editions.—*Seward.*

Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it!—What are these?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?
Prot. No, not we, sir.
Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my sorrows,
But in such colours as may sort with them?
Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.
Brun. This is madness!
Take but my counsel!
Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Though arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If such another syllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be safe; I have such cause
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have such as these be sharers in it.
Lec. Madam!
Prot. Another time were better.
Brun. Do not stir,
For I must be resolved, and will. Be statues!

Enter MARTELL.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my soul
Thou art an honest man.—Do you see? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of sorrow has made bankrupt of such treasure!—
Nay, thou dost well.
Mart. I would it might excuse
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'st me smile
I' the height of my calamities: As if

There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant body of my miseries!
But try; for I will hear thee.—All sit down! 'tis
death
To any that shall dare to interrupt him
In look, gesture, or word.

Mart. And such attention
As is due to the last, and the best story
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The grieved Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your last parting groan, enquired
What drew it from you, and the cause soon learn'd;
For she whom barbarism could deny nothing,
With such prevailing earnestness desired it,
'Twas not in me, though it had been my death,
To hide it from her: She, I say, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have register'd for good in their best women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herself
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but sure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having first with a settled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herself,
(It being the next best object) and then smiled,
As if her joy in death to do you service
Would break forth, in despite of the much sorrow
She shew'd she had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand, which I must ever
Love better than I have done, since she touch'd it)
"Go," said she, "to my lord, (and to go to him
Is such a happiness I must not hope for)
And tell him that he too much prized a trifle
Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her sake to rob
The orphan kingdom of such guardians, as
Must of necessity descend from him;

And therefore, in some part of recompense
Of his much love, and to shew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of such most certain blessings: yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her." Which no sooner spoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made such a battery in the choicest castle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That straight it shook and sunk.

Thi. Stay! dares any
Presume to shed a tear before me? or
Ascribe that worth unto themselves to merit,
To do so for her? I have done; now on!

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more she smiled, as if that Death
For her had studied a new way to sever
The soul and body, without sense of pain;
And then, "Tell him," quoth she, "what you have seen,
And with what willingness 'twas done! for which
My last request unto him is, that he
Would instantly make choice of one (most happy
In being so chosen) to supply my place;
By whom, if Heaven bless him with a daughter,
In my remembrance let it bear my name!"
Which said, she died.

Thi. I hear this, and yet live! [*Draws.*
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In the other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I stay here unresolved?

Mart. Oh, sir!

Brun. Dear son!

Prot. Great king!

Thi. Unhand me! am I fall'n
So low, that I have lost the power to be
Disposer of my own life?

Mart. Be but pleased
To borrow so much time of sorrow, as
To call to mind her last request, for whom
(I must confess a loss beyond expression)
You turn your hand upon yourself! 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you should live, and happy,
In seeing little models of yourself,
By matching with another: And will you
Leave any thing that she desired ungranted?
And suffer such a life, that was laid down
For your sake only, to be fruitless?

Thi. Oh,
Thou dost throw charms upon me, against which
I cannot stop my ears: Bear witness, Heaven!
That not desire of life, nor love of pleasures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her blessed spirit, in satisfying
Her last demand, makes me defer our meeting!
Which in my choice, and sudden choice, shall be
To all apparent.

Brun. How! do I remove one mischief, [*Apart.*
To draw upon my head a greater?

Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herself
Goodness is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was! Oh, my heart, my Ordella!
A monument worthy to be a casket
Of such a jewel.

Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my absence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourself, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: Yet some comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, though she want it.

Deserves all blessings. [*Exit.*
Brun. So soon to forget
The loss of such a wife, believe it, will
Be censured in the world.
Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can use to cross it,
But does increase in me such a suspicion
I would not cherish.—Who's that?

Enter MEMBERGE.

Memb. One no guard
Can put back from access, whose tongue no threats,
Nor prayers can silence! a bold suitor, and
For that which, if you are yourself, a king,
You were made so to grant it: Justice, justice!
Thi. With what assurance dare you hope for that
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be just unto such as are
Beneath me, that find none from those that are
Above me?
Memb. There is justice: 'Twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance should fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.
Brun. I charge you, hear her not!
Memb. Hell cannot stop just prayers from entering Heaven:
I must and will be heard!—Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, against all
The inviolable rights of hospitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his safety;
His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of such

So great and sacred bonds! and can you wonder
(That in not punishing such a horrid murder
You did it)[1] that Heaven's favour is gone from
you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be wash'd away in hers.

Brun. Drag hence the wretch!

Thi. Forbear.—With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou hast open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conscience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's sake, and for thine own,
To make less Heaven's great anger: Thou hast lost
A father; I to thee am so: The hope
Of a good husband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful I am still no man; already
That weakness is gone from me.

Brun. That it might [*Aside.*
Have ever grown inseparably upon thee!—
What will you do? Is such a thing as this
Worthy the loved Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?

Memb. Your son!

Thi. The power
To take away that lowness is in me.

Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou shalt
add
Incest unto thy other sins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.

Thi. You denied it,

[1] That *in not punishing such a horrid murder*
You did it.] Mason says that we must read,—"*For* in not punishing;" but there is no necessity for variation. *That* here, and many other places, means *because*.

Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpose!
Memb. And for me, be assured the means to be
Revenged on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the last refuge!—Art thou grown
Insensible in ill, that thou goest on
Without the least compunction? There, take that!
[*Gives him a handkerchief.*
To witness that thou hadst a mother, which
Foresaw thy cause of grief and sad repentance,
That, so soon after bless'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canst embrace another!
Forgetful man!
Thi. Mine eyes, when she is named,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuseful now.
Lec. He's past all cure;
That only touch is death.
Thi. This night I'll keep it;
To-morrow I will send it you, and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*
Brun. Is the poison mortal?
Lec. Above the help of physic.
Brun. To my wish.
Now for our own security! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night post towards Austracia,
With letters to Theodoret's bastard son,
In which we will make known what for his rising
We have done to Thierry: No denial,
Nor no excuse in such acts, must be thought of;
Which all dislike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Night. A Forest.

Enter DE VITRY *and four Soldiers.*

Vitry. No war, no money, no master! banish'd the court, not trusted in the city, whipt out of the country, in what a triangle runs our misery! Let me hear which of you has the best voice to beg in, for other hopes or fortunes I see you have not. Be not nice; Nature provided you with tones for the purpose; the peoples' charity was your heritage, and I would see which of you deserves his birthright.

All. We understand you not, captain.

Vitry. You see this cardecue; the last, and the only quintessence of fifty crowns, distill'd in the limbeck of your gardage,* of which happy piece thou shalt be treasurer: Now he that can soonest persuade him to part with it, enjoys it, possesses it, and, with it, me and my future countenance.

1 *Sold.* If they want art to persuade it, I'll keep it myself.

Vitry. So you be not a partial judge in your own cause, you shall.

All. A match!

2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave sir, be proud to

* *Gardage.*] I have never met with this word, but suppose it to allude to the guards or laces of ancient breeches.

make him happy by your liberality, whose tongue vouchsafes now to petition, was never heard before less than to command. I am a soldier by profession, a gentleman by birth, and an officer by place; whose poverty blushes to be the cause, that so high a virtue should descend to the pity of your charity.

1 *Sold.* In any case keep your high style! It is not charity to shame any man, much less a virtue of your eminence; wherefore preserve your worth, and I'll preserve my money.

3 *Sold.* You persuade? You are shallow! Give way to merit: Ah, by the bread of God, man,[3] thou hast a bonny countenance and a blithe, promising mickle good to a siking wemb,[4] that has trod a long and a sore ground to meet with friends, that will owe much to thy reverence, when they shall hear of thy courtesy to their wandering countrymen.

1 *Sold.* You that will use your friends so hardly to bring them in debt, sir, will deserve worse of a stranger; wherefore, pead on, pead on, I say![5]

4 *Sold.* It is the Welsh must do't, I see.—Comrade, man of urship, St Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains keep her cow and her cupboard; may she never want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion, if she part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal away from her cou-

[3] *By the bread of* good *man*] The variation is proposed by Theobald and Sympson Seward reads, *by the bread of* a gode *man*, and says, "One would wish to put any thing rather than the TRUE WORD."—Ed. 1778.

The very words are repeated by Vitry in the next page but one, as spoken by the soldier.—*Mason.*

[4] *To a* sicker womb.] Seward alters *sicker* to *siking*, and says, "A *siking womb* is a groaning stomach or belly." But *wemb* surely should displace *womb.*—Ed. 1778.

[5] Pead *on.*] i. e. *Pad on, foot it on.*—Seward.

sins, and has two big suits in law to recover her heritage!

1 *Sold.* Pardon me, sir; I will have nothing to do with your suits; it comes within the statute of maintenance. Home to your cousins, and sow garlick and hempseed! the one will stop your hunger, the other end your suits: *Gammawash, comrade, gammawash!*

4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himself.

Vitry. Yes, let him: Now comes my turn; I'll see if he can answer me: Save you, sir! they say you have that I want, money.

1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.

Vitry. Stand, deliver!

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you? You will not rob the exchequer?

Vitry. Do you prate?

1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!

2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this before you.

3 *Sold.* And I.

4 *Sold.* And I.

Vitry. You have done this: "Brave man, be proud to make him happy!" "By the bread of God, man, thou hast a bonny countenance!" "Comrade, man of urship, St Tavy be her patron!" Out upon you, you uncurried colts! walking cans, that have no souls in you,[6] but a little rosin to keep your ribs sweet, and hold in liquor!

All. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?

[6] *Walking cans that have no* souls *in you.*] The metaphor is here taken from the old English *black jacks,* made almost in the shape of a boot, (the name Erasmus gave them;) they were stiffened leather lined with rosin, from whence a stiffened boot is called a *jack-boot.* *Soul* therefore is equivocal, and the too common pun; but the allusion to the *rosin* is extremely arch.—*Seward.*

We cannot believe any pun was intended here.—Ed. 1778.

Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep constables waking, wear out stocks and whipcord, maunder[7] for butter-milk, die of the jaundice, yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice, begot of your own dust, and the heat of the brick-kilns! May you starve, and fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to it) only prevent it![8] or may you fall upon your fear, and be hang'd for selling those purses to keep you from famine, whose monies my valour empties, and be cast without other evidence! Here is my fort, my castle of defence; who comes by shall pay me toll; the first purse is your mittimus, slaves.

2 *Sold.* The purse? 'foot, we'll share in the money, captain, if any come within a furlong of our fingers.

4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could steal as well as yourself? Did not I speak Welsh?

3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will die so.

Vitry. Then you will not beg again?

All Yes, as you did; "Stand and deliver!"

2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handsel: 'Tis a trade quickly set up, and as soon cast down.

Vitry. Have goodness in your minds, varlets, and to't like men: He that has more money than

[7] *Maunder.*] A cant phrase for begging.

[8] *And fear of the gallows (which is a gentle consumption to't) only preter it.*] Amended by Seward thus:—

> And *the* fear of the gallows
> Only *preserve you from* it.

But the correction of Mason in the text affords better sense,—"A gentle consumption to it," as that commentator observes, "means a gentle consumption compared to it."—It is almost needless to tell the reader that the whole of this scene is squared into verse in the editions of 1750 and 1778.

we cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law for spoiling the enemy.[9]

3 *Sold.* You need not instruct us further; your example pleads enough.

Vitry. Disperse yourselves; and as their company is, fall on!

2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em; I'll charge single. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter PROTALDYE.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have lost my man, and dare not call for him, lest I should have more followers than I would pay wages to. What throes am I in, in this travel! These be honourable adventures! had I that honest blood in my veins again, queen, that your feats and these frights have drain'd from me, honour should pull hard, ere it drew me into these brakes.

Vitry. Who goes there?

Prot. Hey-ho! Here's a pang of preferment!

Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?

Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance. What shall I do with my jewels and my letter? My codpiece, that's too loose; good, my boots!—Who is't that spoke to me? Here's a friend.

Vitry. We shall find that presently: Stand, as you love your safety, stand!

Prot. That unlucky word of standing has brought me to all this.—Hold, or I shall never stand you.

Vitry. I should know that voice. Deliver!

9 *I hope there is no law* for *spoiling the enemy.*] That is, that there is no punishment for it.—*Mason.*

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have is at your service, gentlemen; and much good may it do you!

Vitry. Zoons, down with him! Do you prate?

Prot. Keep your first word, as you are gentlemen, and let me stand! alas, what do you mean?

2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, sir, bind you in the knot of friendship. [*They tie him to a tree.*

Prot. Alas, sir, all the physic in Europe cannot bind me.

Vitry. You should have jewels about you, stones, precious stones.

1 *Sold.* Captain, away! There's company within hearing; if you stay longer, we are surprised.

Vitry. Let the devil come, I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet!

2 *Sold.* 'Foot, we are lost! they are upon us.

Vitry. Ha! upon us? make the least noise, 'tis thy parting gasp!

3 *Sold.* Which way shall we make, sir?

Vitry. Every man his own! Do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when the company's past, make to this place again: This carvel should have better lading in him. You are slow; why do you not tie harder? [*He is tied to a tree.*

1 *Sold.* You are sure enough, I warrant you, sir.

Vitry. Darkness befriend you! away!

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry. I shall grow wondrous melancholy, if I stay long here without company: I was wont to get a nap with saying my prayers; I'll see if they will work upon me now. But then if I should talk in my

sleep, and they hear me, they would make a recorder[1] of my windpipe, slit my throat. Heaven be praised! I hear some noise; it may be new purchase, and then I shall have fellows.

Vitry. They are gone past hearing: Now to task, De Vitry!—Help, help, as you are men, help! some charitable hand, relieve a poor distressed miserable wretch! Thieves, wicked thieves, have robbed me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot, 'would they had gagged you too! your noise will betray us, and fetch them again.

Vitry What blessed tongue spake to me? where, where are you, sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat! We are well enough, if you have the grace to be thankful for't. Do but snore to me, and 'tis as much as I desire, to pass away time with, till morning; then talk as loud as you please. Sir, I am bound not to stir, wherefore, lie still and snore, I say.

Vitry. Then you have met with thieves too, I see.

Prot. And desire to meet with no more of them.

Vitry Alas, what can we suffer more? They are far enough by this time; have they not all, all that we have, sir?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, sir! I gave them one trick to boot for their learning: My boots, sir, my boots! I have saved my stock, and my jewels in them, and therefore desire to hear no more of them.

Vitry. Now blessing on your wit, sir! what a dull slave was I, dream'd not of your conveyance? Help to unbind me, sir, and I'll undo you; my life for yours, no worse thief than myself meets you again this night!

[1] *Recorder.*] A flageolet.

Prot. Reach me thy hands!

Vitry. Here, sir, here; I could beat my brains out, that could not think of boots, boots, sir, wide-topt boots; I shall love them the better whilst I live. But are you sure your jewels are here, sir?

Prot. Sure, sayst thou? ha, ha, ha!

Vitry. So ho, illo ho!

Sold. [*Within.*] Here, captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, say you? Here, you dull slaves, purchase, purchase![3] The soul of the rock, diamonds, sparkling diamonds!

Prot. I am betrayed, lost, past recovery, lost! As you are men——

Vitry. Nay, rook, since you will be prating, we will share your carrion with you. Have you any other conveyance now, sir?

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, here are letters, epistles, familiar epistles: We'll see what treasure is in them. They are sealed sure.

Prot. Gentlemen! as you are gentlemen, spare my letters, and take all willingly, all! I'll give you a release, a general release, and meet you here to-morrow with as much more.

Vitry. Nay, since you have your tricks, and your conveyances, we will not leave a wrinkle of you unsearch'd.

Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be

[3] *Purchase!*] *Purchase*, in the cant language of the times, always means any thing acquired by robbery or cozening: Thus Gadshill says, in first part of Henry IV. act ii. sc. i. "Give me thy hand, thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*, I am a true man." See Mr Steevens's note on this passage.—*Reed.*

betrayed. As you love your safeties, beat out my brains; I shall betray you else.

Vitry. [*Reads the letters.*] Treason, unheard-of treason! monstrous, monstrous villainies!

Prot. I confess myself a traitor; shew yourselves good subjects, and hang me up for't.

1 *Sold* If it be treason, the discovery will get our pardon, captain.

Vitry. 'Would we were all lost, hang'd, quarter'd, to save this one, one innocent prince! Thierry's poisoned, by his mother poisoned, the mistress to this stallion! who, by that poison, never shall sleep again!

2 *Sold.* 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal, till he eat himself up.

3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his heart with needles, and half broil him, like a mussel!

Prot Such another and I prevent you; my blood's settled already.

Vitry. Here's that shall remove it! Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell! Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!

All. On, you dog-fish, leech, caterpillar!

Vitry. A longer sight of him will make my rage turn pity, and with his sudden end prevent revenge and torture! Wicked, wicked Brunhalt!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BAWDBER *and three Courtiers.*

1 *Cour.* Not sleep at all? no means?
2 *Cour.* No art can do it?
Baw. I will assure you, he can sleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,
Or one of the city constables, are tops.
3 *Cour.* How came he so?
Baw. They are too wise that dare know;
Something's amiss: Heaven help all!
1 *Cour.* What cure has he?
Baw. Armies of those we call physicians;
Some with clisters, some with lettice-caps,
Some posset drinks, some pills; twenty consulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him;
Then comes a don of Spain, and he prescribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' th' dog-days; after him,
A wise Italian, and he cries, "Tie unto him
A woman of fourscore, whose bones are marble,
Whose blood snow-water, not so much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer!" After him,
An English doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out, "Endive and suckery,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!"

And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity;
Yet still he wakes.

1 *Cour.* But your good honour has a prayer in store,
If all should fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd, and handsomely, but age
And an ill memory——

3 *Cour.* Has spoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' th' court,
And can pray for a pension——

THIERRY *is brought in on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.*

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, sir;
And those that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doctor.* How does your grace now feel yourself?

Thi. What's that?

1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, sir, but your fancy

Thi. Tell me,
Can ever these eyes more, shut up in slumbers,
Assure my soul there is sleep? is there night
And rest for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-stare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguish'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I shall sleep? can I die?
Are not my miseries immortal? Oh,
The happiness of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and sleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping strangely upon one another?
When shall I rest?

2 *Doctor*. Oh, sir, be patient!
Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endured
More than a mangy dog, among your doses?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholesome fools sleep for a guarded foot-
cloth;[4]
Whores for a hot sin-offering; yet I must crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
Because my power is far from your searching,
Are my diseases so? can ye cure none
But those of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me?
1 *Doctor* We do beseech your grace be more
reclaim'd![5]
This talk doth but distemper you.
Thi. Well, I will die,
In spite of all your potions! One of you sleep;
Lie down and sleep here, that I may behold
What blessed rest it is my eyes are robb'd of!—
See; he can sleep, sleep any where, sleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never slumber!
Is't not a dainty ease?
2 *Doctor*. Your grace shall feel it.
Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then sleep:
The rages of the ocean have their slumbers,
And quiet silver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never set!—Who's that?

[4] *Unwholesome fools sleep for a* guarded *footcloth*] This evidently alludes to the guarded footcloths, *i. e.* horses dressed in housings, with gold lace, which seem to have been the chief ambition of physicians of those days, as chariots are with those of our own.

[5] *Be more* reclaim'd.] Seward proposes to read *becalm'd* instead of *reclaim'd*. We think the text right.—Ed. 1778.

Reclaim'd is the right reading, and the expression is from falconry. To *reclaim* a hawk is to make him tame.—*Mason.*

Enter MARTELL, BRUNHALT, DE VITRY, *and Soldiers.*

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of mischief, no! the day shall die first,
And all good things live in a worse than thou art,[6]
Ere thou shalt sleep! Dost thou see him?
Brun. Yes, and curse him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.
Mart. Why art thou such a monster?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to ask me?
Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almost thy vices,
Thou shalt not rest, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing necessary, meet no society
But what shall curse and crucify thee, feel in thyself
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conscience,
Till this man rest; but for whose reverence,
Because thou art his mother, I would say,
Whore, this shall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my sword's point.
Brun. I wish no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a sufficient anger

[6] *And all good things live in a worse than thou art.*] The leaving out the substantive that should agree with *worse* renders this scarcely English. It might easily be amended by reading,

"*And all good things live in worse* state *than thou art.*"

Or, ——"*in worse* hell *than thou art.*"—Seward.

The meaning seems to be,

"*And all good* things *live in a worse* [thing] *than thou art.*"
Ed. 1778.

To torture thee!

Mart. See, she that makes you see, sir!
And, to your misery, still see your mother,
The mother of your woes, sir, of your waking,
The mother of your people's cries and curses,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!

Thi. Physicians, half my state to sleep an hour now!—
Is it so, mother?

Brun. Yes, it is so, son;
And, were it yet again to do, it should be.

Mart. She nods again; swinge her![6]

Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been so) was this,
This endless misery, this cureless malice,
This snatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finish,
Done by your will?

Brun. It was, and by that will——

Thi. Oh, mother, do not lose your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderness!
'Tis all the soul of woman, all the sweetness:
Forget not, I beseech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they rise to ripeness, still remember
How they imp out your age![7] and when Time calls you,

[6] Swing *her*.] Former editions. *Swinge,* which properly signifies to beat with rods, is probably the true word.—*Seward.*

[7] *How they* imp *out your age*.] Another metaphor from falconry. To *imp* a hawk, is to insert feathers in his wings where he had been deprived of them in fighting with other birds.

That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearse they hang, like penons!

Brun. Holy fool,
Whose patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of punishments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatness cross'd, in pleasure blasted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends slighted,
And all those glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blasted Virtue to be scatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of these angers,
And what such have done, read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heaven forgive you!

Mart She tells you true; for millions of her mischiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whose care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, she trusted
The bringing-in of Leonor the bastard,
Son to your murder'd brother: Her physician
By this time is attach'd too, that damn'd devil![8]

Enter Messenger.

Mess. 'Tis like he will be so; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal justice for his mischiefs,
He drench'd himself.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Must I still see these miseries? no night

8 —— *Her physician*
By this time is attached to *that damn'd devil.*] The obvious correction in the text is Mason's.

To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
See justice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could sleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy: Bring the lady,
And Heaven in her embraces give him quiet![1]

Enter ORDELLA.

Madam, unveil yourself.

Ord. I do forgive you;
And though you sought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you sleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of sleep, or quiet,
Where her strong knave Protaldye's broke o' th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be music to her!
I mean to waken her.

Thi. Do her no wrong!

Mart. No, right,[2] as you love justice!

[1] *And Heav'n in her embraces* give *him quiet.*] The editors of 1750 *pretend* to have amended this passage by substituting *give* for *gives*. So, p. 274, l. 17, to have altered *promise* to *promises*; p. 279, l. 14, *letches* to *leeches*; p. 319, l. 1, *keeping* to *keep*; same page, l. 4, *ye* to *eye*; p. 328, l. 55, *my* to *thy*; p. 353, l. 12, *praise*, to *prayers*; and p. 312, l. 8, to have placed the name *Martell* as being *spoken to*, instead of as *speaker*. The quarto is right in all. —Ed. 1778.

[2] NOR *right*.] This seems corrupt. The context requires, DO HER *right*, or something to that effect. If not corrupt, it may, by a licentious construction, be interpreted, "Shew her no favour."—Ed. 1778.

The slight alteration in the text is absolutely requisite. Mar-

Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curses in old nature,
I have a soul dare send them!

Mart. Keep her waking!

[*Exit* BRUNHALT *with a Guard.*

Thi. What's that appears so sweetly? There's
that face——

Mart. Be moderate, lady!

Thi. That angel's face——

Mart. Go nearer.

Thi. Martell, I cannot last long! See the soul
(I see it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heavenly figure of her sweetness, there!
Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divinest substance!
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy sex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comest—
Do ye see her, hoa?

Mart. Yes, sir; and you shall know her.

Thi. Down, down again! To be revenged for
blood!
Sweet spirit, I am ready. She smiles on me!
Oh, blessed sign of peace!

Mart. Go nearer, lady.

Ord. I come to make you happy.

Thi. Hear you that, sirs?
She comes to crown my soul: Away, get sacrifice!
Whilst I with holy honours——

Mart. She is alive, sir.

Thi. In everlasting life; I know it, friend.
Oh, happy, happy soul!

Ord. Alas, I live, sir;
A mortal woman still.

Thi. Can spirits weep too?

Mart. She is no spirit, sir; pray kiss her. Lady,

tell, upon Thierry's exclamation, "Do her no wrong!" naturally says, "No, do her right, inflict the justice due to her."

Be very gentle to him!

Thi. Stay!—She is warm;
And, by my life, the same lips! Tell me, brightness,
Are you the same Ordella still?

Mart. The same, sir,
Whom Heavens and my good angel stay'd from ruin.

Thi. Kiss me again!

Ord. The same still, still your servant.

Thi. 'Tis she! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, sweet!
Oh, bless'd and happiest woman!—A dead slumber
Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my jewel!

Ord. Oh, sleep, my lord!

Thi. My joys are too much for me!

Enter Messenger and MEMBERGE.

Mess. Brunhalt, impatient of her constraint to see
Portaldye tortured, has choak'd herself.

Mart. No more!
Her sins go with her!

Thi. Love, I must die; I faint:
Close up my glasses!

1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.

Thi. One dying kiss!

Ord. My last, sir, and my dearest!
And now, close my eyes too!

Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Memberge to you,
And keep my line alive!—Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go. [*Dies.*

Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour! [*Dies.*

2 *Doctor.* They are gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy souls go after them!
Bear them unto their last beds, whilst I study
A tomb to speak their loves whilst old Time lasteth.
I am your king in sorrows.

All. We your subjects!

Mart. De Vitry, for your services,[3] be near us!
Whip out these instruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people; and, because
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour![4]
And now lead on! They that shall read this story,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *For your* service.] *Services* was probably the original word here.—Ed. 1778.

[4] *But neither* tongue *nor honour.*] Both Mr Theobald and Mr Sympson would reject *tongue* here, and read *tomb*, but surely without sufficient reason: For *tongue* signifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the escutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may shew respect to the deceased.

As to the character of Brunhalt, or Brunhaud, though it may perhaps be thought too shocking to appear upon the stage, history has still represented her as a worse devil than our poets have done. Thierry and Theodoret, or Theodibert, were her grandchildren, whose father she had poisoned when he came of age, in order to keep the government in her own hands. She irritated Thierry against Theodibert, whom she caused him to slay, and then poisoned Thierry, in hopes that the states would have submitted to her government; but her horrid wickednesses being laid open to the peers of France, she was accused of having been the murdress of ten kings, beside debauching her grandchild Thierry, making him put away a virtuous wife, and providing him with misses. She was condemned to the rack, which she suffered three days, was then carried about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards tied by the feet to a wild mare, and so dashed in pieces.—*Seward.*

EPILOGUE.[1]

OUR poet knows you will be just; but we
Appeal to mercy; he desires that ye
Would not distaste his muse, because of late
Transplanted; which would grow here if no fate
Have an unlucky bode: Opinion[2]
Comes hither but on crutches yet, the sun
Hath lent no beam to warm us; if this play
Proceed more fortunate, we'll crown the day
And love that brought you hither. 'Tis in you
To make a little sprig of laurel grow,
And spread into a grove, where you may sit
And hear soft stories, when by blasting it
You gain no honour, though our ruins lye
To tell the spoils of your offended eye;
If not for what we are, (for, alas, here
No Roscius moves to charm your eyes or ear!)
Yet as you hope hereafter to see plays,
Encourage us, and give our poet bays.

[1] This epilogue has been omitted in the folio and the modern editions. It seems evidently to have been the original, and it may be inferred from the context, that this play was the first which Fletcher furnished for the king's servants at the Black Friars.

[2] *Opinion*.] This word is here used in the old sense of *fame, reputation*. So in The Noble Soldier, by S. Rowley:—

> " *Onaelia.* Say I turn poet, what should I get?
> Poet. *Opinion.*
> *Onaelia.* 'Las, I have got too much of that already;
> *Opinion* is my evidence, judge, and jury;
> Mine own guilt and *opinion* now condemn me."

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

BY

JOHN FLETCHER.

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

THIS Comedy was undoubtedly by Fletcher alone, as it is expressly attributed to him in the title-page of the original quarto, as well as in that of 1661; that of 1651 has both names in the title, but no dependence can be placed upon it. The testimony of the two former is corroborated by the prologue, the epilogue, and the distich addressed to the reader. From the prologue and epilogue it would indeed appear that the comedy was not represented till after the death of Fletcher. In the first edition of the Biographia Dramatica, mention is made of an edition bearing the date of 1629; but this was probably a mistake, as no such copy has fallen under the inspection of any of the editors of our poets; as Mr Reed, in the second, and far more correct edition of that work, enumerates that of 1637 as the first; and, finally, as the copy of 1651 is styled, in the title, the second edition. The latter circumstance also renders the existence of a quarto, printed in 1640, which Theobald mentions, very doubtful. All the readings he notices from this copy are the same as those in the first. Perhaps his copy wanted the title-page, or was nothing but the first with a new title-page; this way of renewing old editions being very common in our authors' days, and still practised at this day. The following is the title-page of the quarto, which I have not hesitated, on the grounds above stated, to call the first:—"The Elder Brother, a Comedy. Acted at the Black Friars by his Majesty's Servants. Printed according to the true Copie. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London, imprinted by F. K. for

J. W. and J. B 1637."—It appears to have enjoyed great popularity during the seventeenth century, as it was one of the plays acted by the Red Bull actors immediately before the Restoration, and [illegible] informs us that it was frequently performed in his time. In the eighteenth century it was superseded by a piece of patch-work, formed by Cibber from this play united to one of the plots of The Custom of the Country, as has been noticed in the introduction to that play. Cibber's comedy, entitled, Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, is very lively and entertaining, but far inferior, as a dramatic composition, to the present drama.

This original comedy exhibits a strong proof that Fletcher retained the full exercise of his extraordinary talents to the last, for it is not inferior to any of his previous compositions, and superior to [illegible] of them, indeed to most of the dramatic compositions of the time. In the versification he almost excels himself, the harmony being uninterrupted throughout, and most of the lines being modulated with the nicest attention to effect. The plot is far more regular than in most other plays of the period, at the same time it is full of interest, which is kept up to the catastrophe. Nor do the characters deserve less praise. We are most interested for those whom the poet evidently intended to be our favourites, which commendation cannot be bestowed upon many plays of the very first rank. Charles, the elder brother, is drawn with infinite art. While we smile at his scholastic pedantry, and the peevishness he exhibits when his studies are interrupted by the projected [illegible] of his brother, he never loses our respect, and the gradual [illegible] of his real character, which had been obscured by his attention to learning, is beautifully exhibited. When [illegible] begins to feel the effects of love, he still speaks in the hyperbolical [illegible], but when roused to more exertion by the insolence of his brother, and his cowardly companions, he exhibits [illegible] composure and [illegible], which we had only slightly expected, but which we find perfectly consonant to the innate qualities of his mind. The transition of Eustace from cowardly foppery to a true sense of honour is not so artfully managed, though very [illegible] to our [illegible]. [illegible] is a character highly diverting, and excellently drawn. His deserting Charles, when he seems to have the upper hand, and then [illegible] the converted Eustace into his favour, is very artfully introduced, without appearing in the least unnatural, as it is a trait in many characters always to incline to the side they conceive the most injured, and as it carries on the continued [illegible] opposition to his brother Brisac. The latter is a more common character, and therefore required less art and less finishing. His ridiculous doting on Lilly, and the ludicrous light he appears in when discovered, though the language, according to

the taste of our age, appears very free, must have heartily shaken the risible muscles of our ancestors. Andrew is another very amusing character. His absurd imitation of his master Charles's pedantry is well contrasted with his fidelity. The female characters are less prominent in this comedy than in most of those of our author.

PROLOGUE.

But that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the writer, or the comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
You're all most welcome to no vulgar play;
And so far we are confident. And if he
That made it still lives in your memory,
You will expect what we present to-night
Should be judged worthy of your ears and sight:
You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends
This orphan to the care of noble friends:[1]
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be received for a legitimate birth!
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

[1] ———— *But, now dead, commends*
This orphan *to the care of noble friends.*] By this passage it should seem The Elder Brother was not given to the stage till after Fletcher's demise; a circumstance on which it is impossible for us to decide. All the information we can give is, that this prologue is printed to the edition of 1637; and, if the play *was* published in 1629, *that* was not till four years after Fletcher died.—Ed. 1778.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lewis, *a lord.*
Miramont, *a gentleman.*
Brisac, *a justice, brother to Miramont.*
Charles, *a scholar,* } *sons to Brisac.*
Eustace, *a courtier,* }
Egremont, } *two courtiers, friends to Eustace.*
Cowsy, }
Andrew, *servant to Charles.*
Gilbert, *the cook,* } *servants to Brisac.*
Ralph, *the butler,* }
Priest.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

Angellina, *daughter to Lewis.*
Sylvia, *her woman.*
Lilly, *wife to Andrew.*
Ladies.

SCENE,—France.

LECTORI.

Wouldst thou all wit, all comic art survey,
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

THE

ELDER BROTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country.—A Grove near the House of Lewis.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, *and* Sylvia.

Lew. Nay, I must walk you further.
Ang. I am tired, sir,
And ne'er shall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your health;
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknowledge
You ever find me an indulgent father,
And open-handed.
Ang. Nor can you tax me, sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you.
Lew. No, my Angellina,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,

Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.
All that I aim at is, to win thee from
The practice of an idle foolish state,
Used by great women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a blemish
To their fair fortunes.

Ang. Make me understand, sir,
What 'tis you point at.

Lew. At the custom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,
You are led to dinner,[1] and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch[2] (as if you were
Born without motion,) after this to supper,
And then to bed: And so your life runs round
Without variety, or action, daughter.

Syl. Here's a learn'd lecture!

Lew. From this idleness,
Diseases, both in body and in mind,
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,[3]
With wholesome exercise, guards both from danger.

[1] *You are led to dinner.*] It must be recollected, that though Lewis is describing the indolent lady of fashion, he does not mean that she breakfasts and dines at the hours now in use. Our ancestors, even those of the highest rank, dined at eleven.

[2] *Couch.*] The quarto of 1651, as Theobald observes, reads *coach*; and though he says that this reading cannot be right, a coach being very good exercise and motion for a lady, I should almost be inclined to prefer that reading, *coach* being confounded with *couch* in innumerable passages of old plays. Besides, Lewis has been expatiating on the beneficial effects of *walking*.

[3] Where *a stirring nature.*] *Where* means *whereas*, as it generally does in these plays.—*Mason.*

In the preceding line the last editors silently read—*of* body and *of* mind.

I'd have thee rise with the sun, walk, dance, or
hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,
Fall into the green-sickness.
Syl. With your pardon,
(Were you but pleased to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,
And her delight too, far transcending those
Your lordship but now mention'd.
Lew. What is't, Sylvia?
Syl. What is't? a noble husband: In that word,
"A noble husband," all content of women
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,
As you say, with the sun; and so pipe to her,
As she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with
her,
Upon occasion, until both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your plants and sim-
ples,
As I take it, were superfluous. A loving,
And but add to it, a gamesome bedfellow,
Being the sure physician!
Lew. Well said, wench.
Ang. And who gave you commission to deliver
Your verdict, minion?
Syl. I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, dear madam.—I but speak
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't.
Let her lose no time, sir: Fathers that deny
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for
them,
In some kind's edge their appetites to taste of
The fruit that is forbidden.

Lew. 'Tis well urged,
And I approve it.—No more blushing, girl;
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells
near us
A gentleman of blood, Monsieur Brisac,
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,
The happy father of two hopeful sons,
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere scholar,
The younger, a quaint courtier.
Ang. Sir, I know them
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that opposed antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,
The other side preferring Eustace, as
A man complete in courtship.
Lew. And which way
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you?
Ang. To be plain, sir,
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means
To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste
Such favour from the king's; or, grant he pur-
chase
Precedency in the country, to be sworn
A servant-extraordinary to the queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; if
He want a present fortune, at the best

Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*,
Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer; nor
Discharge a tailor's bill, nor in full plenty,
Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,
Maintain a family.

Lew. Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of
The scholar?

Ang. 'Troth, if he be nothing else,
As of the courtier: All his songs, and sonnets,
His anagrams, acrosticks, epigrams,
His deep and philosophical discourse
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow
The stars of the celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor Charles' wane for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown
From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,
For I despair not once to be a mother,
Under Heaven's spangled canopy, or banquet
My guests and gossips with imagined nectar;
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,
Though I could be well pleased to have my husband
A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a substance.

Lew. And what is that?

Ang. A full estate; and, that said, I've said all:
And, get me such a one, with these additions,
Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!

Lew. But where is such one to be met with, daughter?
A black swan is more common;[4] you may wear

[4] *A black swan is more common.*] The poets seem here to have had an eye to this Latin hexameter :—

Rara avis in terris, *nigroque* simillima *cygno*.—Theobald.

Grey tresses ere we find him.
Ang. I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies; I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll dwell
Too long upon the choice.
Syl. Only, my lord, remember
That he be rich and active; for, without these,
The others yield no relish: But, these perfect,
You must bear with small faults, madam.
Lew. Merry wench;
And it becomes you well! I'll to Brisac,
And try what may be done. I' the mean time, home,
And feast thy thoughts with the pleasures of a bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, sir; let her taste
them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of Brisac.

Enter Andrew, *Cook, and Butler, with books.*

And. Unload part of the library, and make room
For th' other dozen of carts; I'll strait be with you.
Cook. Why, hath he more books?
And. More than ten marts send over.
But. And can he tell their names?
And. Their names! he has 'em
As perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's nothing;

He has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand times.
But here's the wonder; though their weight would sink
A Spanish carrack,[5] without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.

But. Surely he has a strong brain.

And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books,
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ
In old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not,
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! though his learned stomach
Cannot be appeased, he'll seldom trouble you;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks,[6] butler,
And your flagons; and, cook, thy boil'd, thy roast, thy baked!

Cook. How liveth he?

And. Not as other men do;

[5] *A Spanish* carrack.] A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon.* So Shakspeare:

> "Faith, he to night hath boarded a land *carrack:*
> If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever."—*Othello, act* i.

And in the Coxcomb, by our authors,

> —" they'll be freighted;
> They're made like *carracks,* all for strength and stowage."—
> *Reed.*

[6] *Black-jacks.*] Leather tankards which were then in use.—See vol. ii. p. 172.

Few princes fare like him: He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Viâ Lacteâ*,[7]
And, after six hours conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.[8]

But. This is admirable.

And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's my old master,
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter BRISAC *and* LEWIS.

Bri. What, Andrew, welcome! where's my Charles? speak, Andrew;
Where didst thou leave thy master?

And. Contemplating
The number of the sands in the highway;
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge.[9]

[7] *He breaks his fast*, &c.] This passage seems to have been before Mr Congreve when he wrote the beginning of his play of Love for Love.—*Reed.*

Congreve certainly took the hint of some of the features in the character of Valentine from Charles in this play.

[8] *Erra Pater.*] This name was generally given to the celebrated William Lilly, whose predictions continued in high repute down to a late period. So in Hudibras, part I., canto I., v. 119:—

"In mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or *Erra Pater*."

[9] ——— *and will lose no minute,*
Nor out of 's pace *to knowledge.*] Andrew means to say that his master would lose no time, or be put out of his progress to knowledge. A pace is a settled rate of going. The last editors propose to read,—

——— and will lose no minute,
Nor *aught of space* to knowledge;

Lew. This is strange.
And. Yet he hath sent his duty, sir, before him
In this fair manuscript.
Bri. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and andirons!
And. I much pity you!
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.
Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar
As master Charles is, should ask blessing
In any Christian language? Were it Greek,
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,
I am gone no further.
Bri. And in Greek you can
Lie with your smug wife Lilly?[1]
And. If I keep her
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall, sir,
Howe'er she is your laundress) she shall put you
To the charge of no more soap than usual
For the washing of your sheets.

and add, that time and space are no uncommon association,—but this, in my opinion, is little better than nonsense.—*Mason.*

[1] ———— *And in* Greek *you can*
Lie with your smug wife Lilly.] Brisac is here strangely out of character. He is represented as an old stupid justice of the peace, one of no polite literature, and read only in the old statutes, and in them no better learned than his clerk: Yet here, it is manifest, he is making an allusion to a passage in Juvenal's Satires :—

Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultrà?
Concumbunt Græcè.—*Theobald.*

Mr Theobald complains that the country justice is here out of character, as he supposes him to refer to Juvenal's *Concumbunt Græcè:* But, supposing the author took his hint from hence, he does not make the country justice refer to it. But Mr Theobald does not seem to have observed the equivocation of the word *Lilly,* which refers to the old grammarian, as Andrew says after, *To bring me back from my grammar to my horn book!* This is an allusion surely within the compass of a country squire, and therefore quite in character.—*Seward.*

Bri. Take in the knave,
And let him eat.
And. And drink too, sir?
Bri. And drink too, sir:
And see your master's chamber ready for him.
But. Come, doctor Andrew, without disputation,
Thou shalt commence i' th' cellar.*
And. I had rather
Commence on cold baked meat.
Cook. Thou shalt ha't, boy. [*Exeunt.*
Bri. Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our ancient families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
And see what you have purposed put in act,
Of which your visit at this present is
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
The arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then, from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection.
Lew. Monsieur Brisac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,
Being bless'd but with one daughter, I shall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,

* *without* disputation,
Thou shalt commence *i' th' cellar.*] This is the language of the university. So in Massinger's Emperor of the East:—

"How hath he *commenced*
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art
Without our knowledge?"

I labour to bestow her to her worth.
Let others speak her form, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silence.

Bri. You may, my lord, securely;
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her praises.
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.—
What trampling's that without of horses?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispositions.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Bid my subsiser carry my hackney to
The buttery, and give him his bever;[3] it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his university tone.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd
And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind in speed.

Lew. Ay, marry, sir, there's metal in this young fellow!

[3] *Bever.*] A luncheon between dinner and supper, still usual in the country, and in some university colleges. In Brewer's Lingua, Appetitus says,—"Your gallants never sup, breakfast, or *beaver* without me."

3

What a sheep's look his elder brother has!
Char. Your blessing, sir! [*Kneels.*
Bri. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court,
(Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee,
And do expect what follows. [*Kneels.*
Bri. Courtly begg'd.
My blessing! take it.
Eust. [*To* LEW.] Your lordship's vow'd adorer.
What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug. [*Bows.*] How clownishly
The book-worm does return it.
Char. I am glad you're well.
[*Takes up a book and reads.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs:
They are gallants that have seen both tropics.
Bri. I embrace their love.
Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.[4]
Cow. And will report your bounty in the court.
Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on't first.—
Eustace, give entertainment to your friends;
What's in my house is theirs.
Eust. Which we'll make use of:
Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen healths,
And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak
fire-works. [*Exeunt.*
Lew. What, at his book already?
Bri. Fy, fy, Charles,
No hour of interruption?
Char. Plato differs
From Socrates in this.
Bri. Come, lay them by;

[4] *Which we'll repay with* servulating.] This is the reading of 1637. The edition of 1651, and all the subsequent, say, *with service.* The old reading is probably right, and meant to ridicule the conceit and affectation of Eustace's travelled companions.—Ed. 1778.

Let them agree at leisure.
Char. Man's life, sir, being
So short,[5] and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious.
Bri. In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Yourself for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the palm[6] of learning. You must study
To know what part of my land's good for the plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen
When they're o'erdone with labour.[7]
Char. I may do this
From what I've read, sir. For what concerns tillage,
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,
His Bucolicks is a master-piece.[8] But when

[5] *Man's* life, *sir, being*
So short, &c.] Charles is here immediately shewing his learning; for, if I am not very much mistaken, the poets have given him this sentiment from the first Aphorism of Hippocrates. Ὁ βιος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ κέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δέ καιρὸς ὀξύς, ἡ δὲ πεῖρα σφαλερή, ἡ δὲ κρίσις χαλε τή.—*Theobald.*

[6] *Blame.*] So the first quarto and folio read.

[7] ———— *how to cure my oxen,*
When they're o'ergrown *with labour.*] *O'ergrown,* we think with the editors of 1750, is erroneous. Those gentlemen read *o'erdone;* but as *o'ergone,* which conveys the same meaning, is nearer the trace of the old letters, we have chose to adopt that word.—Ed. 1778.
I think Seward and Sympson's variation more natural.

[8] *And to cure your herds,*
His Bucolicks *is a master-piece.*] This mistake of mentioning those subjects, as occurring in the Bucolicks, which are treated of in the Georgicks, is noticed by Mr Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

He does describe the commonwealth of bees,
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with decorum in the hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments[9]
Only inflicted on the slothful drone;
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey.

Bri. And grow rich
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?

Char. No, sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.

Bri. But can you find among your bundle of books,
And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,
What pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace
A well-shaped wealthy bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story: There I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,
The antient Spartan dames and Roman ladies,
Their beauties and deformities. And when
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had lived, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present, loving

9 ——————— *with his punishments*
Only inflicted on the slothful drone.]
Ignavum fucos *pecus a præsepibus* arcent, says Virgil.—*Theobald.*

The whole sex for their goodness and example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia,
The first bath'd in her husband's blood; the latter,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,
Horror invades my faculties; and, comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,
As ignorance or atheism.

Bri. You resolve then,
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Char. What debt, good sir?

Bri. A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire;
Which I expect from you.

Char. The children, sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,
Shall be my living issue.

Bri. Very well;
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits[1] from Adam to this time
To be my grandchild.

Char. And such a one, I hope, sir,
As shall not shame the family.

Bri. Nor will you
Take care of my estate?

Char. But in my wishes;
For know, sir, that the wings on which my soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.

[1] *All the* quiddits.] *Subtilties* or *equivocations.* The word occurs in Shakspeare's Hamlet: "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits* now, his quillets, his cases, and his tricks?"—*Reed.*

Sordid and dunghill minds, composed of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purged and refined, shake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
To enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge.—Lights there, for my study! [*Exit.*

Bri. Was ever man, that had reason, thus transported
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude
My name were at a period!

Lew. He's indeed, sir,
The surer base to build on.

Bri. Eustace!

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, *and* ANDREW.

Eust. Sir.

Bri. Your ear in private.

And. I suspect my master [*Apart.*
Has found harsh welcome; he's gone supperless
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,

It may be borrowing of his books, or so,
I shall be satisfied.—

Eust. My duty shall, sir,
Take any form you please; and, in your motion
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.

Lew. It is well answer'd.

Eust. Nor shall you, my lord,
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause
To mourn your choice of me. The name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:
And, but that modesty forbids that I
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,
I could say, my choice manners have been such,
As render me loved and remarkable
To the princes of the blood.

Cow. Nay, to the king.

Egre. Nay, to the king and council.

And. These are court-admirers,
And ever echo him that bears the bag:
Though I be dull-eyed, I see through this juggling.

Eust. Then for my hopes——

Cow. Nay, certainties.

Eust. They stand
As fair as any man's. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me.

Bri. He speaks well,
And I believe him.

Lew. I could wish I did so.
Pray you a word, sir. He's a proper gentleman,

And promises nothing but what is possible;
So far I would go with you: Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me; and, were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soon struck up.

Bri. What's that, my lord?

Lew. The heir.

And. Which he is not, and, I trust, never shall be.

Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference. You see,
Charles has given o'er the world; I'll undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a dry-fat[a] of new books; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's;
Who, being issueless, to advance our name,
I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?

Lew. I'll first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings:
On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple; get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold
A second conference. Farewell, noble Eustace,
And you, brave gallants.

Eust. Full encrease of honour
Wait ever on your lordship!

And. The gout, rather,
And a perpetual megrim!

Bri. You see, Eustace,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to. Be you worthy of it:

[a] *Dry*-fat.] *Fat* was the old way of spelling and pronouncing *vat*. So in Richard Cœur de Lion (Metrical Romances, 1810. II. 59):—

> "Bye us vessel gret plente,
> Dysschys, cuppys, and sawsers,
> Bolles, treyes, and plateis,
> *Fattys*, tunnes, and costret."

I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her,
And prosper in't.

Eust. She's mine, sir, fear it not:
In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin
That could resist my courtship.—If it take now,
We are made for ever,[a] and will revel it!

[*Exeunt all but* ANDREW.

And. In tough Welch parsly, which, in our vulgar tongue, is
Strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,
And I a looker-on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,
We have made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I have found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.
This shall to old Monsieur Miramont; one, that though
He cannot read a proclamation,
Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master Charles

[a] *If* this *take now,*
We're made for ever.] Several of the editions, old and modern, continue this to Eustace's speech; others have, nonsensically, assigned it to Brisac. The oldest quarto of all has it thus,—

Eust. *If* this *take now,* &c.

But Eustace was the last speaker, and nobody had interrupted him; therefore it is absurd that his name should be put here only because he continues to speak. It must certainly be placed to one of his hangers-on, who hugs himself with the thought, that if this match takes place, they shall have it in their power to revel it with a vengeance.—*Theobald.*

We are told that, in many editions, these words make part of Eustace's speech, and I have no doubt but they belong to him. The former part of his speech was addressed to his father, but this part of it to his young companion. It would be great presumption in Cowsy to say in what manner he would dispose of Eustace's property, though Eustace might do so himself.—*Mason.*

The quarto of 1637 reads—*If take now;* others as in the text.

For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither;
I shall meet him; and if he be that old
Rough testy blade he always used to be,
He'll ring 'em such a peal [3] as shall go near
To shake their bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is fire and flax; and so have at him. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another Room in the same.

Enter Miramont *and* Brisac.

Mir. Nay, brother, brother!
Bri. Pray, sir, be not moved;
I meddle with no business but mine own;
And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.
Mir. But know to govern then, and understand, sir,
And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you be
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell you,

[3] *I'll* ring *him such a* peal.] *To ring a peal* is a metaphor for scolding, which Andrew could certainly not use, no more than he would beat Brisac and Eustace: It is plain, Miramont was to do both; we must read, therefore,

"He'll *ring* 'em such *a peal.*"——

This will restore both the sense and grammar.—*Seward.*

Heartily and home too——

Bri. What, sir?

Mir. What I grieve to find;

You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.

Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.

Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest son, sir, and your very image,
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't,)
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen merchants,
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty
harvests!

Bri. You go too fast.

Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.

Because he has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retired into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?
Must he be dispossessed, and Monsieur Gingle-
boy, [4]
His younger brother——

Bri. You forget yourself.

[4] ——— *and Monsieur* Gingle-boy,
His younger brother—] We must read, *jingle-boy*, *i. e.* A fop, that fell into every upstart fashion. It was the custom in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and also in that of King James the First, for the men to wear boots, as we may see by the pictures of those times, and their spurs were equipped with a sort of bells, or loose rowels, which *jingled* whenever they moved.—*Theobald.*

Mr Theobald's solution of this passage is a good one: but we see no cause why *gingle* may not be spelt with a *g*.—Ed. 1778.

Mir. Because he has been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough
In praise of learning, sir?

Mir. Never enough.

Bri. But, brother, do you know what learning is?

Mir. 'Tis not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And palter out your time [5] i' th' penal statutes;
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a protestant constable and jesuit cobler;
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry,
When your worship's pleased to correctify a lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state o' th' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning, brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother:
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.

[5] *And* palter *out your time.*] Shakspeare says, in his Macbeth,

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That *palter* with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."—*Reed.*

Mir 'Faith, no:
But I believe; I have a learned faith, sir,
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't;
It goes so thundering as it conjured devils:
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thyself for joy thou hadst such a gentleman
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things
To me!

Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother?

Mir. I tell thee, no; that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,
Understand any other power than his tailor?
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race?
What the moon means, but to light him home from taverns?
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in?
And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd up,
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, "sweet lady?"
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the relics,
Drunk your Verdea wine,[6] and rid at Naples,

[6] *Drunk your* Verdea *wine*] There is a river in Italy, that runs through the territory of Prenestæ, whichof old was called Veresis: The more modern geographers tell us that now its name is

Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:
Must this thing therefore——

Bri. Yes, sir, this thing must!
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his study.
He that will fling off all occasions
And cares, to make him understand what state is,[7]
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

Mir. He is an ass, a piece of gingerbread,
Gilt over to please foolish girls [and] puppets.

Bri. You are my elder brother.

Mir. So I had need,
And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us all else.
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.

Bri. I say, no;
Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year
Out of the metaphysics? or can all
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?
(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists[8]
Sell 'em the merchants for my best advantage?

Verdé. I doubt not but our authors allude to the wines made in that neighbourhood.—*Theobald.*

[7] — *To make him understand what* state *is.*] *State* means here, estate or property. So Miramont says in the third act,—

" 'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content;
I'd make thy husband's *state* a thousand better."—*Mason.*

The word occurs in this sense in almost innumerable passages of these plays. See vol. II. p. 7.

[8] *Humanists.*] *i. e.* Those learned in polite literature, or humanity. The latter word occurs on the next page again.

Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?
And can geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff[9]
now?
I wonder you will magnify this madman;
You that are old and should understand.

Mir. Should, say'st thou,
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk
infuses,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of his office;[1]
Thou unreprievable dunce! (that thy formal band-
strings,
Thy ring, nor pomander,[2] cannot expiate for)
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship
In thine own library, an almanack;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in,
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint me,
That have run over story, poetry,
Humanity?

Bri. As a cold nipping shadow

9 *Jacob's staff.*] A kind of astrolabe.

1 *And he no more than custom of offences.*] There is great humour in this passage, and it is pity that it should be hurt by so obscure an expression at the close. I can affix no idea to it, but that the justice's clerk's whole literature consists in the forms of commitment for common offences; and therefore thought that the original might have been,——*customary offences*, which conveys this idea more clearly than the present reading, which is too obscure to be genuine. But by as small a change of the letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which, for that reason, is most likely to have been the original one.

"*And he no more than custom of his* office."—*Seward.*

2 *Pomander.*] See vol. V. p. 387.

Does over ears of corn, and leave 'em blasted.
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.

Mir. Thou shalt not do.

Bri. I will.

Mir. Thou art an ass then,
A dull old tedious ass; thou art ten times worse,
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead,
The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.[a]

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure; he's one that I must talk with.

Lew. Good day, sir.

Bri. Fair to you, sir.

Lew. May I speak wi' you?

Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.

Lew. Good-morrow, Monsieur Miramont.

Mir. Oh, sweet sir,
Keep your good morrow to cool your worship's pottage.
A couple of the world's fools met together
To raise up dirt and dunghills!

Lew. Are they drawn?

Bri. They shall be ready, sir, within these two hours,
And Charles set his hand.

Lew. 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state

[a] *That writes of* snows *and sheriffs.*] The *quarto* in 1651, and the *folio* in 1679, have it *shows*; which I take to be the genuine word: Because Hollingshead is very prolix in describing tilts and tournaments, public entries, masques, and other pieces of pageantry.—*Theobald.*

Was got by your own industry, unless
He seal to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity.

Bri. He shall be ready,
And do it willingly.

Mir. He shall be hang'd first.

Bri. I hope your daughter likes.

Lew. She loves him well, sir:
Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman;
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolved then,
That all shall pass from Charles?

Bri. All, all; he's nothing;
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too.

Lew. Will your brother
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace?
You know he has no heir.

Mir. He will be flead first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin!

Bri. Let him alone;
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn, sir.
And how does your daughter?

Lew. Ready for the hour;
And, like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.

Bri. To-morrow then's the day.

Lew. Why then to-morrow,
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.

Mir. But hark you, monsieur, have you the virtuous conscience
To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,
And had his land; 'would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion, to consider nobly
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit

Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and
know things?
Why was he not, like his father, a dumb justice?
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shaped like a man?
A reverend idol in a piece of arras!
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge?

Lew. I do not,
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not me,
sir;
This man must answer.

Bri. I have done't already,
And given sufficient reason to secure me.
And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.

Lew. Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.

[*Exeunt* BRISAC *and* LEWIS.

Mir. Good night-caps
Keep [your] brains warm, or maggots will breed
in 'em!—
Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy thee
books yet;
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University Lovaine for thy sake
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,
They shall not share a solz of mine between them:
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a
year,
In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the same House.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. How do I look now to my Elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit.
Cow. All courtly, courtly.
Eust. I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my tailor has travell'd;
And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.
The cover of an old book would not shew thus.
Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,
These book-worms, how they look!
Egre. They are mere images,
No gentle motion[4] nor behaviour in 'em;
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heaven,
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like a juggler,
And make a noise, when they're drunk, which we call thunder.

[4] *No* gentle *motion.*] The modern editors read, silently and unmetrically, *genteel*. But *gentle* is right, and means the same as gentlemanlike. So in the Winter's Tale,—

"We must be *gentle*, now we are gentlemen."

Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small-beer brains! But ask 'em any thing
Out of the element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.
Do they know what a court is, or a council,
Or how the affairs of Christendom are managed?
Do they know any thing but a tired hackney?
And then, they cry "absurd," as the horse understood 'em.[5]
They have made a fair youth of your Elder Brother;
A pretty piece of flesh!
Eust. I thank 'em for it;
Long may he study, to give me his state!
Saw you my mistress?
Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young woman;
But, be sure, you keep her from learning.
Eust. Songs she
May have, and read a little unbaked poetry,
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,

[5] *And then they cry* absurd, *as the horse understood 'em.*] Mr Theobald censures this passage as *stark nonsense* Mr Seward gives the following very proper explication of it: "This is spoke of the college-students, whom the fop makes such pedants, as to talk even to their horses in *scholastic terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired hackney to hobble and stumble."—Ed. 1778.

The general meaning is rather,—"They have no resource left, when questioned on any subject which they do not understand, than to appear wise, by contemning it altogether as beneath their notice, and using the school phrase *absurd;* which, for the meaning it conveys, might as well be addressed to a horse as to any human being." So in Massinger's Emperor of the East:

————————"when
I court her, it must be in tropes and figures,
Or she will cry *absurd!*"

As Mr Gifford observes, the phrase, both here and in the text, is taken from *absurde facis*, or *absurdè colligis*, "a term in disputation, when false conclusions are drawn from the opponent's pre-

That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;
Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.
I will not have a scholar in mine house,
Above a gentle reader; they corrupt
The foolish women with their subtile problems:
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating philosophers from entertainment.

Cow. It will do well: Love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'em;
That speak the lisp of court: oh! 'tis great learning
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle courtly,
They are rare endowments; they that[6] have seen far countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?

Eust. To-morrow, I think; we must have a masque, boys,
And of our own making.

Egre. 'Tis not half an hour's work;
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or nymphs?

Eust. What, nymphs with beards?

Cow. That's true; we will be knights then,
Some wand'ring knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go; I must go visit, gentlemen,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-morrow.
[*Exeunt*

[6] *That they.*] So the old copies. The last editors omit *that* altogether; but the two words reversed improve the sense.

SCENE III.

The Servant's Hall in Brisac's *House.*

Enter Cook, Andrew, *and Butler.*

Cook. And how does my master?
And. Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask
for him!
Cook. Does he not study conjuring too?
And. Have you
Lost any plate, butler?
But. No, but I know
I shall to-morrow at dinner.
And. Then to-morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we
meddle
With no spirits o' th' buttery; they taste too small
for us.
Keep me a pye in folio, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learnedly I'll translate him.
Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?
Cook. Excellent good cheer, Andrew.[7]
And. The spite on't is, that much about that
time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the males and females of red herrings,

[7] *Cook. Ex. Lent, good cheer, good Andrew.*] So the quarto, and, though the pun is very poor, it may have been intentional.

And whether they be taken in the Red Sea only;
A question found out by Copernicus,
The learned motion-maker.[8]

Cook. Ay, marry, butler,
Here are rare things! A man that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.

But. Certain, a learned Andrew.

And. I've so much on't,
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new instrument,
A mathematical glister, to purge the moon with,
When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;
And here's another, to remove the stars,
When they grow too thick in the firmament.

Cook. Oh, Heavens! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a sallad, and know no farther?

And. They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above
Your element of fire, cook! I could tell you
Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with;
And of the philosophers' turf, that ne'er goes out.
And, Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions.

But. What are they, Andrew?

And. The one, to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;
The sect of the Epicureans invented that:
The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noise heard; which is the wonder, Gilbert!

[8] *The learned* motion-maker.] Here is another quibble, little better than the last. Andrew puns upon the plain sense of motion-maker, as applied to Copernicus, and that which it bore at the time—a puppet-shew man.

And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.
But. Why, what a learned master dost thou serve, Andrew?
And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, Gilbert.
With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,
He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and scalders.
Cook But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes,
As other Christians do, of hearty matters?
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his breakfast?
But. And then retire to the buttery, and there eat it,
And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,[9]
That must be now the heir, will do all these,
Ay, and be drunk too; these are mortal things.
And. My master studies immortality.
Cook Now thou talk'st of immortality,
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master
Did you no small pleasure when he procured her,
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love her now,
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your learning
And your strange instruments to that, my Andrew?
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?
Can you put by his mathematical engine?
And. Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st me;
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch for him! [*A bell.*
My master rings; I must go make him a fire,

[9] *And drink a lusty bowl* to *my younger master.*] So the old copies.

And conjure o'er his books.
  Cook. Adieu, good Andrew;
And send thee manly patience with thy learning!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Charles's *Study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES.

Char. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study:
'Tis meat and sleep! What need I outward garments,
When I can clothe myself with understanding?
The stars and glorious planets have no tailors,
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers;
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers,
And silk-worm spins her own suit and her lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours!
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge?
Or look upon the world, but to contemn it?

Enter ANDREW.

And. Would you have any thing?
Char. Andrew, I find

There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' Bull,[1]
Which will go near to blind the constellation.
And. Put a gold ring in's nose, and that
cure him.
Char. Ariadne's crown's awry[2] too; two main
stars,
That held it fast, are slipped out.
And. Send it presently
To Gallileo, the Italian star-wright;[3]
He'll set it right again, with little labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty scholar.
And. I hope I shall be:
Have I swept your books so often to know nothing?
Char. I hear thou art married.
And. It hath pleased your father
To match me to a maid of his own choosing:
(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants
nailing)
And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off, sir.
Char. Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew:
These women are *errata* in all authors!
They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,
Smooth, white, and clear; but their contents are
monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is
On those shelves, Andrew.
And. I think I have not, sir.
Char. No, if thou hadst,

[1] *There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' bull.*] Charles is speaking of the bull, or sign *Taurus*, upon the celestial globe. A piece of dirt was fallen on the bull's eye, which looked like that inflammation which is called a *stie*.—*Theobald.*

[2] *Away.*] So the old copies.

[3] *To Gallatteo, the Italian star-wright.*] Corrected by Theobald.

Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom:[4]
They're cataplasms, made o' the deadly sins.
I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,
Or, if I did, I did regard them but
As shadows that pass by of under creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own wife.
I would not have your brother go beyond you.
They are the prettiest natural philosophers to play with!

Char. No, no; they are optics to delude men's eyes with.
Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, Andrew?

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch; and that goes as daintily.

Char. Reach me the books down I read yesterday,
And make a little fire, and get a manchet;
Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd you,
And set the great sphere by; then take the fox-tail,
And purge the books from dust; last, take your Lilly,
And get your part ready.

And. Shall I go home, sir?
My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part lies, sir.

Char. I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunderhead!

[4] *Thou'dst ne'er have* warm'd *a woman in thy bosom.*] The allusion, I take it, is to the silly countryman in the fable, who cherished a frozen snake in his bosom till it recovered and stung him.—*Theobald.*
The oldest quarto reads—*have married.*

Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntaxis?
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb me;
I am to find a secret.

And. So am I too;
Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Lewis.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, *and Notary.*

Lew. This is the day, my daughter Angellina,
The happy day, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent; I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.
Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then follow handsome children, handsome fortunes.
The most part of his father's state, my wench,
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;

And, when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.—
What, are the writings drawn on our side, sir?
Not. They are; and here I have so fetter'd him,
That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,
Not all the power of law shall e'er release him.
Lew. These notaries are notable confident knaves,
And able to do more mischief than an army.—
Are all your clauses sure?
Not. Sure as proportion;
They may turn rivers sooner than these writings.
Why did you not put all the lands in, sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd.
Not. If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found, all the land.
Lew. These are small devils,
That care not who has mischief, so they make it;
They live upon the mere scent of dissention.—
'Tis well, 'tis well.—Are you contented, girl?
For your will must be known.
Ang. A husband's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, sir;
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.
The gentleman I have seen, and well observed
him,
Yet find not that graced excellence you promise;
A pretty gentleman, and he may please too;
And some few flashes I have heard come from him,
But not to admiration, as to others;[5]

[5] *But not to admiration, as to others.*] That is, compared to what I have heard from other men. Mason wishes to point thus,

But not to admiration :- -as to others,
He's young, &c.

He's young and may be good, yet he must make it;
And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him also.[6]
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.

Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty.—
To horse, and bring the coach out.—Angellina,
To-morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *He's young and may be good, yet he must make it,*
And I may help, and help to *thank him also.*] I can make no sort of sense of the latter part of the last line; but as the foregoing lines point out the intention of the author, so that will direct us to the true reading. The sense I take to be this: He's yet too young to be fixed to either good or evil, but he may hereafter make himself good, and I may help to make him so: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in goodness. The slight reformation that I have offered entirely gives this sense.—*Seward.*

Mr Seward reads,

He's young, and may be good, yet he must make him so,
And I may help, and for help *thank him also.*

We think Mr Seward's explanation of the *sense* of this passage just, but the *words* we have introduced to the text are nearer those of the old copies, while they convey the same meaning: "Each giving *help*, and each giving *thanks.*" The alteration in the first line seems totally unnecessary.—Ed. 1778.

SCENE II.

A Room in Brisac's *House.*

Enter BRISAC, ANDREW, *Cook, Butler,* LILLY, *and Servants.*

Bri. Wait on your master; he shall have that befits him.

And. No inheritance, sir?

Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!
He shall have annual means to buy him books,
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more?
Trouble him with land! 'tis flat against his nature.
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master Eustace have all?

Bri. All, all; he knows how
To use it; he's a man bred in the world,
T' other i' th' heavens.—My masters, pray be wary
And serviceable; and, cook, see all your sauces
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may commend you;
Look to your roast and baked meats handsomely,
And what new kickshaws and delicate made things—
Is the music come?

But. Yes, sir, they are here at breakfast.

Bri. There will be a masque too. You must see this room clean,
And, butler, your door open to all good fellows:
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies[7]—

[7] *Furies.*] *i. e.* Pilferers, persons with rapacious talons.—*Theobald.*

My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;
Sort it, and set it ready for the table;
And see the bride bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut asunder by the gallants too;
There be such knacks abroad.—Hark hither, Lilly!
To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup wi' ye:
Your husband shall be safe; I'll send you meat too.
Before, I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will you so, will you so, sir? I'll make one to eat it; [*Apart.*
I may chance make you stagger too.

Bri. No answer, Lilly?

Lil. One word about the linen.—I'll be ready,
And rest your worship's still.

And. And I'll rest wi' ye; [*Aside.*
You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are you so nimble?
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your master, for I know he wants you;
And keep him in his study, that the noise
Do not molest him.—I will not fail, my Lilly!—
Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties.

[*Exeunt all but* Andrew.

And. Are you kissing-ripe, sir? Double but my farm,
And kiss her till thy heart ache. These smock-vermin!
How eagerly they leap at old men's kisses!
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure.
And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of cuckold,
He should lie with her. I know, she'll labour at length
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now!
But that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up
Unto my master; he'll be mad with study. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another in the same.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. What a noise is in this house? My head is broken!
In every corner,[8] as if the earth were shaken

[8] *What noise is in this house, my head is broken.*] The old editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a blunder upon this passage as ever passed the press. They read,—

——— *my head is broken,*
Within a parenthesis *in ev'ry corner:*

Our learned and ingenious Mr Cibber, who jumbled the Custom of the Country and this play into one comedy, sagaciously saw, that *within a parenthesis* did not so harmoniously begin a verse, he has therefore altered it thus:

——— *my head is broken*
With a parenthesis *in ev'ry corner:*

This gentleman, I suppose, might have met with this scrap of Latin, which is said to those who make false grammar, *Diminuis Prisciani caput,* you break Priscian's head. Now if a little false grammar would break Priscian's head, he naturally concluded, a common man's head might be broken with a *parenthesis;* and so he very judiciously adopted the expression.—But may it not be asked, how did this nonsense slip at first into the old books? I believe I can give a solution for that. Some careful reader had written in the margin of his book at the words,

——— *my head is broken*
Within a *parenthesis.*

But, forgetting to make the two half-moons, which form a *parenthe-*

With some strange cholic, there are stirs and motions.
What planet rules this house? Who's there?

sis, it was mistook at press for a part of the text, and thence we derive this wonderful interpolation.—*Theobald.*

As this passage has been most strangely treated, we hope our readers will allow us to lay before them the lections of the several editions which have come to our hands, together with a few remarks on the different variations, but which, as it may be censured as a species of *verbal criticism*, we should not have done, had we not imagined it would afford entertainment to the curious and discerning. Quarto, 1637, says,

> *What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*
> *Within a parenthesis, in every corner*
> *As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Quarto, 1651,

> *What noise is this, my head is broken,*
> *Within a parenthesis, in every corner*
> *As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Folio, 1679, (wherein the whole of this beautiful poem is degraded into prose) except saying, *What a noise*, copies the words of 1637. Octavo, 1711,

> *What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*
> With several noises, and *in every corner,*
> *As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Here we find that the rejection of the words, *within a parenthesis*, was concluded on near thirty years before Mr Theobald's edition was published, a circumstance he ought to have mentioned, as well as the interpolation of the words, *With several noises, and*—. Octavo, 1750,

> *What noise is in this house, (my head is broken!)*
> *With several noises, and in every corner;*
> *As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

We will give Mr Theobald credit for the rejected words having been meant as a direction, but surely then the *parenthesis* should have extended further than he has made it, it should have gone on to the word *corner*, otherwise, assisted by his alteration of the points, the whole passage is (to use that gentleman's favourite expression) *stark nonsense.* It is beyond the power of human ingenuity, we believe, to make any sense of, *What noise is in this house, with several noises, and in every corner, as if the earth were sha-*

Enter ANDREW.

And. 'Tis I, sir, faithful Andrew.
Char. Come near,
And lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?
And. The cooks

ken. &c. A plain proof this is, among innumerable others, that the deservedly much-admired editor of Shakspeare undertook the revisal of the next best English dramatists, when his faculties were debilitated and his fancy extinguished, if not his understanding impaired. Of the quartos, the oldest are generally most to be depended on; but the Elder Brother is an exception to this rule. The copy of 1651 corrects various passages which appear nonsense in that of 1637, as well as enables us to rectify several new errors in the more modern editions; not that that is immaculate. Without the first copy (aided by the same infinite drudgery of comparison necessary for the other sixteen plays printed in quarto) we should not be enabled to furnish our readers with such a copy of the Elder Brother as would give ourselves satisfaction.

With respect to *parenthesis*, our ancestors were unreasonably fond of them; in the present instance, to put the words, *my head is broken*, between a *parenthesis*, though allowable, is totally unnecessary. We have (except in punctuation) followed our favourite quarto, and flatter ourselves, the reading here exhibited will be allowed to be, more than any prior to it, sensible, poetical, and nervous.

The interpolated words, *with several noises*, we apprehend to have been originally a direction for the representation at the theatre.—Ed. 1778.

These extensive lucubrations have been left for the amusement of the reader. The editors, however, take too much credit for their collation of old quartos, which they have generally done in a very slovenly manner. Nor does the first quarto (1637) by any means deserve to be degraded below that of 1651, as it is, with a few exceptions, remarkably correct, and, like most first editions, by far the best authority. The variations from this quarto of 1651, introduced by the last editors, are very numerous, and almost in every instance for the worse; and as they seldom apprise the reader of their introducing them, it is very much to be suspected that they never saw the original quarto of 1637, which, as well as the second folio, reads—" What *a* noise." I have preferred the reading of the first quarto in the first line, and have regulated the versification.

Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make pies,
And breaking marrow-bones.

Char. Can they set them again?

And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings; and they grow stronger,
For the use of any man.

Char. What squeaking's that?
Sure there is a massacre.

And. Of pigs and geese, sir,
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry, sir,
And that makes up the medley.

Char. Do they thus
At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a cook.

And. They are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a tabor.

Char. What loads are these?

And. Meat, meat, sir, for the kitchen;
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in:
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.
And there's fat venison, sir.

Char. What's that?

And. Why, deer;
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.

Char. I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any.

And. There's a fishmonger's boy with caviare,[9] sir,
Anchovies, and potargo,[1] to make you drink.

Char. Sure, these are modern, very modern meats,
For I understand 'em not.

[9] *Caviare.*] The eggs of a sturgeon.—Ed. 1778.

[1] *Potargo.*] A pickle prepared in the West Indies.—Ed. 1778. This should be *botargo*, a savoury composition made of the roes of mullets.—*Mason.*

And. No more does any man
From *caca merda*,[a] or a substance worse,
Till they be greased with oil, and rubb'd with onions,
And then flung out of doors, they are rare sallads.
Char. And why is all this? pr'ythee, tell me, Andrew;
Are there any princes to dine here to-day?
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.
I've read of entertainment for the gods,
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve 'em?
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your brother's married this day; he is married;
Your younger brother, Eustace!
Char. What of that?
And. And all the friends about are bidden hither;
There's not a dog that knows the house but comes too.
Char. Married? to whom?
And. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest.
Char. Are there modest women?
How do they look?
And. Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.—
He parts with's book! He ne'er did so before yet!
[*Aside.*
Char. What does my father for 'em?
And. Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir.
Char. Must I have nothing?

[a] *Caca-merda*] This expression, too gross for an English audience, or an English reader, will be understood by every person conversant in the Spanish or Portuguese language.—Ed. 1778.

And. Yes, you must study still, aud he'll maintain you.

Char. I am his Elder Brother.

And. True, you were so;
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, sir.

Char. 'Tis well;
He'll not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not; he'll scarce find tenants to let it out to.

Char. Hark, hark!

And. The coach that brings the fair lady.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, *Ladies*, *Notary*, *&c.*

Now you may see her.

Char. Sure, this should be modest;
But I do not truly know what women make of it,
Andrew! She has a face looks like a story;[3]
The story of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then.

[3] ——— *She has a face looks like a* story:
The story *of the Heavens looks very like her.*] Mr Seward, out of kindness to Charles, and that he may "not talk nonsense," would alter *story* to *glory* in both places: "But," says Mr Theobald, "I have preserved the word *story*, because our authors have used the same image in their Philaster:

—"*How that foolish man,*
That reads the story *of a woman's* face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever!"

Wherein he certainly is very right; which is still stronger proved by Eustace afterwards saying,

How do you, brother, with your curious story?
Have you not read *her yet sufficiently*?—Ed. 1778.

The metaphor is remarkably common in old dramatists. Mason quotes an apposite instance from Pericles:

--- "See where she comes!
Her face the *book* of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures."

Char. She has a cherubin's,
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes.—
Eustace, be happy, whilst poor Charles is patient!—
Get me my book again, and come in with me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY, MIRAMONT, *and Notary.*

Bri. Welcome, sweet daughter; welcome, noble brother;
And you are welcome, sir, with all your writings!
Ladies, most welcome! What, my angry brother;
You must be welcome too; the feast is flat else.
Mir. I am not for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal;
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll stay and dine though?
Mir. All your meat smells musty;
Your table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. I'll assure you, here's good meat.
Mir. But your sauce is scurvy;
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.
Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle.
Mir. Thou art not worth my anger; thou'rt a boy;
A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing
But antic clothes and cringes! Look in thy head,
And 'twill appear a foot ball full of fumes
And rotten smoke!—Lady, I pity you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,
And ought to have a handsome man yoked to ye,
An understanding too; this is a gimcrack,
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;

For say, he have a thing shaped like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.
Eust. These are but harsh words, uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harsher play wi' your elder brother.
Eust. I would be loth to give you——
Mir. Do not venture;
I'll make your wedding-clothes sit closer to you then.
I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew.
Lew. Pray take a piece of rosemary.[5]
Mir. I'll wear it;
But for the lady's sake, and none of yours!
May be, I'll see your table too.
Bri. Pray do, sir. [*Exit* MIRAMONT.
Ang. A mad old gentleman.
Bri. Yes, 'faith, sweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age, to my knowledge.
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge Eustace any thing?
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden [*Apart.*
With too much learning, as, they say, this Charles is,
That makes his book his mistress. Sure, there's something

[5] *Pray take a piece of* rosemary.] It has been observed that *rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and that it was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. See Hamlet, act iv. sc. v.—*Reed.*

In S. Rowley's Noble Soldier, Medina and his faction, intending at the nuptials of Onælia to kill the king, wear sprigs of *rosemary* in their hats, and one of them observes,—

"There's but two parts to play: Shame has done hers,
But Execution must close up the scene;
And for that cause these sprigs are worn by all,
Badges of *marriage*, now of *funeral.*"

Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him
Not a mere sot.

Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, brother?
All things are ready, and the priest is here.
When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,
And so to dinner.

Lew. Come, let's seal the book first,[6]
For my daughter's jointure.

Bri. Let's be private in't, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Charles's *Study in the same.*

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT, *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Nay, you're undone!

Char. Hum!

Mir. Ha' ye no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great book, sir,
When it fell on your head; and, now the house
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

Char. Will

6 *Come, let's seal the* book *first.*] That is, the articles. "Every composition," says Mr Steevens, "whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book* on the registers of ancient publications." In the first part of Henry IV., Glendower uses the word as in the text:—

"By this our *book* is drawn; we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately."

He have my books too?
Mir. No; he has a book,
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.
I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,
An 'twere but to new-string her.
Char. Yes, I saw her;
And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of learning;
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his book.
Mir. I like that in him:
'Would he had flung away his dulness too,
And spake to her.
Char. And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has.
Char. And that fair woman too?
Mir. That woman also.
Char. He has enough then.
May I not see her sometimes and call her sister?
I will do him no wrong.
Mir. This makes me mad;
I could now cry for anger! These old fools
Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st cox combs!--
Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;
You are my heir, and I'll provide you a wife.
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it.
[*Exit*

Enter Brisac.

Bri. Where is my son?
And. There, sir; casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He does well.—How do'st, Charles? Still at thy book?

And. He's studying now, sir, who shall be his father.

Bri. Peace, you rude knave!—Come hither, Charles; be merry.

Char. I thank you; I am busy at my book, sir.

Bri. You must put your hand, my Charles, as I would have you,
Unto a little piece of parchment here;
Only your name. You write a reasonable hand.

Char. But I may do unreasonably to write it.
What is it, sir?

Bri. To pass the land I have, sir,
Unto your younger brother.

Char. Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: You shall be provided for;
And new books you shall have still, and new studies;
And have your means brought in without thy care, boy;
And one still to attend you.

Char. This shews your love, father.

Bri. I'm tender to you.

And. Like a stone, I take it.

Char. Why, father, I'll go down, an't please you let me,
Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentlewoman.*
I see no women, but through contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune.

Bri. Do, I pr'ythee.

Char. I must not stay; for I have things above
Require my study.

Bri. No, thou shalt not stay;
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too

And. Now has he

O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in the same.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, *Priest, Ladies,* COWSY, *Notary, and* MIRAMONT.

Not. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done.—
Is yours ready?
Priest. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.
Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe exactly.—
Do not we stay long, mistress?
Ang. I find no fault;
Better things well done, than want time to do them.—
Uncle, why are you sad?
Mir. Sweet-smelling blossom!
'Would I were thine uncle to thine own content;[7]
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man
(But that he is addicted to his study,

[7] *'Would I were thine uncle, to* thine *own content.*] This is not nonsense, but I suspect with Mason that we should read,

"'Would I were thine uncle to *mine* own content."

And knows no other mistress than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.[8]

Ang. Can he speak, sir?

Mir. 'Faith, yes; but not to women:
His language is to Heaven, and heavenly wonder,
To nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there?

Mir. Oh, admirably!
But he's too bashful to behold a woman;
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man.

Mir. 'Faith, yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation, methinks——

Mir. So think I;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness.

Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.

Lew. Let him alone;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

Enter BRISAC *and* CHARLES.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder;
Broke like a spirit from his cell.

Bri. Come hither,
Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your desire to see
My noble daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal, boy.
You do like a good brother.

Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.

[8] *Kexes.*] A *kex* is an elderstick, and therefore not an unapt term for a dry withered gallant.

Put to your hand now.
Not. Here's the deed, sir, ready.
Char. No, you must pardon me a while: I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.
Char. I'll leave my life first:
I study now to be a man; I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this best of all; he has taken fire;
His dull mist flies away.
Eust. Will you write, brother?
Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things;
I'm taking the height of that bright constellation.
Bri. I say you trifle time, son.
Char. I will not seal, sir:
I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For, Heaven forbid I should become example.[9]
Had you only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour.—Do I speak right, uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!
Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,—
(I find my mind free; Heaven direct my fortune!)
Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?
Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,

[9] *I am your eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For, Heaven forbid I should* become example.] That is, be quoted as an example of folly.—*Mason.*

Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't!
Lew. He speaks unhappily.[1]
Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere scholar?
Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
And vex your study too.
Char. Go you and study;
For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and manners,
I have studied both, although I made no show on't.
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee:
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim lamp,
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt:
Distil the sweetness from the poets' spring,
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:
Traverse the stories of the great heroes,
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through:
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of countries,
And brought home nothing but their empty words!
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,[2]
And come to honour nothing else.

[1] *He speaks* unhappily.] That is, unluckily, mischievously. So in King Henry VIII.—

"You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now *unhappily*."

[2] *Where the violet and the rose*
Their blue veins in blush disclose.] We should surely amend this passage, and read—

"Their blue veins *and* blush disclose."

The blue veins referring to the violet, and the blush to the rose.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all yet!
What say you to the scholar now?
Ang. I wonder!—
Is he your brother, sir?
Eust. Yes.—'Would he were buried!
I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker.[3]
Ang. Speak not so softly, sir; 'tis very likely.

Blue veins disclosing themselves in a blush is nonsense, such as I have never heard of, except in the vulgar phrase of blushing like a blue dog.—*Mason.*

Notwithstanding Mr Mason's pleasantry, I believe the old text to be right, meaning,—"Where the blue veins appear in or amongst the general rosy blush of the countenance."

[3] *I fear, he'll make an ass of me, a* younger.] A *younger* what? He was already his *younger* brother. I hope I may venture to say that I have retrieved the original word. A *younker*, among the sailors, is a lad employed in the most servile offices belonging to the ship; such as swabbing the deck, taking in the top-sails, slinging the yards, taking their turns at the helm, &c.—*Theobald.*

This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays. So Falstaff says, "What, will you make a *younker* of me?"—1st part Henry iv. act iii.—*Reed.*

And yet, probably, after all, *younger* is the right word; since the whole play turns on an attempt to make the Younger Brother the Elder, which the Elder Brother defeats.—Ed. 1778.

Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, Charles.

Char. Dispatch! what?

Bri. Why, the land.

Char. You are deceived, sir:
Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a woman,
And what maintains her when she's woo'd, I'll stop here.
A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.
Though land and monies be no happiness,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing,
Though he want present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself.—May be, I have done you wrong, lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance—
Pray, give me leave, sir, I shall clear all doubts—
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that.

Mir. He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.

Char. You, happy you! why did you break unto me?
The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweetly.
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the spring of beauty raised them:
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,
And into form he drew my faculties;
And now I know my land, and now I love too.

Bri. We had best remove the maid.

Char. It is too late, sir;

I have her figure here. Nay, frown not, Eustace,
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers:
This is no form of silk, but sanctity,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignify.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
For, like the light, we make no separation.
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old time into a den, and stay his motion;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place, sir!

Mir. He has studied duel too; take heed, he'll beat thee;
He has frighted the old justice into a fever!
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass;
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?

Ang. No, certain, sir:
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.

Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me;
My scurvy clothes!

Ang. They have rich linings, sir.
I would your brother——

Char. His are gold, and gaudy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper.

Char. Can you love me? I am an heir, sweet lady,
However I appear a poor dependant.
Love you with honour? I shall love so ever.
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die

Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll take it deeply.

Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?
I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman;
But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.
Can you love for love,[4] and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Than I'll love you; the young man, his delights;
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up,
And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,
As if all elements, and all their angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn,
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

Ang. And one hand seal the match: I am yours for ever!

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay!

Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, sir.

Bri. There was a contract.

Ang. Only conditional,
That if he had the land, he had my love too:
This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain it.—
Pray be not angry, sir, at what I say; [*To* EUSTACE.
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.
You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,

[4] *Love for love.*] These words are the title of Congreve's comedy, in which he has palpably copied our authors, particularly in endeavouring to make the elder brother forego his birthright in favour of the younger. The very name of Angelica, Valentine's mistress, is perhaps borrowed from Angellina.—Ed, 1778.

But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I say, your face is excellent;
A reasonable hunting face, to court the wind with;
Nor they're not words, unless they be well placed
too,
Nor your sweet *damn-me's*, nor your hired verses,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and horses,
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously,
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges;[5]
All which but shew you still a younger brother!

[5] *Nor your black patches you wear variously,*
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges.
All which but shew you still a younger brother.] Stars, half-moons, and mullets, are used in coats of arms, either as bearings or differences in the younger branches of families; lozenges, as I take it, are only appropriated to unmarried women or widows.—*Theobald.*

The custom of wearing black patches on the face began amongst the men, being made of black velvet, and cut in various shapes. It was a foppish imitation of the officers of the army, who, in one place of our authors, are said, after a campaign, to be obliged, from their wounds, *to wear their faces in velvet scabbards.*—Seward.

Seward goes on to object to Theobald's note, that if there is any allusion to heraldry in the text it is only a very remote one; but the last line of the speech seems decidedly to prove that Fletcher, probably from being but little acquainted with that useless science, supposed that lozenges were also appropriated to younger brothers. —Mason observes, on Seward's note, that he believes him to be mistaken in supposing that the use of patches arose from a foppish imitation of the officers of the army, who came home with scars; as the fashion of wearing them was more prevalent among the women than the men; and they surely did not affect to have been wounded in the wars. The commentator is so far right, as relates to the women, as appears from the following invective against this ridiculous fashion: "As for *spots* and *black patches* on the face, neck, breast, &c., which some call beauty spots, (the devil loves to put fine names on foul things) we may call them base and beastly spots, the spots of the proud, wanton, idle droans of the world." —*The Loathsomenesse of Long Haire; with an Appendix against*

Mir. Gra'mercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul too.

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little knowledge,
Can make me dote upon you. 'Faith, go study,
And glean some goodness, that you may shew manly;
(Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach you.)
Or only study how to get a wife, sir.
You're cast far behind; 'tis good you should be melancholy,
It shews like a gamester that had lost his money;
And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, sir,
For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fingers.

Lew. But are you in earnest?

Ang. Yes, believe me, father;
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and dim, sir,
And the shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment.
You have had your time without controul, dear father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now, sir.

Bri. This is the last time of asking; will you set your hand to?

Char. This is the last time of answering; I will never!

Bri. Out of my doors!

Char. Most willingly.

Painting, Spots, Naked Breasts, &c. By THO. HALL, *B. D. Lond.* 1653. The fashion seems, from the text, to have been practised by the gallants, as well as the ladies of the day, and there is certainly, as Mason observes, no reason to suppose it to have been derived from the wounded officers, to which the phrases quoted by Seward certainly allude.

Mir. He shall, Jew;
Thou of the tribe of *many-asses!* cóxcomb!
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold,
fool.

Ang. Must I be gone too?

Lew. I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will: What fortune he shall
run, father,
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the masque begin?

Eust. 'Tis done already:
All, all, is broken off, I am undone, friend!
My brother's wise again, and has spoiled all,
Will not release the land; has won the wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till the masque was
past? We are ready.
What a scurvy trick is this?

Mir. Oh, you may vanish!
Perform it at some hall, where the citizens' wives
May see't for sixpence a-piece, and a cold supper.
—Come, let's go, Charles!—And now, my noble
daughter,
I'll sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want,
wench.—
Rate up your dinner, sir, and sell it cheap.
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.[6]—
Send you joy, nephew Eustace, if you study the
law!
Keep your great pippin-pyes; they'll go far with
you.

Char. I'd have your blessing.

[6] *Commodities.*] See vol. XI. p. 167.

Bri. No, no; meet me no more!
Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.
Char. I will not.
Lew. Nor send not you for gowns!
Ang. I'll wear coarse flannel first.
Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex 'em. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the same House.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Bri. Ne'er talk to me! You are no men, but masquers;
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-bubbles,
That every breath or breaks or blows away!
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers!
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gallants?
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?

You have no more spirit than three sleepy sots![6]
Eust. What would you have me do, sir?
Bri. Follow your brother,
And get you out of doors, and seek your fortune!
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in characters,
Cross my design, and take thy own wench from thee!
In mine own house too? Thou despised, poor fellow!
Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, sir,
Then to my uncle, with whom't had been but sauciness
To have been so rough——
Egre. And we not seeing him
Strive in his own cause, that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here.
Bri. You dare do nothing.
Do ye make your care the excuse of your cowardliness?
Three boys on hobby horses, with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all.
Cow. You must not say so.
Bri. Yes,
And sing it too.
Cow. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way.
Bri. I'll make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force you;
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers,

[6] *Sops.*] So the oldest quarto and the folio. The text was adopted by Theobald from the quarto 1651. Either reading suits the context.

I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my gates,
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within you![7]

Cow. Oh, blessed travel!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer!

Egre. Some splenitive youths now, that had never seen
More than their country smoke, would grow in choler:
It would shew fine in us!

Eust. Yes, marry, would it,
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers:
But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places.

Bri. Will you find the door,
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the way, sir,
With your perfumed retinue, and recover
The now-lost Angellina; or, build on it,
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,
Before thou shalt inherit.

Eust. We'll to counsel;
And what may be done by man's wit or valour
We'll put in execution.

Bri. Do, or never
Hope I shall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within you.*] How finely has Shakspeare expressed this thought in his Hamlet!—

"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire."—*Theobald.*

The allusion is certainly similar, but the application widely different.

Enter Lewis.

Lew. Oh, sir, have I found you?
Bri. I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury,
With which, as it appears, you come to fright me?
Lew. I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocency understands not what fear is.
If your inconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you henceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,
Cast an aspersion on me.
Lew. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind
As you will blush to answer! [*Exit* Lewis.
Bri. All the world,
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not
Torment myself; some sprightful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me:
To a knowing man 'tis physic, and 'tis thought one.
One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,

To chear my heart, and this is that appointed:
This night I'll hug my Lilly in mine arms;
Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;
We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear
For our stolen pleasures, so it be done securely,
The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em
relish.
Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm,
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning
To my other tenants when the foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Grove.

Enter MIRAMONT *and* ANDREW.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?
And. As they were rubb'd with soap, sir.
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still
alters;
And then they sit in council what to do,
And then they jar again, what shall be done.
They talk of warrants from the parliament,
Complaints to the king, and forces from the pro-
vince;

They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes,
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoked together!
But what says the young courtier, master Eustace,
And his two warlike friends?

And. They say but little;
How much they think, I know not. They look ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-house,
And had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water
By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir.[8]
Certain, my master was to blame.

Mir. Why, Andrew?

And. To take away the wench o' th' sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning; he is tender,
And of a young girl's constitution, sir,
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.

[8] —— *They look ruefully,*
As if they had come from a vaulting-house,
And had been quite shot through 'tween wind and water
By a she-Dunkirk, *and had sprung a leak, sir.*] Mr Gifford has quoted these lines in a note on the following passage in Massinger's Duke of Milan, which was certainly produced before the present play, so that it is probable that Fletcher was guilty of a petty larceny, which may however have been inadvertent, as the phrase, a she-Dunkirk, might have been proverbial, depredations of the Dunkirk pirates being often alluded to in old plays:—

"*Giov.* See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is; how he looks now,
After his castigation.
Jul. As he came
From a close fight at sea under the hatches,
With a *she-Dunkirk, that was shot before*
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak too,
Or I am cozen'd."

Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,
Or bought an elegy of his condolement,[9]
That the world might have ta'en notice he had been
An ass, 't had been some savour.

Mir. Thou say'st true,
Wise Andrew; but these scholars are such things
When they can prattle!

And. Very parlous things, sir.

Mir. And when they gain the liberty to distinguish
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,
To look below and spy a younger brother,
Pruning and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him;
Those dreaming scholars then, turn tyrants, Andrew,
And shew no mercy.

And. The more's the pity, sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my brother,
And anger him a little further, Andrew.
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,
And a little shame.

And. And I can fit you, sir.
Hark in your ear. [*Whispers.*

Mir. Thy wife?

And. So, I assure you:
This night at twelve o'clock.

Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.
I have time to visit Charles, and see what lecture

[9] *Or* bought *an elegy of his condolement.*] This is spoken of Eustace, whom Angellina before attacks for hiring verses; but Mr Theobald unaccountably mistook it to be spoke of the scholar Charles, and therefore reads, *brought an elegy.*—Seward.

He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not fail
To be with you.

And. Nor I to watch my master. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the House of Miramont.

Enter Angellina, *and* Sylvia *with a Taper.*

Ang. I am worse than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, that that I only dote on.
He follows me through every room I pass,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if a spark of innocence were blown
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me!
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him——
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest!
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief!
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly!

Syl. You need not fear that; will you be a child
still?
He follows you, but still to look upon you.
Or, if he did desire to lie with you,
'Tis but your own desire; you love for that end.
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed wi' you,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

Ang. Dare you venture that?

Syl. Let him consent, and have at you.
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,

Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam?

Enter CHARLES.

Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face.
'Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied!

Syl. You may both,[1] let him but go with you.

Char. Why do you fly me? What have I so ill
About me, or within me, to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to-bed, sir.

Char. And I am come to light you;
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.
You may have me to-bed without a scruple;[2]
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents should not fear one another.

Syl. The gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, madam.

Char. The glorious sun, both rising and declining,
We boldly look upon; even then, sweet lady,
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's curtains;
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him.

Ang. I fear he will persuade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your mind to't.

Ang. Pray you, to your bed.

Char. Why not to yours, dear mistress?
One heart and one bed.

[1] *You may* both.] That is, "if you let him go with you, you may both be satisfied and know the worst." *Both* does not mean, as the editors [of 1778] suppose, "both you and Charles," but both the circumstances Angelina spake of.—*Mason.*

[2] *You may have me to bed,* sir, *without a scruple.*] This and the two next lines are absurdly given to Angelina in the oldest quarto and folio.

Ang. True, sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet, you know——

Char. I would not know; forget it.
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony,
Nursed up with doubts and fears; ours high and healthful,
Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.
Love should seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.

Ang. I shall be an heretic, if this continue.
What would you do a-bed? You make me blush, sir.

Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleeps are excellent:
You, that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere possible;
Those were rich shows.

Ang. I am becoming traitor.

Char. Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an island,
Where all the perfumes and the precious things
That wait upon great nature are laid up,
I'd clip you in mine arms, and chastely kiss you;
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weep.

Ang. I've too much woman in me.

Char. And those true tears, falling on your pure crystals,
Should turn to armlets for great queens to adore.[3]

[3] *Should turn to armlets for great queens* t' adore.] But why should a queen, or lady of any other rank, *adore* her bracelets? They might be very rich and finely made, and so far to be admired and esteemed; but to make them the subject of devotion, is a rapture a little above the pitch of common sense. *For great queens* to wear, is, I think, a sufficient compliment: and so I have ventured to reform the text.—*Theobald.*

Is it not astonishing that, after this parade and this *reforming the text*, these words, *to wear*, appear in the edition of 1651, which

Ang. I must be gone.
Char. Do not; I will not hurt you.
This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,
You have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love
too.
Fear not my manners; though I never knew,
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it,
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets:
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastity.
Ang. Then we may walk.
Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not desire; 'twill prove a wise man's task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still,
And temper'd with the quality of honour,
That, if you should yield, I should hate you for't.
I am no courtier, of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,
That only serves his will and wantonness;
And lets the serious part of life run by,

Mr Theobald often quotes, and therefore must have seen? Neither Mr Seward nor Mr Sympson, as appears by their postscript and addenda, knew that this authority existed.—Ed. 1778.

Had the reading of *to wear* rested solely on the authority of Theobald, I should have thought it improper to adopt it; as to *adore*, means to admire exceedingly, and is also used by Spenser in the sense of to *adorn*.—Mason.

I have ventured to restore the reading of the first quarto, meaning, that they would be so beautiful that even queens would regard them with a degree of admiration. This exactly suits the hyperbolical language of Charles.

As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,[4]
You must be mine! why should I rob myself
Of that, that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,
And sing of love and youth; each wind that blows,
And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed delights;
The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,
And on the perfumed flow'rs we'll feast our senses;[5]
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a fair end
Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thanks!
But I am poor in all but your affections.
Once more, good night!

[4] *As thin neglected sand.* Whiteness of name, &c.] Mr Theobald totally misunderstood this passage, and therefore pointed it thus:

> *And lets the serious part of life run by,*
> *As thin neglected sand,* whiteness of name.
> *You must be mine,* &c.

"The relative *you*," says Mr Seward, "misled him; he thought it related to Angellina, whereas, with infinite poetic beauty, it relates to *whiteness of name:* The meaning of the passage being evidently this,—If you should yield, I should hate you; for I am no courtier that gives the rein to all his wanton appetites. No; *whiteness of name*, i. e. the character and consciousness of chastity and innocence, *you must be always mine;* which I should forfeit eternally should I debauch my mistress before marriage, for

> *Why should I seek to* cuckold *my delights?*
> *And* widow *all those sweets I aim at in you?*"—Ed. 1778.

[5] *And on the perfumed flowers woo us to tumble.*] The last editors prefer this vulgar stuff to the reading in the text, which is authorised by the first copy.

Char. A good night to you, and may
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slumbers!
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your fancy!
And break betimes, sweet morn! I have lost my
light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night, when I lose you.[6]

Syl. This scholar never went to a free-school,
he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at
door, sir;
And they are so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no time of night——

Char. Let 'em in, mistress.

Ser. They stay no leave. Shall I raise the house
on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur of 't, I
charge you.

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. They are here; my uncle absent; stand
close to me.—
How do you, brother, with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, brother, no; I stay yet in the preface;
The style's too hard for you.

[6] We think the poets have not paid due regard to the delicacy of female character, in this scene of Angellina: The behaviour of Charles is admirable.—Ed 1778.

The editors should have recollected, that the notions of female delicacy vary with the times. What would now be considered as behaviour unproperly free, was no blemish upon a lady's character in the days of Fletcher.

Eust. I must entreat her;
She's parcel of my goods.[7] [*Seizes* ANGELLINA.
Char. She's all, when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude sir;
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.
Char. Do, let her alone; she gives good counsel. Do not
Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too light;
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.
Ang. I cannot love you, let that satisfy you!
Such vanities as you are to be laugh'd at.
Eust. Nay then, you must go, I must claim mine own.
Both. Away, away with her!
[*She strikes off* EUSTACE'S *hat.*
Char. Let her alone,
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.[8]
Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother:
It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.
Eust. Oh, is your heart come down? What are your terms, sir?
Put up, put up.
Char. This is the first and chiefest.
Let's walk a turn.—[*Snatches away his sword.*] Now stand off, fools, I advise ye.
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,
And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence!
'Tis sharp, I'm sure; and, if I put it home,

[7] *She's* parcel *of my goods.*] That is, a member of my estate. See vol. XIII. p. 120.

[8] —— *take your* coxcomb *up.*] *i. e.* Your fool's cap, surmounted with a cock's comb, alluding to the hat of Eustace, which Angellina has struck off.

'Tis ten to one I shall new-pink your sattins.[9]
I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples!
Let me toss it round; I have the full command
on't:
Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!
I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Do you watch me when my uncle is absent?
This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards!
Teach me to fight; I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but show in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me,
But name her, as his own? who dares look on her?
That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous!
Art thou a fit man to inherit land,
And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it?
Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy
friends;
Pray heartily; good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But do not kill 'em, sir.

Char. You speak too late, dear:
It is my first fight, and I must do bravely;
I must not look with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen:
Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like,
I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill 'em.—
Who waits within?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir!

Char. View all these! view 'em well;

[9] *I shall new*-pink *your sattins.*] To *pink*, is to work in eyelet-holes. The allusion in the text is obvious.

Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.
Round about yet; see how death waits upon 'em;
For thou shalt never view 'em more.

Eust. Pray hold, sir.

Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me;
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.—
Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,
And get my pardon instantly; I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural?

Char. You shall die last, sir.
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.
Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought whole battles!

Cow. We have no quarrel to you, that we know on, sir.

Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask you mercy too.—
Good lady, let no murder be done here;
We came but to parley.

Char. How my sword
Thirsts after them!—Stand away, sweet.

Eust. Pray, sir,
Take my submission, and I disclaim for ever——

Char. Away, ye poor things, you despicable creatures!
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me,
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should execute?
Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her?

Egre. A coach and four horses.

Char. But are they good?

Egre. As good as France can shew, sir.

Char. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties?
Speak quickly.

Eust. Yes, with all our hearts.
Char. 'Tis done then.
Many have got one horse; I've got four by th' bargain.

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. How now? who's here?
Ser. Nay, now you are gone without bail.
Mir. What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword!
I will not leave a head on your shoulders, wretches!
Eust. In truth, sir, I came but to do my duty.
Both. And we to renew our loves.
Mir. Bring me a blanket!—
What came they for?
Ang. To borrow me a while, sir:
But one, that never fought yet, has so curried,
So bastinadoed them with manly carriage,
They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone.
They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might do wonders here, and they have done so:
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness;
The nipping north, or frost, never came near them;
Saint George upon a sign would grow more sensible:
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to do it
In all the world, and yet they are but young.
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly:
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In these three gentlemen; they have right use on't;
They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.
These are the anagrams of three great worthies.

Mir. They will infect my house with cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers
No baffled monsieurs.—Walk and air yourselves!
As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd wretches!
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed:
For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.—
[*Exeunt* Eustace, Egremont, *and* Cowsy.
My horse again there!—I have other business,
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you, dear lady.
'Tis late, 'tis late.

Ang. Pray, sir, be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough; my best care shall attend ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Farm-house of Andrew.

Enter Andrew, *peeping into an adjoining Room.*

And. Are you come, old master? Very good, your horse
Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,
And spur your reverend justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation bleed;
Truly, I will.—Now must I play at bo-peep.

A banquet? Well! Potatoes,[1] and eringoes,
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.
Now they begin to bill. How he slavers her!
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off
(That's a good wench) and cries, "fair play above-
board."—
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
A covey of fiddlers; I shall have some music yet
At my making free o' th' company of horners.[2]
[*Music.*
There's the comfort; and a song too! He beckons
for one.
Sure, 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the school of virtue.[3] I will listen.
[*A Song.*

[1] *Potatoes.*] If the reader should be desirous of any information why this vegetable is introduced on the present occasion, he may see the subject very learnedly discussed in the appendix to the last edition of Shakspeare.—*Reed.*
See Reed's Shakspeare, 1803, vol. XV. p. 482.]

[2] *My making free o' th' company of horners.*] This word must signify *planters* of *horns*, *cuckold-makers*; but this was not Andrew's case, he was to be dubbed a *cuckold*; and therefore, consequently, to be made free of the company of *horn'd ones*.—Theobald.
Mr Theobald reads, *horn'd ones.* This is one of the finest strokes of verbal criticism we recollect. If Andrew had any kind of dealings with *horns*, he commenced *horner*.—Ed. 1778.
Horners are not, as Mr Mason observes, *dealers in horn*, but performers on the horn. Cotgrave explains *corneur*, "a horner, a winder of a horne."

[3] *The school of virtue.*] I suppose some poetical publication fashionable at the time. The next line refers to the sober and austere hymn tunes of the puritanical followers of John Calvin, who was a native of Geneva.

This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too
sprightly.
So, so, the music's paid for; and now what follows?
Oh, that Monsieur Miramont would but keep his
word,
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter!
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from his
house;
Nor will he break, I hope.—

Enter MIRAMONT.

Oh, are you come, sir?
The prey is in the net;[4] and we'll break in
Upon occasion.

Mir. Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.
Oh, the infinite fright that will assail this gentleman!
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians,
That will hang, like serjeants, on his worship's
shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man,
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!
How will those solemn looks appear to me,
And that severe face, that spake chains and
shackles,
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done with
him?
He'd better have stood between two panes[5] of
wainscot,

[4] *The prey is in the net, and* will *break in
Upon occasion.*] If the prey was already in the net, where was it to break into? Andrew means, that he and Miramont would break in, and surprise it. Mr Seward saw with me, that the slight alteration made was quite necessary to the sense.—*Theobald.*

[5] *Two* panes *of wainscot.*] Some of the old writers use *pane* and

And made his recantation in the market,
Than hear me conjure him.

And. He must pass this way,
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand close.

Enter BRISAC *and* LILLY.

Bri. Well done, well done; give me my night-cap. So!
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee!
Come, wench, a kiss between each point; kiss close;
It is a sweet parenthesis.

Lil. You are merry, sir.

Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feel it,
Thou shalt, my Lilly.

Lil. Shall I air your bed, sir?

Bri. No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine, girl;
That's all. Come, kiss me again.

Lil. Ha' you done yet?

Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders, Lilly.
Shew me the way.

Lil. You cannot miss it, sir.
You shall have a candle in the morning, for
Your worship's breakfast.

Bri. How? i' th' morning, Lilly?
Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.
Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,
And thou hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.

Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender of you;
You have all you're like to have.—

And. And can this be earnest?

pannel indiscriminately; both are deduced from the French word *paneau*. We still say, "*pane* of glass."—Ed. 1778.

Mir. It seems so, and she honest.—
Bri. Have I not
Thy promise, Lilly?
Lil. Yes; and I have perform'd
Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,
And you shall find, sir. You have kiss'd and toused me,
Handled my leg and foot: What would you more, sir?
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed agues,
Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, sir.
Be good unto yourself; you have ta'en already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing;
It is a work too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgery to Andrew.
Mir. How she jeers him!
Lil. Let Andrew alone with his own tillage:
He's tough, and can manure it.
Bri. You're a quean,
A scoffing jeering quean!
Lil. It may be so, but,
I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.
Bri. Do not provoke me;
If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and turn
Thee out a-begging.
Lil. Though you have the will,
And want of honesty, to deny your deed, sir,
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning
From my young master, as to keep his own.
And. I warrant thee, wench.[6]

[6] And. *I warrant thee, wench.*] This speech is not in the first quarto, and I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation, as it adds nothing to the sense, and spoils the metre, which, in this play, is singularly free from hemistichs.

Lil. At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to the judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and on
What terms you would revoke it.

Bri. Whore, thou darest not!
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my blood boils,
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!

Mir. I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!
I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful friend—

Lil. To avoid suits in law, I would grant a little;
But should fierce Andrew know it, what would become
Of me?

And. A whore, a whore!

Bri. Nothing but well, wench:
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly:
Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work him,
And thank thee for the office.

Mir. Take heed, Andrew;
These are shrewd temptations.

And. Pray you, know
Your cue, and second me, sir.—By your worship's favour! [*Comes forward.*

Bri. Andrew!

And. I come in time to take possession
Of the office you assign me; hold the door!
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without, when a deep understanding
Holds conference within; say, with his wife:
A trifle, sir. I know I hold my farm
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o' th' soil, sir.
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, sir,
I claim no interest in her.

Bri. Art thou serious?
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'erheard us,
And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidler,
A little will serve my turn; thou'lt find enough
When I've my belly-full: Wilt thou be private
And silent?
And. By all means; I'll only have
A ballad made of't, sung to some lewd tune,
And the name of it shall be the Justice-Trap:
It will sell rarely with your worship's name,
And Lilly's, on the top.
Bri. Seek not the ruin
O' my reputation, Andrew.
And. 'Tis for your credit;
Monsieur Brisac, printed in capital letters.
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.
Bri. No mercy, Andrew?
And. Oh, it will proclaim you
From the city to the court, and prove sport-royal
Bri. Thou shalt keep thy farm.
Mart. He does afflict him rarely. [*Aside.*
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off
To the judge criminal——
Bri. Oh, I am undone.
And. He's put out of commission with disgrace,
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this I'll put in practice.
Bri. Do but hear me.
And. To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!
It is unpardonable.
Bri. Do not play the tyrant;
Accept of composition.
Lil. Hear him, Andrew.
And. What composition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy farm,
And add unto't an hundred acres more,
Adjoining to it.

And. Hum! this mollifies.
But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness,
I'll presently assure it.

And. Say you so?
'Troth, there's a friend of mine, sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past;
His testimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his tongue up,
As you would do your purse-strings.

[MIRAMONT *comes forward.*

Bri. Miramont!

Mir. Ha, ha, ha!

And. This is my witness. Lord, how you are troubled!
Sure you have an ague, you shake so with choler.
He's your loving brother, sir, and will tell nobody,
But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and rampant.

Bri. Caught thus?

And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague you with making your religious gravity
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd.

Bri. I shall become
Discourse for clowns and tapsters.

And. Quick, Lilly, quick!
He's now past kissing between point and point;
He swoons, fetch him some cordial. --Now put in, sir.

Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is some mistake.
Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard?
It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;
Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries.
He is the punisher, and not the doer;
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for woman:
This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd for't;
Some base abuser of my worthy brother.

Bri. Open the doors! will ye imprison me? Are ye my judges?

Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious Brisac.
Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look
Like my brother; a guilty hanging face.

Bri. I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do, do!

Mir. Why, it's manly in you.

Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse.—
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you;
But all the torments that e'er fell on men
That feed on mischief, fall heavily on you all!
[*Exit.*

Lil. You have given him a heat, sir.

Mir. He will ride you
The better, Lilly.

And. We'll teach him to meddle with us scholars.

Mir. He shall make good his promise to encrease thy farm, Andrew,
Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;
And then I'll hunt him out, and Monsieur Eustace,
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily
To see 'em mourn together.

And. 'Twill be rare, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Grove before Miramont's *House.*

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, *and* COWSY.

Eust. Turn'd out of doors, and baffled!
Egre. We share with you
In the affront.
Cow. Yet bear it not like you,
With such dejection.
Eust. My coach and horses made
The ransom of our cowardice!
Cow. Pish, that's nothing;
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd.
Eust. And does the court, that should be the example
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us
No other doctrine?
Egre. None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge.
Cow. Flattery rubs on;[7]

[7] —— *Flatt'ry rubs* out.] This is a slight typographical error, which turns into obscurity a passage of great wit and humour. We must read *on:* Flattery makes a shift to rub on at court, though it is somewhat crest-fallen, since great men have learned to admire themselves.—*Seward.*

But since great men learn to admire themselves,
'Tis something crest-fallen.
Egre. To be of no religion
Argues a subtile moral understanding,
And it is often cherish'd.
Eust. Piety then,
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,
Are there no virtues?[8]
Egre. Rather vices, Eustace.
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in fashion
Among provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:[9]
But with us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear
As coarse as to be honest.
Eust. And all this
You seriously believe?
Cow. It is a faith
That we will die in; since from the blackguard[1]

[8] *Are* there *no virtues.*] *There* means, in the court; referring to his former speech.—*Mason.*

[9] *Among* provant *swords, and* buff-jerkin *men.*] That is, among soldiers hired to fight, and sheriff's officers. *Provant,* in old language, meant provisions, particularly those furnished for the army: hence, a provant-sword was a plain unornamented one, such as was furnished to the soldiers. So in Massinger's Maid of Honour:

> —" A knave with half a breech there,
> And no shirt, (being a thing superfluous,
> And worn out of his memory) if you bear not
> Yourselves both in and upright, with a *provant sword*
> Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way."

Buff-jerkins were the peculiar dress of sheriff's officers. So in Ram Alley:

> " Look, I have certain goblins in *buff-jerkins*
> Lye ambuscado."

[1] *Blackguard.*] That is, the scullions. See The Woman-Hater, vol. X. p. 25.

To the grim sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets.
  Eust. Now my eyes are open;
And I behold a strong necessity,
That keeps me knave and coward.
  Cow. You are the wiser.
  Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose
To be of your society?
  Egre. By no means.
  Eust. Honour is nothing with you?
  Cow. A mere bubble;
For, what's grown common is no more regarded.
  Eust. My sword forced from me too, and still detain'd,
You think, 's no blemish?
  Egre. Get me a battoon;
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less trouble.
  Eust. And yet you wear a sword.
  Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade;
For ornament, not use; the court allows it.
  Eust. Will't not fight of itself?
  Cow. I ne'er tried this.
Yet I have worn as fair as any man;
I am sure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,
Two thousand crowns;[*] and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one.

[*] —— *I've made my cutler rich, and paid*
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,
Two thousand crowns.] These were considered as the most valuable swords, and it seems to have been one of the favourite boasts of the gallants, that their blades were real Turkish or Toledos. So in Green's Quip for an Upstart Courtier:—"And you, cutler, you are patron of ruffians and swash-bucklers, and will sell them a blade that may be thrust into a bushel; but if a poore man, that can not skil of it, you sell him a sword or a rapyer new overglased, and sweare the blade came either from *Turkie* or *Toledo.*"

Eust. I'll borrow this;
I like it well.
Cow. 'Tis at your service, sir;
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.
Eust. And, now I have it, leave me! You're infectious,
The plague and leprosy of your baseness spreading
On all that do come near you; such as you
Render the throne of majesty, the court,
Suspected and contemptible! You are scarabes,[3]
That batten in her dung, and have no palates
To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,
Can only see her night-deformities,
But, with the glorious splendour of her beauties,
You are struck blind as moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter!
You stick, like running ulcers, on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candour;
And, being bad servants, cause your master's goodness
To be disputed of! You make the court,
That is the abstract of all acadèmics
To teach and practise noble undertakings,
(Where courage sits triumphant, crown'd with laurel,
And wisdom, loaded with the weight of honour)
A school of vices.
Egre. What sudden rapture's this?
Eust. A heavenly one, that, raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)[4]

[3] —— *You are* scarabes.] A species of *beetles* bred in dung and corrupted filth. Subtle, in the Alchymist, quarrelling with Face, calls him *scarabe;* which he afterwards explains, by adding, "Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of *dung.*"—Reed.

[4] *In which your conversation long hath* charm'd *me.*] That is,

Carries me up into the air of action,
And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,
But pleading only in the court's defence,
Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her champion against all the world
That throw aspersions on her.

Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
I see it in his eyes.

Egre. A second Charles!—
Pray look not, sir, so furiously.

Eust. Recant
What you have said, ye mungrils! and lick up
The vomit you have cast upon the court,
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breeding;
And swear that you, like spiders, have made poison
Of that which was a saving antidote!

Egre. We will swear any thing.

Cow. We honour the court
As a most sacred place.

Egre. And will make oath,
If you enjoin us to't, nor knave, nor fool,
Nor coward, living in it.

Eust. Except you two,
You rascals!

Cow. Yes; we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so.

Eust. And that, until
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,

held me, as it were, in a charm. So in The Lover's Melancholy, by Ford:

> "*Pal.* Good; call it back again into thy memory;
> Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.
> *Rhetias.* You *charm* me."

To be disciplined for your roguery;[5] and, this done,
With true contrition——

Both. Yes, sir.

Eust. You again
May eat scraps, and be thankful.—

Cow. Here's a cold breakfast,
After a sharp night's walking!

Eust. Keep your oaths,
And without grumbling vanish.

Both. We are gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you!—
The fetters of my thraldom are filed off,
And I at liberty to right myself;
And though my hope in Angellina's little,
My honour, unto which compared she's nothing,
Shall, like the sun, disperse those low'ring clouds,
That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name
Of brother shall divert me; but from him,
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day,
And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldom missing
To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions. The door opens.

[5] *Ne'er presume to name the court, or press*
Into the porter's lodge, *but for a penance,*
To be disciplined for your roguery.] It was usual at the time to chastise pages and other servants at the porter's lodge. So in Massinger's Duke of Milan:

> "My credit sunk for ever, I am now
> Fit company only for pages, and for foot-boys,
> That have perused the *porter's lodge.*"

Enter CHARLES.

'Tis he, most certain; and by his side my sword.
Blest opportunity!
Char. I have o'erslept myself,
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover it.
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book,[6] which I'll now consider.
Ha! what means this? what do I with a sword?
Learn'd Mercury needs not the aid of Mars, and innocence
Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how,
I am grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor study,
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.
Eust. None, sir:
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;
And see you expound it well.
Char. Eustace!
Eust. The same, sir;
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,
To bid good-morrow to you.
Char. This, not in scorn,
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?
Eust. Oh, much, sir; here I end not, but begin.
I must speak to you in another strain
Than yet I ever used; and if the language
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,
From whom I learn'd it.

[6] *Table-book.*] See vol. VI. p. 25.

Char. When I understand,
Be't in what style you please, what's your demand,
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,
To make an answer to the point.
Eust. I come not
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your own,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge: Though I am not
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,
Forced from steep rocks, and with much toil attain'd,
And but to few, that prize their value, granted;
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them.
Char. These not repined at, as you seem to inform me,
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,
Without this tempest in your looks, propound it,
And fear not a denial.
Eust. I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgment of satisfaction,
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all,
My mistress Angellina, as she was
Before the musical magic of thy tongue
Enchanted and seduced her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publicly,
At my father's and my uncle's intercession,
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen
To terms of reconcilement; but if these

In every circumstance are not subscribed to,
To the last gasp I defy thee.
Char. These are strict
Conditions to a brother.
Eust. My rest is up,[7]
Nor will I go less.
Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace;
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands
To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by yourself, and made
Almost incurable, in your own hopes;
The dead flesh of pale cowardice growing over
Your fester'd reputation, which no balm
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.
And I am happy, that I was the surgeon,
That did apply those burning corrosives,

[7] —— *My* rest is up,
Nor will I give less.] The word *rest* is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, and is commonly an allusion to the manner of firing the *harquebuss.* "This," says Mr Steevens, "was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter, called a *rest*, which they fixed on the ground before they levelled to take aim." Dekker uses it in his comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600:—"Set your heart at rest; for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you run swifter than a hart, home you go not."—*Reed.*

Rest, in this place, seems to allude to some game, like the modern *hazard.* The speech of Eustace, and answer of Charles, cannot well bear any other sense; *Nor will I* give less—*I'm no* gamester—*Your resolution stands to* win *or lose all.* Some copies read, *Nor will I* go less.—Ed. 1778.

It is evidently better to adopt the latter reading, though not the oldest, as the whole allusion is to gaming, and means, "My stake is laid, and I will not play for a less chance." Mason properly observes, that the phrase—*my rest is up*, refers, in this place, to the phrase at primero and other games, and not to the rest of an ancient musquet, and adduces the following passage from Lord Clarendon's History in support of his explanation: "And they therefore resolved to *set up their rest* upon that stake, and to go through with it or to perish in the attempt."

That render you already sensible
O'th' danger you were plunged in; in teaching you,
And by a fair gradation, how far,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within
(Which you ne'er thought till now) should be pre-
ferr'd
Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;
For so far I go with you.

Eust. This discourse
Is from the subject.

Char. I'll come to it, brother;
But if you think to build upon my ruins,
You'll find a false foundation: Your high offers,
Taught by the masters of dependencies,[8]

[8] *Taught by the masters of* dependencies.] The reader will have already observed, that Fletcher is particularly assiduous to expose the extravagant passion for duelling, and the absurd punctilios of honourable quarrels, to ridicule. He was supported in this laudable pursuit by Ben Jonson and other contemporary dramatists, and their success was at last answerable to the merit of the wit and humour with which they combated this fashionable folly. To settle the precise quarrels which required decision by the sword, to make up matters for those who cared not to fight, and even to take up the cause for cowards, certain swash-bucklers, and fencing-masters, set up as masters of dependencies, who, for a certain sum of money, assisted the punctilious and the timorous, and quoted and expounded the great Caranza, with other authentic writers on duelling, to them. The following passage from Ben Jonson's The Devil is an Ass will fully explain the occupation of one of these bravoes:

"*Masters of the dependencies!* a place
Of my projection too, sir, and hath met
Much opposition; but the state now sees
That great necessity of it, as, after all
Their writing and their speaking against duels,
They have erected it. His book is drawn—
For since there will be differences daily
'Twixt gentlemen, and that the roaring manner
Is grown offensive; that those few we call
The civil men o' the sword, abhor the vapours;

That, by compounding differences 'tween others,
Supply their own necessities, with me
Will never carry it. As you are my brother,
I would dispense a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in myself I love in you:
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade you
I will descend to any composition,
For which I may be censured.

Eust. You shall fight then.

Char. With much unwillingness with you; but if
There's no evasion——

Eust. None.

Char. Hear yet a word:
As for the sword, and other fripperies,[9]
In a fair way send for them, you shall have 'em;
But rather than surrender Angellina,
Or hear it again mentioned, I oppose
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me
All ties of nature!

Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all persuasion.

They shall refer now, hither, for their process;
And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of court
Are to be fined—

Fitz-dottrel. In troth, a pretty place!

Meercraft. A kind of arbitrary court 'twill be, sir.

Fitz. I shall have matter for it, I believe,
Ere it be long: I had a distaste.

Meer. But now, sir,
My learned counsel, they must have a feeling,
They'll part, sir, with no books, without the hand-gout
Be oiled."

[9] *Fripperies.*] This properly means old clothes-shops, (see vol. II. p. 50;) but the word was applied to the clothes themselves also; and Charles uses it in a still wider extension of meaning, applying it to Eustace's coach and four horses.

Char. Guard thyself then, Eustace!
I use no other rhetoric. [*They fight.*

Enter MIRAMONT.

Mir. Clashing of swords
So near my house! Brother opposed to brother!
Here is no fencing at half sword.—Hold, hold!
Charles! Eustace! [*Draws, and parts them.*
Eust. Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare you.—
Do ye fight by the book?[1]
Char. 'Tis you that wrong me.—Off, sir!
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit
That I have raised in him.
Eust. Never, Charles,
Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much to't, boys;
For if you pause not suddenly, and hear reason—
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,
And not a choleric old testy fool,
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with you,[2]

[1] *Do you fight by the book?*] That is, ironically, "Do you fight according to the rules of duelling laid down by the masters of dependencies?"

[2] *I'd dance a* mattachin *with you.*] This was a dance, as Skinner tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great rapidity, so called from the Italian word *matto*, a fool or madman, because the performers of it used many frantic gesticulations. And Ferrarius, in his *Origines Linguæ Italicæ*, gives us much the same description of it.—*Theobald.*

It appears from a passage in Sidney's Arcadia, that a *mattachin* was a dance in imitation of a combat; for, speaking of a combat between Philocles and Musidorus, he says, that whoever had seen a mattachin-dance to imitate fighting, that was a fight to imitate a mattachin.—*Mason.*

Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will. Charles, I command thee;
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave spark,
A true tough-metall'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,
I'll cherish him for example; in our age
They are not born every day.

Char. You of late, sir,
In me loved learning.

Mir. True; but take me with ye, Charles;
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's breeches,
And fought his battles in compliments and cringes;
When's understanding waved in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then,
The lofty noise your Greek made, only pleased me;
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Rowland——
(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up in him)
Let me remember! when I was of his years,
I did look very like him; and, did you see
My picture as I was then, you would swear
That gallant Eustace (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough, Charles.

Char. Sure, sir, I shall not need addition from him.

Eust. Nor I from any; this shall decide my interest!
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,
By yielding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd

With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,
And force myself a fortune, though my birth
And breeding do deny it!

Char. Seek not, Eustace,
By violence, what will be offer'd to you
On easier composition. Though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit;
And one that, not compell'd to't by your sword,
(Which I must never fear) will share with you
In all but Angellina.

Mir. Nobly said, Charles;
And learn from my experience, you may hear reason,
And never maim your fighting.—For your credit,
Which you think you have lost, spare Charles; and swinge me,
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no swords to guard 'em,[3] yet deserve it,

[3] ——— *Spare Charles, and swinge me,*
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no swords to guard 'em.] Seward reads *not* instead of *no;* because, as he says, Eustace could give no proof of his valour by beating three or four beaux, who had no swords to defend themselves with; but there is little force in this reasoning, as there is as much prowess in swinging a man who had no sword by his side, as in beating one who dared not draw the sword he had. It appears to me that the old reading is the true one, and that it was the intention of the authors to reprobate in this place, the fashion which then prevailed amongst the young gentlemen of going without swords, as they did in the preceding play of The Custom of the Country; when Duarte, finding Alonzo armed with a dagger only, insults him in the grossest manner, and says,—

"Such as you are,
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear *a sword to guard* your honours."

Thou art made up again.

Eust. All this is lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere I have done.

As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Ne'er fear't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make
Thine own conditions with him.

Eust. I'll take leave
A little to consider.

Char. Here comes Andrew.

Enter ANDREW, *wounded.*

Mir. But without his comical and learned face.—
What sad disaster, Andrew?

And. You may read, sir,
A tragedy in my face.

Mir. Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life, sir; and if now you help not,

And speedily, by force or by persuasion,
My good old master (for now I pity him)
Is ruin'd for ever.

Char. Ha! my father?

He, sir.

Mir. By what means? speak.

And. At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,

To which Rutilio adds,—

"That's true indeed. Upon my life, this gallant
Is bribed to repeal *banish'd swords.*"

And Alonzo afterwards says,—

"I am paid
For being of the fashion."—*Mason.*

His house is seized upon, and he in person
Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, sir)
To be conveyed to Paris, and there sentenced.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.
Char. Do I live,
And know my father injured?
And. And what's worse, sir,
My Lady Angellina——
Eust. What of her?
And. She's carried away too.
Mir. How?
And. While you were absent,
A crew of Monsieur Lewis' friends and kinsmen
By force brake in at the back part of the house,
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew
(As this can witness for him) did his best
In her defence; but 'twould not do.
Mir. Away,
And see our horses saddled! 'tis no time
To talk, but do.—Eustace, you now are offer'd
A spacious field, and in a pious war,
To exercise your valour; here's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name
Commanding it: But these unnatural jars,
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,
Would shame your victory.
Eust. I would do much, sir;
But still, my reputation——
Mir. Charles shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur Lewis,
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.
Eust. And if I follow not, a coward's name

SCENE II.

On the high Road to Paris.

Enter LEWIS, BRISAC, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, *and Officers.*

Lew. I am deaf to all persuasion.
Bri. I use none;
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But, when the king shall understand how falsely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right again.
Ang. Sir, let not passion
So far transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,
That honour you would build up: You destroy
What you would seem to nourish. If respect
Of my preferment, or my reputation, [4]

[4] *Of my preferment, or my* pattern.] So the oldest quarto of 1637 reads.

May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why do you, now good fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my love Charles defective, sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,
Of what can you accuse him?

Lew. Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to.

Syl. Her lust! You are her father.

Lew. And you her bawd.

Syl. Were you ten lords, 'tis false;
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not
Such spotted instruments.

Ang. As I have a soul, sir——

Lew. I am not to be alter'd! To sit down
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,
And that increase of power by favour yields,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will serve,
And therefore at your perils, officers, away with 'em.

Bri. This is madness.

Lew. Tell me so in open court,
And there I'll answer you.

Enter MIRAMONT, CHARLES, EUSTACE, *and* ANDREW, *with Swords.*

Mir. Well overtaken.

Char. Kill, if they dare resist

Eust. He that advances

But one step forward, dies.

Lew. Shew the king's writ.

Mir. Shew your discretion; 'twill become you better.

Char. You're once more in my power; and if again [*To* ANGELLINA.
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee!

Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this service
From your despair'd-of Eustace.

And. And beware,
Your reverend worship never more attempt
To search my Lilly-pot; you see what follows.

Lew. Is the king's power contemn'd?

Mir. No, but the torrent
Of your wilful folly stopp'd.—And for you, good sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,
That is not tender'd to you; rather than
Be cross'd in what you purposed, you'll undo
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment,
And your old foolish neighbour! make your states,
And in a suit not worth a cardecue,*
A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes;
And after they have plumed ye, return home,
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.

Char. This is a most strong truth, sir.

Mir. No, no, monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.
Observe my learned Charles; he'll get thee a nephew

* —— *not worth a* cardecue.] We have made an English word of this from a corruption of the French, *un quart d' écu*, i. e. the fourth part of a French crown.—*Theobald.*

On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the nurse by logic. And here's Eustace;
He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis;
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good lord,
And of a gentle nature; in your looks
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.—
And, do you hear, old fool?

Bri. Your brother, sir.[3]

Mir. But I'll not chide;
Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eustace
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,
Let Andrew's farm be increased, that is your penance,
You know for what; and see you rut no more,
You understand me. So embrace on all sides.
I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.

[*Exeunt.*

[3] Bri. *Your brother, sir.*] This speech is not in the first quarto.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-liked play,
We only hope; but that you freely would,
To the author's memory, so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance, that can give
The poet and the player means to live.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

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